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The New AMERICAN WOMAN



Our Valentine

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

Madam: Read this and beware!

The car did not have a self-starter, and after I had tried half a dozen different times during the first two weeks to crank it and simply couldn't, we went into another executive session over installing an electric starter and the lights that go with it.

Then the matter of blowing up a tire by hand on the road came up, and we decided that demountable rims were equally necessary if I was to have any use of the car with the children while Jim was at work. To make a long story short, we did both—put in a self-starter and electric lights for \$90, and added demountable rims for \$20.

A good mechanical horn for \$6 was the next thing, and the only other things we've bought for the car since we've owned it are certain extra tools Jim wanted, for \$2, a jack for \$1, and something in the way of a new part having to do with the transmission, including its putting in at the

—from Ladies' Home Journal
February 1917
Page 24

—that is an extract from the February Ladies' Home Journal. A woman is telling what she and her husband had to buy as extras after they had purchased a car.

They did not buy a

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—for the purchaser of a Maxwell gets a **complete** car, ready for the road.

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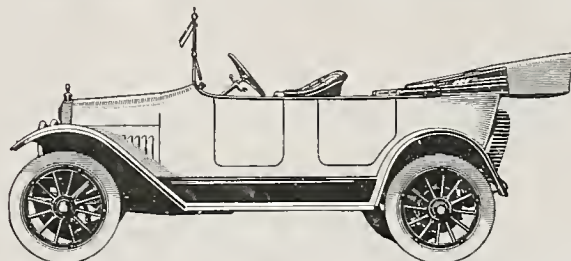
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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 1

MADGE MORRIS (Mrs. Harr Wagner)

Her Latest Book of Poems

An Epoch in California Literature

DISTINCTLY and sweetly feminine and yet with all the firmness of masculine strength, this great woman stands forth alone in the literary firmament of the west. Dazzling and alluring, daring and original, she holds the hearstrings of her readers with relentless loving grasp—and



they unequal, though willing, to share the fine spiritual vision.

Madge Morris' literary work is not the mere play of imagination, the isolated caprice of an excited brain, but it is a transcript of great ideas, a string of pearls beset with diamonds thrice illuminated by the fires of her genius.

Turning over the dainty pages of the pretty volume just off the press we are struck by the weird lonely vision of the desert, and while we would retreat from its reality we are strangely filled with desire to see for ourselves

"The dust of the aeons of ages dead
And the peoples that trampled by."

The all gentle, rare mother love of this truly great modern poet touching the hearts and pressing warm against the world worn men and women whose "empty arms are aching for forms they may not

press," is exquisitely expressed in "I Hear Her Rocking the Baby."

Again we find a serious tone, a grand commanding style, which Madge Morris carries in her heart and writes into her verse. She is creative and her lines glow with lofty patriotism.

The splendor and strength of Madge Morris is shown in

"The Red Winds Blow"

Ten times a million men rushed at each other's throats

And drenched the fair earth with each other's blood.
Ten times a million Christian men, with songs of home

Upon their tongues; each praying to the self-same God

For strength to slay, and slay, and kill and kill
His brother men across the reeking trenches, till
No man was left to lift a hand opposing him.

For what? and how? and why? and why?
To claim a city by another claimed, mayhap?
To step across a line marked on a map?
For greed of place? For power to rule God's unmarked seas?

Or this? or this? or that? or that? or these?
The tramp of armies shakes the smiling lands.
Such armies! God of Hosts, till now, Thou has not seen."

But after all to know the powerful literary merit of Madge Morris one must read and study her.

In lighter vein too, she writes of simple human frailties and leads you on coquetishly, as witness the following:

Nay, Do Not Ask

Nay, do not ask me, Sweet, if I have loved before,
Or if, mayhap, in other years to be,
Another face as fair as thine I know,
I'd love her more than thee.

What should it matter if I've loved before
So that I love thee now, and love thee best?
What matters it that I might love again
If first the daisy buds bloom o'er thy breast?

It is enough, I hold thee prisoned in my arms
And drink the dewy fragrance of thy breath,
And earth and heaven and hades are forgot,
And love holds carnival and laughs at death.

Then do not ask me, Sweet, if I have loved before.
A thousand other loves in one, were less than thee.
I give thee in this hour my soul of love,
And thou art Is, and Was, and Maybe—all to me.

The last word and the very best that has ever been written is her "Ode to the Colorado Desert." Her description of the "thousand thousand desert

miles" is almost uncanny. She personifies the desert as a living hateful thing, addresses it in commanding language and rebukes its silent scorching hotness.

"Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphinx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast
thou done?

Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos
turned

Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing.
Thou answerest never unto anything.

Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps, and prowls
Away; and howls, and howls and howls and howls.
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness.

Thy sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies,
And drips rare honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and
hands

And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,
Mark here and there a gruesome graveless spot
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and
is not.

God must have made thee in His anger, and forgot.

Our readers may possess themselves of the latest volume of Madge Morris' poems, entitled "The Lure of the Desert" at any of the leading bookstores. Warren T Potter, publisher, Los Angeles, handles the present edition, from whom all dealers may be supplied.

OF INTEREST TO LEGISLATORS

In another column we print in reply to our request, a most interesting though brief review from Hon. John S. Chambers, of the bills affecting women that have already been introduced in the present session of the legislature. Fine thinking is evident in every line, and we commend the article to the thoughtful consideration of the members of the legislature upon whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of choosing the right course, of separating the wheat from the chaff and preventing confusion by the duplication of statutes.

More and more we see the necessity of establishing a Bureau of Legislation—(credit one to "Ex" Governor Johnson for the idea) to which must be presented all proposed bills and its approval obtained before introduction.

By this way only may we prevent the duplication of bills proposing the same ends. We note with pleasure that Mr. Chambers in his article pays high tribute to Mrs. H. R. Cable, who is one of California's most efficient women.

A QUESTION

Why is it, God, that mothers' hearts are made
So very deep and wide?
How does it help the world that we should hold
Such welling floods of pain till we are old,
Because when we were young one grave was laid—
One baby died?

PUT YOURSELF IN THE BABY'S PLACE

By Elizabeth Worts Thompson, M. D.

Trenton, N. J.

Have you ever thought of putting yourself in your baby's place, or of wondering how you would like all the various things that would be done to you if you were a helpless mite of humanity, instead of being a full grown person with the ability to object, successfully, if you did not like the way you were treated?

Supposing you should be very sleepy, your usual method of informing your family of the fact would be to say, "I think I shall go and take a nap," or if it were night you would say, "I am going to bed now because I am so sleepy." Whereupon you do go and comfortably lie down STILL and you stay still until you fall peacefully asleep, or are sufficiently rested to get up.

Now instead of this how would you like it if when you whimpered a little or really cried from tiredness or sleepiness, a person many times larger and stronger than yourself lifted you up and instead of carrying you off to bed, trotted you up and down more or less gently? Then when you naturally protested against such methods when all you wanted was to be made comfy, fed if it was time for you to be fed, and allowed to be quiet, this person laid you flat on your stomach across her knees, which might or might not stick into you, and swayed you back and forth, often with accompanying pats on your back, which further dispelled any idea of sleep. Do you think this would soothe you? And if it occurred after a meal, as it often does, do you think your dinner would be digested as it should be?

Then as you are still most unreasonably awake after this treatment you are put up first on one shoulder and then on the other, and still patted or joggled; next if you are lucky, even though it may be very bad training for you, you may finally be walked up and down, sometimes with a sidewise rocking motion of the arms thrown in, until you finally do fall asleep, as much from sheer exhaustion as anything else. Or if you are unlucky some one else may say, "Let me take the baby a while, perhaps I can quiet him," and the whole process may be repeated with their individual variations.

How soon do you think YOU would feel like sleeping under these conditions, and what state of mind and nerves would you be in?

Of course there may be a great deal less of this trotting and joggling than I have described, or there may be even more, but the principle of it is entirely wrong in any amount, and how do you think you would like even a little of it yourself? What do you think would be the effect on your nervous system and your digestion?

It is simply amazing to see the number of mothers who are thoughtful of their babies and intelligent in their care in other ways, but who will trot and bounce them.

Then another thing which might happen to you, along somewhat this same line, would be to be put outdoors in your carriage to sleep or rest, often after a feeding, all of which would be most right

(Continued on Page 8)

THE MISSION OF THE MODERN CHURCH

The Fourth Part of An Address to the Ministers'
Union of Los Angeles

By Mary L. Allen, Religious Editor of the Examiner

(Continued from December number)

BUT this is not all of a minister's work, indeed, it is not more than half. For if it be essential that men should recognize their own godhood, it is equally essential that they recognize their common brotherhood. But that recognition is to-day barred and made impossible by the merciless, insane, unnecessary, competitive struggle for bread.

Men and women are not only souls; they also are bodies. Soul and body are not separate entities; they infinitely interpenetrate and during the earth-life are one. A healthy soul will go far towards making a healthy body; and it is no less true that a healthy body is the prime necessity for a healthy soul. But for such health certain conditions are necessary—fresh air, copious bathing, good food properly eaten, work that is self-chosen, creative and expressive of the individuality, the emotional releases of love and art, of exercise and games. Above



all leisure—which has been called "The Mother of Souls," and fellowship are alike necessary to the health of the whole man.

Yet how much of these has the wage and salary earner of today? Let tenement and slum and factory and mill and mine and sweat-shop and department stores reply! How much leisure has the ten, eleven, twelve-hour a day laborer? How much of fellowship and recognition of brotherhood is there between the wealthy exploiter and his over-worked and often under-paid employee? between the Trust magnate and the struggling small merchant? How much generosity and kindness between a hundred needy men struggling for the same job? And will the Church continue merely to preach to these "Love one another?"

It has been computed by competent authority that so vast is the productive power of modern machinery that all civilized peoples would need to work but four hours a day to provide themselves with not merely the necessities of life but with all that goes to make up a handsome and dignified subsistence—provided that everyone worked and the social product of labor were justly distributed.

This fact never has been seriously disputed; and I want you to bear it in mind for a moment while I

bring before you another fact—so appalling that did I not bring it to you from the highest possible authorities you would do well to be incredulous.

My authorities are:—General Rupert Blue of the United States Department of Health, Surgeon-General Gorgas, the highest medical officer in the United States army, and Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Federal Committee on Industrial Relations.

Here are the facts; and I particularly recommend them to those ministers who contend that economic conditions are no concern of the Church:

Last year—and it was not an exceptional year—no less than 250,000 working men, women and children were killed outright in the mines, mills, factories, tenements and slums of this country by preventable accidents due directly to the present, ruthless industrial system, and by preventable diseases due directly to poverty.

No less than 5,000,000 working men, women and children were maimed and crippled in the same year by preventable accidents and preventable diseases due to the same cause—Exploitation and Poverty.

And every year 100,000 babies under twelve months die in our slums for lack of food and care which their overworked mothers cannot give them.

Can your imagination grasp the human agony back of these cold figures?

Is this nothing to you?

You deplore the slaughter in Europe, yet the total casualties of England, France and Belgium on the western front of the war during the same time was not one-third of this five and a quarter millions—slaughtered and maimed year in year out, and increasing every year, by the monstrous greed and economic injustice of our time.

What did you do last year toward stopping that massacre?

The Church that will not concern herself with such facts is no longer a Church, is dead and without hope or profit for the people. And she will be compelled at last to recognize in empty benches and a bankrupt treasury, as Bishop Bell recently has said, that economics concerns her very closely indeed.

This terrible social condition can be done away with. Man made it and man can change it. Intelligence and love and audacity can overcome it, but it needs all three. And if intelligence, love and audacity on the part of the spiritual leaders of the people do not soon take hold of it, other fiercer and less guidable forces will. Of that no student of history who is at the same time an observer of modern conditions can have a shadow of a doubt.

Here, then, is the chiefest mission of the Church of the twentieth century—to "succor the perishing, rescue the dying," as the old Moody and Sankey hymn has it; but not by charity or preachments which but heap insult upon injustice, but by arousing and leading the people to a fundamental, sane and scientific re-adjustment of the economic basis of society.

Great economists have arisen who have analyzed these evils, pointed out their causes and clearly explained their remedies; and chief among these is that great Californian and human patriot, Henry George. The minister who is not thoroughly conversant with "Progress and Poverty" and the other works

of that master-mind is like a captain of a ship without a chart or a sounding.

Christ today would be at the very head of the forces of economic and social regeneration, as he was in the days of the Roman domination of Palestine. And if he comes again, that is where he will be found: "rescuing the perishing" by laying the axe to the root of the economic evil of the world.

The Church that will boldly take upon her the work of intelligently teaching the human spirit, the laws of its own being, and will as boldly take the forefront in the battle for an order of society, where want will be impossible, idleness unknown, labor rewarded and honored and the Golden Rule a working code, will become the true spiritual leader of the people, at last the true bride of the Christ. And temples will not hold the throngs that will rush to her, for the people are hungry, and their hunger is exceeding all bounds.

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by

Minnie Hoover Linton

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THE WINNING TOAST

By Minnie Hoover Linton

The lights at the banquet table glowed
And you, in a shimmering dress,
Stood up in your place at the groaning board,
And toasted the "God of Success."
"Now here's to the man who will win," you cried,
"No matter what stands in the way."
And I made a vow in my egotist pride,
To win you for mine some day.

So I started to travel the path you had praised,
While the look in your eyes cheered me on,
And I spent all my strength in the lust of pursuit
Till the best of my years were gone;
But the "God of Success" eluded my grasp
And my feet faltered oft in the race,
While others swept up to the goal that I sought
And gained that most coveted place.

Then the gloom of defeat struck deep in my soul,
And my head bowed low in despair;
Then I dreamed that you came and stood by my side,
I felt your soft touch on my hair,
And I heard in a dream the toast that you gave
With the love light so true in your eyes,
"Now here's to Endeavor, the peer of Success,
My heart to the man who tries."

Then I woke from my dream and my cares flew away,
No more will I try to possess
The first in the race, the room at the top,
That is claimed by magician Success;
But with you at my side to cheer and to guide,
And a bond that no failure can sever,
I'll march in the race content with my place
In the time-honored ranks of Endeavor.

NOT THE DRESS

Gibbs—Don't you think some of these modern dresses are rather immodest?

Dibbs—No, but I'll reserve my opinion of their wearers.—Boston Transcript.

FIFTEEN BILLS RELATING TO WOMEN

Wife's Half of Community Property, and Inheritance Tax

By Hon. John S. Chambers
State Comptroller

California's wide-awake, capable State Controller, Hon. John S. Chambers, sends the following comprehensive review of the present situation at Sacramento.

"It is doubtless due to the campaign which has been carried on during the past two years and the attendant publicity, that there has been an unusual number of bills introduced in the Legislature dealing with the affairs of women and particularly with community property. I have before me at this mo-



ment fifteen bills relating to the legal status of women. Two or three of these bills are duplicates, having been introduced in both houses; several are along similar lines, and others are in conflict. Most of the bills have been referred to the Committees on Judiciary, but several have been sent to the Committees on Revenue and Taxation.

Mrs. H. R. Cable, who is President of the Legislative Council, spent a week or ten days in Sacramento, watching the situation carefully. She finally selected Senator Luce, of San Diego, to introduce six bills which had been approved by the council. They were read the first time on Monday, January 22nd, and, of course, will not be acted upon until the second half of the session.

So numerous are the bills relating to community property that it is very confusing to follow them and this confusion has been made worse by the fact that all bills of this character have not been referred to the same committee. Of course this will be straightened out in the second half of the session

and it will then be possible to ascertain definitely just what is proposed.

So far as I am concerned, I have devoted my efforts to exempting from the inheritance tax the wife's half of the community property. Three or four of the bills introduced touch upon this subject. At the present moment I am having rewritten by the attorneys of the office the inheritance tax act. This is to secure a better arrangement, but at the same time it will embody certain amendments. One will exempt the wife's half of the community property from this tax and another will throw the burden of proving what is community property upon the estates and not upon the State. The other amendments which I seek are of minor importance, relating to the compensation of appraisers and certain other matters to make clearer the purpose of the act.

Mrs. Cable, when in Sacramento, was firmly of the belief that notwithstanding the exemption of the wife's half of the community property, the wife should still retain the present arbitrary exemption of \$24,000 instead of the proposed reduction to \$10,000, as is now given to the husband. In reply to the criticism that this was asking more than equality with men, she stated that in view of men's business training as compared with the home life of women, the larger arbitrary exemption was no more than fair. There is, some force in her argument. So far as the State is concerned, the loss in the shape of revenue will not be great. Should the exemption be retained at \$24,000 and the community half be exempted entirely from the inheritance tax, I am not inclined to think that on the business done in the fiscal year of 1915-16 the loss would exceed \$50,000. On the business in prospect for the present year, perhaps, the loss would run \$75,000 and it might be \$100,000. The committees of both houses, of course, will have to determine this matter in the recommendations which they make to the Legislature.

Mrs. Cable also insists that property gathered together by husband and wife in some other State than California should, when brought into this State by such husband and wife, be considered community property. This bill, however, has been introduced separately and must stand or fall upon its merits and can not affect the inheritance tax act, as it is proposed now to amend it. If the Legislature should see fit to approve this broadening of the definition of community property, the inheritance tax act automatically would fall under such a change in the law.

Among the other bills introduced by Senator Luce is one to the effect that community property shall be subject to the management and control of both husband and wife and that neither shall have any further power of disposition except testamentary without the consent of the other. Another bill provides that the wife can dispose by will of her half of the community property; another relates to the status of community property during divorce proceedings, and still another bill amends directly the inheritance act.

I could not, if I would at this time, say just how the Legislature will view the various bills introduced by Senator Luce. I am convinced, however, that there will be little if any opposition to exempt-

ing the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax. I have talked with the chairmen of the committees and with members of the Legislature and find all of them in accord with the idea that the present law is frankly discriminatory. Several of the legislators, however, think the arbitrary exemption should be cut from \$24,000 to \$10,000, while others appear willing to let it remain at the higher figure. As I already have stated, this point must be passed upon by both committees and finally by both Houses. As far as I am concerned, I shall abide by the recommendations of the committees. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Cable, unless the \$24,000 exemption is retained, will fight to the last trench for this particular point. The numerous bills introduced confuse the situation considerably, but it will be possible during the February recess to carefully study all of these bills and get the situation better in hand than at present."

PUT YOURSELF IN BABY'S PLACE

(Continued from page 4)

and proper. BUT just as you were most comfortably cuddled down suppose someone should take hold of the carriage handle and start pushing you back and forth, fast or slow, according to her individual inclination, and frequently she might jolt the carriage up and down at the same time, or even sidewise with a most unpleasant, rocking, motion; how much more would you prefer to have that carriage let entirely alone, so you could digest your dinner in peace or just rest quietly?

Can't you, or won't you realize, mothers, that your baby can no more rest properly or sleep under such conditions than you can yourselves? And these are not exaggerated statements.

At one of the meetings during the recent nation wide "Baby Week" there was a young foreign, but English speaking, mother who never for one minute stopped trotting or joggling or patting or kissing her poor baby during the entire time of the meeting, which lasted over an hour and a half, and she nursed him twice during it! Then as she left she told one of the nurses who remonstrated with her that she had to do that way because he was such a restless baby!

You have all seen babies being joggled up and down in their carriages by the hour, and perhaps you may have done likewise, when it was not totally unnecessary but actually harmful. Mothers and their nursemaids take thousands of useless steps doing this when both their time and their strength are needed in other ways. I have in mind one baby who for three months was wheeled and joggled back and forth on the porch by the mother, the nurse maid, and another maid in relays, with the child crying the greater part of the time, and they were supposedly intelligent people, with two older and nervous, sickly, children.

There is another and a very important side to this question of perpetual motion for babies, and that is the great amount of your own strength that is so unnecessarily wasted. The conservation of your strength and nerves is just as important for both yourself and your baby as is his health; and these ways of using yourself up are far from a benefit to either of you. You will form bad habits in many

ways for the baby, and he will demand this attention when he should be resting quietly.

Let him get plenty of exercise by laying him on the bed with his clothes out of his way, or by other sensible means, but don't force it upon him.

Bed time romping is another nerve racking performance for your baby and very upsetting to his digestion if indulged in after a feeding. We all know what a temptation it is to play with a baby, and it is often especially the case with a father who has no other opportunity; but this romping with a baby or even with an older child just before he is put to bed makes him too restless to go to sleep for some time, and often results in a wakeful night for baby and the rest of the family.

Then put yourself in the baby's place again. Do you think it would be entirely enjoyable? Would you like to be played with and tossed about when you were really tired and sleepy? Or would you think it fun to be made to laugh and show off until the huge, to you, person who was doing it wanted his dinner after he had stirred yours all up, or he thought it was time to stop just as you were really getting into the spirit of it? Then would you think it entirely just to be expected to quiet down and go to sleep without even a little fretting?

These few things which I have mentioned are among the worst results of lack of knowledge or thoughtlessness, but try, even for one day to pretend that you are in the baby's place, and then see if you do not make some changes for the better in his daily routine.

AM I MY SISTER'S KEEPER?

The State Federation of Texas endeavors earnestly to keep in mind its motto:

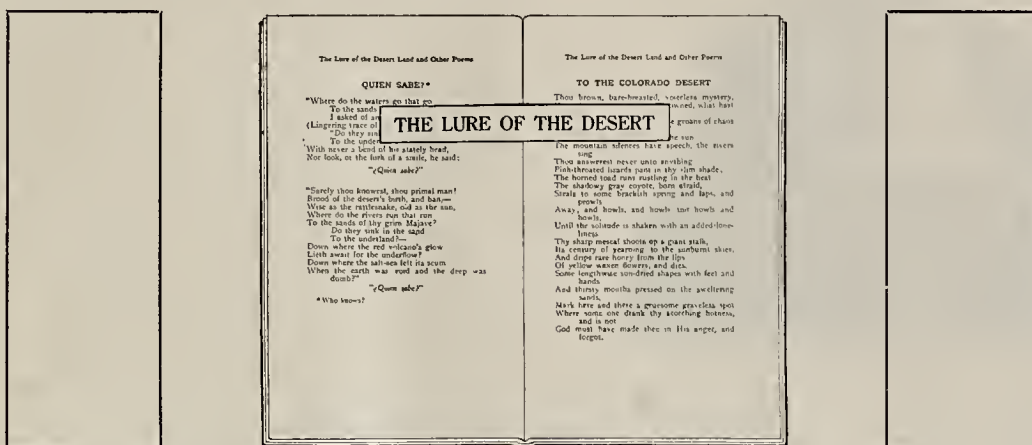
"In small things, liberty;
In large things, unity;
In all things, charity;"

Ours is the opportunity and responsibility to make for progress in human development and betterment. The combined effort of twenty thousand zealous, active club women, who believe with one of our great statesmen that "the best of life is the joy of service," means success in our various lines of humanitarian work. The time has long since passed when we asked, "Am I my sister's keeper?" We believe now, that we are the keeper of all less fortunate. And, on the selfish side also, we want to be helped ourselves. This spirit of reciprocity, to help and to be helped in turn, should dominate all the particular reasons for Club Federation, says Mrs. Fred Fleming, in the December number of the Southern Woman's Magazine.

For instance, many of us recall the time when we wanted a pure food law. Could one woman or one Club have brought pressure enough to bear to push it through? No; but the State Federations, composed of the various districts and individual Clubs, are vital parts of the General Federation. Then, by quick transit through this perfect organization, the National leaders pass the word to the State leaders, the State leaders to the district, the district to the Club, and the Club to the individuals, that we must all say to Congress, "We want pure food." The word goes back like a powerful single voice from all the women of the nation, "We want pure food," and as we all know, we have it.

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

By MADGE MORRIS (Mrs. Harr Wagner)



MADGE MORRIS WAGNER has at last been persuaded to put in book form a collection of her poems. Some of these have become famous over the nation, and renowned men and women of letters cannot speak in high enough praise of these literary gems.

Among the most notable in the collection are: "*The Lure of the Desert Land*," "*To the Colorado Desert*," "*Rocking the Baby*," and "*Liberty's Bell*." All of these are gems and should be in the hands of all lovers of the highest and best in literature.

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WARREN T. POTTER, Publisher
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AT ALL BOOK STORES

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

By Clara Shortridge Foltz
(Continued from January Number)



It was in the springtime and all the world seemed filled with the merry roundelay of songbirds flitting from roof to tree and then away high in air over the flower-laden, vine-covered homes of the Garden City, beautiful San Jose.

One glorious morning, upon the invitation of Judge Herrington, a prominent member of the local bar, with my five kiddies (we called them children in those benighted(?) days) and with lunch baskets filled with a variety of goodies, we drove to Saratoga and returned by way of the classic mountain city of Los Gatos, where our gifted and famous young poet Ruth Comfort Mitchel lives, with her husband, in their recently finished palatial home.

We drove through miles of gorgeous bloom of peach and prune and of apricot, over the dimpled mountains and down through gently sloping valleys. The sleek fat horses were in fine fettle and their joy of living was in no degree lessened by the ominous honk of an occasional automobile. Indeed, who among us in those balmy horse-worshipping days could have dreamed of a "horseless age."

We sat in the open carriage intently watching the rapidly shifting scenes of beauty, glorified by the sunshine until the rainbow colors of the vast acres of flowers seemed to touch our ruddy cheeks and filled our nostrils with sweet perfume.

The village of Saratoga was of more than passing interest to me for it was the country home of the splendid Elizabeth Lowe Watson, the leading woman orator of the day, and who later was president of the California State Suffrage Association and served in that capacity until after we won the great fight, October 10, 1911.

At Saratoga near the post office, we spread our luncheon beneath a century-old oak tree, and no happier bunch of youngsters, nor more hopeful young mother could have been found. The Judge relaxed his quiet manner and apparently was well pleased with his guests. But a change came over the spirit of our dreams, with the announcement by the postmaster of "a message from San Jose," as he handed a slip of yellow paper to me. I glanced

quickly over the message, and held my breath while I read: "Dear Sis:—If you will take hold of the string attached to a tin can nailed on a tree at Saratoga I will tell you the news from San Jose. Your loving brother, Charlie."

The postmaster who brought the message looked pityingly at me, as I stood transfixed, scornfully looking at him as though he were the real culprit. I was unable to restrain my indignation over so cheap, so ridiculous a "joke" as it seemed to me. Then, too, I placed high value upon my brother Charles' intelligence as also upon his veracity. I was humiliated in the eyes of Judge Herrington, and for a few minutes I was most unhappy and must have looked the part, when the postmaster remarked, "You'd better come over to the tree and I'll show you how to speak to your brother in San Jose." I quickly decided to see the thing through and followed the man, while more and more I secretly vowed to give my young brother a sound lesson for his impudent trifling—and yet I was filled with wonder! How such a message as that delivered to me could have reached Saratoga within a half hour after our arrival there. The Saratoga stage was not due until four o'clock in the afternoon and—by this time we had reached the designated tree. The postmaster handed me the string and told me to speak into the tin can and say "Hello Charlie."

Pride and disgust mingled in one big lump in my throat. With difficulty I managed to say: "Hello Ch—." "Why hello, sister," came back and then followed a loud hurrah and a big hearty boyish laugh, resounded in my most unwillingly astonished ears. Judge Herrington looked credulously, but not to be outdone, he took hold of the string and said "hello" and then manlike, he pretended to know all about the mystic telephone wire.

As we turned to rejoin the children at lunch, he said, "Verily, 'there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

Arriving home early in the evening, my brother came running to our carriage, apparently delighted over his first experience with a "telephone wire"—an experience made possible for him by the ever generous and noble hearted editor and founder of the San Jose Mercury by whom Charlie was employed after school hours and on holidays. Years after, when a telephone was no longer a novelty, Charles M. Shortridge became the owner and editor of the San Jose Mercury, and our beloved and revered friend Mr. Owen retired from active participation in the publishing business.

And "lest we forget" I want to place on record the fact that it was through the recommendation of Hon. J. J. Owen that I got my first case!

Out on the Alameda which globe-trotters say is one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world, there was a fine mansion wherein many servants were employed to wait upon the lazy people who lived there. One of these servants, a high-spirited German girl, had been discharged without cause and her trunk with all her personal effects including her wearing apparel, was withheld for the payment of certain dishes which in the ordinary course of things had been broken. On Mr. Owen's recommendation the young woman came to see me, pledging his word (what sublime courage my good friend showed!) that "the lady lawyer would recover the

trunk" and directed her to my little office,—one inside dark room, with but one small window looking into the narrow hall in the Knox Building, corner of First and Santa Clara streets. I was sitting at a diminutive roll top desk right where I had sat more or less patiently for a whole week—following the first announcement of the fact that "——" had opened a law office where SHE could be found daily from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m."

When my first client knocked on my office door (now-a-days they walk right in without knocking). I responded with a cheery "Come in." She did so, and at once explained in broken English the purpose of her visit. Here I grasped my first opportunity to prove that the confidence of my friends had not been misplaced. Though I had many secret misgivings as to my ability to cope with men who had a thousand years advantage over me, I quickly turned to Section 690 of the Code of Civil Procedure to verify my memory of the subject of "exemptions from executions and attachments"—the while noting with pleasure the admiration of my first client for her woman lawyer.

Having determined upon the course I must take I drew a brief complaint setting forth the facts of the withholding of the wearing apparel of the plaintiff and prayed for judgment for the return of the trunk, etc., and for damages for its detention. My friend Mr. Owen and Mrs. Knox-Goodrich went on the bond and a writ of replevin issued. The case was hotly contested. Two young lawyers, former members of the Moot Court (never have heard of them since), represented the defendant—but why pursue the story; the plaintiff won of course. The Court ordered the return of the trunk together with its contents forthwith, and ten dollars damages for its detention and costs of the suit. And this was a triumph, though the plaintiff's rights under the statute quoted were so plain and unequivocal that nobody but a fool would ever have contended against her and no honest lawyer would ever have advised the defendant to attempt to hold property exempt from execution.

(Continued in March Number)

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WOMAN'S INVASION

By Vera Heathman Cole

(Re-Published by Request)

Once in the dim beginning of the race
The Man, of greater strength of limb,
And so of power, severed the world in twain;
"I shall take the whole outside for my world—
Take, for your world, the inside of the home.
Woman bowing her head, obeyed the Man.

Through countless centuries of time
Her sex then cowered beneath his hand;
Accepted shelter of his roof,
Married to save her goodly name,
For Woman's place was in the home;
She cooked with care what food he brought;
She spun and made the clothes he wore;
The sons and daughters of his line
Were born and laid upon her arm;
His wants, desires and needs came first,
Yea, first before her very soul.
She scarcely ventured in his chosen world,
For Woman's place was in the home,
And her skilled hands made home complete.
With her keen vision Woman looked
Upon that world which Man had claimed,
And which, though exiled, she still loved.
She saw it torn by bitter strife,
Brothers at war, her sons the sacrifice.
With greed and selfishness a few
Had heaped unto themselves great hords of gold
Forcing their fellowmen to poverty—
A crime which robbed her of her daily bread.
The blood-red curse of wine
Flowed like a river through Man's world,
Sweeping aside the children she had nursed
With milk of her own breast!
Her world in order set, she watched
With tearful eyes, Man's woeful waste
Of all that she had tried to build.
Then Woman offered unto Man
Her plan for temperance, for peace and law,
Beliefs conceived in great travail of soul,
But these, her hopes, were forced to die at birth.
Her cry for peace was hushed
By jangling armament;
Her plea for temperance was met by taunts
Of laughing, drunken men;
Her call for justice answered by the cries
Of frail children herded in factories!
Thus were her reasons scorned by Man,
"For what," said he, "does Woman know
Of all these broader things?
Her place is in the home."

Awakened to a sense of injured pride
And filled with love for wronged humanity
Woman invaded, then, Man's world.

No longer is her name a bandied thing
Unless protected by his own,
For she has made quite honorable
Her single state.
No longer, like a slave, need she accept
His food, the crumbs he leaves, or starve,
For she can stand and earn her bread
By work well done.
No longer need she plead for temperance—
Her quick, true hand, her mind undulled by drink
Force back the drunken laborer.
And soon her cry for Peace will sound
Over the earth above the clash of war,
For sons will not be born until she knows
That they will not become
Targets for man-made guns!
She, too, has learned to lead—
Whereas in centuries long gone
She knew no way except to follow Man—
She leads her brother on to victory
In all those things which purify the life
And beautify the soul.
Thus Man will learn to yield to her
Because her way is right.

In the full light of coming years
The severed worlds will stand as one
With Temperance, Justice, Beauty, Peace
All written on its heart;
And Man with Woman rule
As one Democracy!

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A SUFFRAGE COOK BOOK

Reviewed by Alice Stevens Tipton

A cook book invariably appeals to a woman, but when the ladies of the Equal Suffrage League of Wayne County, Michigan, issued a Suffrage Cook Book as a tempting bit of campaign literature, it was done as a direct appeal to the voters of that State for the purpose of convincing the "mere man" that a woman need not lose interest in cookery because she is a suffragist.

This unique method of advocating their cause consists of a brochure of 140 pages, containing 354 recipes, each guaranteed by the signature of the suffragist contributor. These dishes are calculated to tempt the appetite of the most exacting epicure, and include some special preparations for invalids and children, and, if the dishes concocted from these formulas are as palatable as their ingredients indicate, they certainly are "good enough to eat raw!"

The foreword states in brief that the collection makes no pretense to being a complete cook book, but that "The recipes were, for the most part, contributed by Detroit Suffragists, and may help to show again, what has so often been demonstrated before, that an interest in politics is not incompatible with an interest in cookery."

This booklet is bound in yellow, the cover page bearing its title in black letters, and a figure of Justice, unblinded, encircled by the legend: "Votes for Women." The business men of Detroit proved their faith in its good work by liberal advertisements covering eleven pages in the back of the book, and taken as a whole it is a splendid proof of the zeal of the Suffragists of Detroit.

It requires untiring effort, more than ordinary skill in the art of cooking, as well as a high degree of business ability to compile a book of this character, and the ladies of the Equal Suffrage League of Wayne County, Detroit, Michigan, are to be commended for their laudable efforts to reach the hearts of men through the age-old channel of the stomach, and thus win votes for women.

Pluck future joy from out the present pain;

Rejoice to know that these small seeds of sorrow
Shall be Love's harvest when we meet again,
Some bright tomorrow.

LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles, Los Angeles!

Thy Jesuit founders' lowly pride.
They, for thee toiling, faithful lived,
And faithful, toiling, died.

And thou, gold-browed, and tawny-locked,
Rich Empress of the Southern zones,—
A giantess, sprung armored
From the ashes of their bones.

—MADGE MORRIS.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

"Boys will be boys," and boys have had their day;
Boy-mischiefs and boy-carelessness and noise
Extenuated all, allowed, excused and smoothed away,
Each duty missed, each damaging wild act,
By his meek statement of unquestioned fact—
Boys will be boys!

Now, "women will be women." Mark the change;
Calm motherhood in place of boisterous youth;
No warfare now; to manage and arrange,
To nurture with wise care, is woman's way,
In peace and fruitful industry her sway,
In love and truth.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS WOMEN SHOULD LEAD THE WAY

Los Angeles, U. S. A., the Meeting Place

Women the world over are inseparable from men. This is a pleasing reality—an undisputed fact. Not even in the deadly conflicts of battle are men wholly unattached to women, for here, too, he finds her attending to his wants, soothing his pain, hovering near to close his dying eyes. First and last in attendance, at the cross and the grave of Him whose words span the centuries and ring ever true above the wail and woe of agonized humanity.

Women have methods of procedure generally unlike those of men. Hers are less cumbersome, less involved; they are more direct and hence results are reached more promptly.

It is not in a spirit of censure that women bewail the delays of diplomacy in the matter of the peace of Europe, but there is a growing impatience among thinking people of all classes over the inaction of American statesmen and their evident determination not to take any steps to inaugurate a General Peace Movement.

No American woman who has her country's in-

terest at heart, would interfere in the slightest with the plans of the President of the United States, nor raise her voice against diplomatic policies adopted by experienced statesmen in Washington to bring delayed peace to warring Europe.

Nevertheless, if Peace plans all fail, and neither of the contending nations, *entente* nor allies, concede to the higher laws and the greater cause of humanity at large, then it becomes the duty of all women, the mothers of all the races of men to convene by representation and take over unto themselves the "lost cause," and proceed to make plain to men their determination to end the wars of Europe, and by their continued wise discipline and restraint in their domestic relations with men to make war forever impossible. Differences between nations should be submitted to arbitration, and determined by International Courts of Judicature composed of the wisest men and women of the age.

We should dethrone War and enthrone Peace. We should determine every question that disturbs the brotherhood of nations by the humane principle of arbitration. For if we continue to murder wholesale we shall ourselves bite the dust.

Potential Mothers of Men

The modern American woman is the most resourceful, purposeful mother on the earth today. Look the world over as carefully as you please; study history as a philosopher and events as a scholar, you will come to the conclusion that by reason of her higher education, of her enormously broadened and glorified position, the modern American woman presents at once the most hopeful and by far the greatest potential power and influence individually and socially throughout all civilization.

Nowhere in all the world can there be found women so finely educated, so resourceful and withal so wholesome and beautiful as are the modern American women. She is *sui generis*. Again, she is the organic composite of the women of all nations. Her's is the supreme privilege of becoming mother to the greatest men that have ever lived upon the earth. With the physique, the wisdom and the voice she is here to command and in turn to serve. She is fair to look upon, strong of limb and gracefully proportioned. She is more than the surviving relic of a brute age; she has outweighed the beast in man; she is the perfected future great mother of the human race.

And woman has declared "Peace!" Her voice has been heard above the thunderous roar of the conflict; her sons' swords shall forthwith be turned into ploughshares, their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall "learn war no more." In this great declaration of peace, and its new interpretation of life, her sons are soon to realize the poet's dream: the *common brotherhood of man*, the *federation of the world*.

The International Parliament

The NEW AMERICAN WOMAN joins with the whole American nation in welcome to the Peace Congress. We invite the whole world to send their wisest and most experienced women to represent their respective countries to aid in establishing *peace on earth*; or if that is found beyond our present achievement, then we will hope to secure

the co-operation of women in the only efficient course left, and by which war must of necessity become impossible—to impose upon themselves a more conscientious restraint in their domestic relations.

Where May We Find a Leader?

In this great cause of Peace where may we find a leader? Who is she that can grasp firmly the torn and bleeding heartstrings, drive forth the specters of fear and hate, bind up the open wounds and sooth the souls of men?

The hour is epic! The voice of the world rings: "Peace, peace."

The uncrowned queens of America, women in whose veins runs the blood of patriots, whose fathers originated and built this structure of liberty, the American Republic—they will lead the way.

Throw Diplomacy Into the Discard

All women know that in this International Peace movement they may safely look to men for guidance and co-operation. Come, let us reason together! And if the time-honored arts of diplomacy have wholly failed, and if the nations engaged in war have refused to listen to the appeal of our great American President, then let us away with it all. Throw diplomacy into the discard and call for a Congress of Peace with the meeting place fixed at Los Angeles, California, United States of America.

Let us show our European brothers how to disband their armies, to withdraw their navies, to bring down their murderous aeroplanes and Zeppelins, bring up their submarines, cease their horrible baptism of fire and shell, and then how to square accounts each with the other, just as we do in civil strife, and once more be obedient to the Master's command, "love ye one another."

The Advance Guard of Peace

With the vision and the purpose that love should dictate, we invite to America, to the historic City of the Angels, this proposed advance guard of Peace, representing every nation and every land, to meet here on the shores of the Pacific—emblematic as it is of the things we would represent, and we together will lay the foundation and rear the superstructure of enduring Peace.

Here, then, COME. Welcome, thrice welcome to California,

"Where first Cabrillo walked the lonesome sands,

Where first the Christian standard rose
Upon the sea-washed western lands."

JUDGE YORK'S RULING ON TORRENS ACT DISABILITY PROVISION

White Wife of Oriental May Register Property But She Can't Transfer It

That the disability provision of the Torrens Land Act applies only to the disposition of property, and not to the right of persons to register under it, is the scope of a decision by Judge York in the case of Mrs. Ida May Tanigoshi, the white wife of K. Tanigoshi, a Japanese.

Mrs. Tanigoshi was deeded a lot in Invanhoe by Philo Galpin Forsyth and sought to have it registered under the Torrens Land Act. It was admitted that as the wife of a Japanese she was a citizen of Japan.

Under the broad terms of the Torrens Land Act any person has a right to register his or her land. The court held that County Recorder Logan was required to register Mrs. Tanigoshi's property, to which she had a deed, but that being a Japanese citizen she could not transfer the property.

The term "legal disability," as used in the act, was interpreted by the court as referring to minors and idiots. He held the County Recorder, as registrar, was not authorized by law to question the validity of the deed to Mrs. Tanigoshi or her right to hold the property. A ten-day stay of execution was granted for the purposes of perfecting an appeal to the Supreme Court, which will be asked to pass on this case, unique in the legal history of California.

No deed to property after it is once put under the Torrens Act is available for any purpose or conveys any title until the registry is actually made and a notation made on the Torrens certificate of the fact of the existence of such a deed. This is entirely different from a deed issued to property held under the regular system, delivery being made.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln grows more and more dear to the American people as the years pass, and his great spirit seems hovering nearer and nearer that we may not forget what he stood for, and the vital things he said which are found upon History's written page.

His speeches were largely epigrammatic but every sentence carries an idea, every word is potent with love for Humanity.

With reference to women he says: "I go for all sharing the privileges of government who bear its burdens, by no means excluding the women."

Again, Lincoln said: "Men ought to be mighty good to women, for Nature gave them the big end of the log to lift and mighty little strength to do it with."

"If all that has been said by orators and poets since the Creation in praise of woman was applied to the women of America, it would not do them full justice for their conduct during the war."

He believed in those who toil, and upon this subject, he said: "No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

He had a spiritual nature. Referring to the Bible, he said: "In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given man." "I am profitably engaged reading the Bible. Take all this book upon reason that you can and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

He believed in the ultimate good sense of the people. "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." "The people know their rights, and are never slow to assert and maintain them whenever they are invaded."

His tribute to Washington: "Washington was a happy man because he engaged in benefiting his race."



WHOM DO WE REPRESENT? A WORD FOR OURSELVES

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN represents all women, every woman in all the wide world and there is no class nor club, association nor federation that may not find this publication and its editor their friend—their loyal, abiding, faithful friend. We have preferences of course, for certain capable and efficient friends, both men and women, and we will assist in promoting them to places of service in the important offices of our city and of our state.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN realizes that if we are to take rank with the great cities of the country we must elevate the public service. This can be done only by selecting experienced, educated men and women of character for the duties incident to municipal government.

"Just because she is a woman voter" is no reason to offer why she should be encouraged to run for office. Nor yet is it a reason to advocate the election of a man because forsooth "he needs and wants the office."

Efficiency, experience, and the all-round fitness for public service is what we want and must have if we are to get anywhere worth while in our civic affairs.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN speaking to all women, would recommend them to first qualify themselves for public places. Your neighbors this hour are looking for efficient candidates who, if chosen can represent them without loss of time and money in educating you for the service they sorely need. No *mere politician*, woman or man, should ask the support of the people. He or she who comes forth equipped with nothing more than small talk, a minimum of intelligence and a maximum of gall should never be taken seriously.

In Los Angeles there are many finely educated women, experienced club women whose lives for at least five years past have been intelligently devoted to studying civic problems. From among these we should be able to secure the consent of at least three women candidates for the City Council in the forthcoming municipal election.

Once capable women can be induced to announce their candidacy, the whole voting population, men as well as women, will organize to support them. We sincerely trust that no women unprepared for official positions will embarrass the situation.

PICKETING THE WHITE HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT

There is a grave possibility of the women "picketts" losing their health as they have their senses, by standing or parading in front of the White House or the driveway of the home of the President, while the "beautiful snow" mantles them and old Boreas pelts them with hail stones and rain.

But girls, that's your way of "winning" a' cause that is already won—won by all the rules of the game. The wisest men and women of the nation have long since been convinced of the justice of Woman Suffrage. The great American jury will record its verdict when the opportune time has arrived.

The unscrupulous disregard of the private rights and privileges of the President of the United States by its women citizens, however famous or worthy they may be, will not accelerate the action of the voters of America in behalf of suffrage.

The White House is the nation's home of its President. He has every right to enjoy that home inviolate. Such conduct as that which American women have been guilty of in picketing the White House would not be tolerated in any other country. It is time-honored, that "the humblest man's home is his 'castle.'" Blackstone says, "The winds may whistle round it, the rain may pour through its thatched roof, but the King himself may not enter."

Now ladies, don't take yourselves so seriously. Cheer up. Come in out of the snow! The President has lifted his hat to you as any other American gentleman would do. What more do you want?

By the way, girls, has it ever occurred to you that the only reason you are outside of jail is because of the inherent chivalry of American gentlemen? You ought truly to appreciate this fact and be thankful accordingly.

The following anonymous letter contains so much that suggests achievement, that we break the rule and publish it.

Editor NEW AMERICAN WOMAN:

We commend you as the ideal enfranchised woman in governmental affairs. Capability is the test, personality the requirement, and not femininity or masculinity. The thinking woman should take her place on the platform of human accomplishment along with the thinking man, and form a group of thinkers, as distinguished from that other vast group of men and women who permit others to think for them, rather than *with them*. And the conclusions of such a thinking group will offer solutions of the many problems of life, of state, and of social welfare that concerns the human race.

We admire you for your fearlessness. You help us to overcome fear; the fear of censure, the fear of disapproval of those in high places, and most of all the fear of meeting our own souls face to face, which is another way of saying that when we rid ourselves of all hypocrisy, all subterfuge, we may then develop

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character worth while and become a factor of value in the world.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN deserves and will receive the support of every man and woman made acquainted with its wonderful intellectual strength.

There are among us thousands who will be more than glad to prove their appreciation of your unique accomplishment of things of especial value to the women of California. I say unique, for while other women with much merit, wrote books, delivered lectures, debated, etc., you made your way unaided by any representation of club, or association, or league, into the heart of the legislative councils until California's written law pages were so blue-penciled, that woman became a person in the eyes of the law, with rights as sacred of protection as are those of her brother man. And it was to a large measure due to such a modification of our laws in women's behalf, that we won so pronounced a victory when it came to the last step, the granting of equal suffrage in California.

As one of those who do know and appreciate your worth, permit me to sign myself,

JUSTICIA.

Dear New American Woman:

I have just finished reading your article, "Old People's Homes Out of Date." Your sentiments regarding them are my sentiments. Your plea for "Home Colleges for Adults" reached an answering cry from my heart. O, that I could do something to help further this to me, most appealing call for human betterment.

In my home town in the East it was my habit to make a weekly visit to the inmates of an institution called "A Home for the Friendless." I took flowers, books and magazines; played for them on the little cottage organ; sang for and with them, the popular songs or their favorite hymns as they preferred. It was a gala day, those Thursday afternoons, and I was as happy in giving as they were in receiving.

A mental picture comes to me as I write, of the last afternoon together before my leaving for California, fifteen years ago, but time has not dimmed the picture.

After an especially good time I told them that I could not come again because I was going to California to live.

A silence, then the men arose and quietly formed a line down one side of the long hall to the door.

The women (all dressed alike in plain black dresses and white aprons), quietly followed the plan of the men and arranged themselves on the opposite side of the hall. There were no goodbyes, no handshaking as I passed between the lines on my way out; but every head was bowed low, to hide the tears from the woman who had tried to bring a little brightness into their poor monotonous lives and starved minds.

It is because of this and similar experiences that if there is anything I can do with time, pen, brains or hands to help along this wonderful idea of yours—"A Home College for Adults"—I will willingly give of my best.

I enclose check for a year's subscription to "The New American Woman."

I want to know more about the new American women, their ideas and their work.

With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine.

Cordially,

E. HAMILTON YOUNG,

131 South Olive street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Let us hope that we shall one day deserve the following good wishes:

I herewith send you my best wishes for a long life for THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN which has again shown to the world the fine metal that Clara Shortridge Foltz is made of. With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE B. BRILL.

Virtue and health are as contagious as crime and disease.

Replying to Miss E—— of Berkeley, Cal. There are two or more law schools in Los Angeles. I think women are admitted to each of them. I am not in close touch with either of them and therefore cannot advise you as to which is preferable. As to women professors or teachers—two or three years ago one of them made some effort to secure a woman lawyer to teach Domestic Relations, this topic supposedly being the one best adapted to her brain weight.

Law schools and colleges for women will soon become familiar institutions in California and elsewhere, where women will constitute the faculty, outline the curriculum, and unite method in teaching with consistency of subjects.

As to studying law by correspondence, a well-equipped law school with a faculty capable of impressing the text of the law upon the students and strengthening them in the application of principles to case, is of course the best system.

But few law schools are thus equipped. I have found a large percentage of students from regular law schools innocent of any accurate knowledge of the law at the end of a three or four years course. Whereas, through correspondence the student is invited to his work by his love of learning. He is aided by aloofness and by a wholesome ambition to meet the approval of the faculty to whom he will submit his work in writing.

By aloofness and concentration he gains inspiration to a degree not possible to be understood by those who rely upon oral teaching.

The correspondence law school is practical and I cordially recommend it to all.

WHAT SHE THINKS OF THE WOMAN'S PARTY

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, concurs with the New American Woman. That brilliant author and scholar, Ida Husted Harper, chairman National Suffrage Press Committee, writes from her headquarters, 171 Madison avenue, New York, as follows:

The December number of the New American Woman is here, and though we are submerged in magazines and newspapers, I always read from cover to cover the New American Woman. I have taken out the editorial on the Woman's Party, blue penciled it, and laid it on Mrs. Catt's desk, hoping that she may have time to read it when she returns from South Dakota and Iowa. There are such glaring evidences of fraud in the vote on our Amendment in both of those States that we are contemplating a recount. An injunction has already been served in Iowa on accepting the returns. I can assure you that if we are to wait to gain the suffrage through the States, we women in the East will all be dead long before it comes.

Mrs. Catt said on the platform during the Atlantic City Convention that the Congressional Union and the Woman's Party were doing far more injury to our cause than the Anti-Suffrage Association.

The Leslie Will case has yet to go through the highest court here in New York, so nothing is available from that bequest, and we haven't half enough money to do the vitally essential work.

The greatest assistance you can render the cause at the present moment is to bring the influence of California women to bear on Senator Phelan, who declares that he intends to vote against a National Amendment for Woman Suffrage. We think it is pretty hard that the first Senator for whom the women of California ever voted should strike this blow at the cause.

Affectionately yours,

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

YOUNG GIRL OF 82 WRITES STORY

Editor The New American Woman:—

I am submitting to you a manuscript dictated to me by my mother, Mrs. Martha Hill Gillette, who is now eighty-two years of age. She was one of the first pioneers to the West, crossing the plains with her parents by ox train in 1852.

The trip was full of difficulties and hardships. The terrible wars with the Indians in the Rogue River Valley in Oregon, the outbreak of cholera on the plains, etc., make the story replete with exciting incident.

This dear mother of mine is a brilliant woman of culture and education. Her eventful life is well known from Portland, Oregon to Los Angeles. Many friends have urged her to write her story. She has dictated it to me and I am submitting it to you for your kind consideration.

Mrs. Leslie Merrick.

The New American Woman is glad to publish the story of this pioneer girl still young at eighty-two.

Synopsis

The story opens with Martha Hill's life in Tennessee and describes the primitive time of eighty years ago. Her adventures across the plains with her parents by ox teams, their exciting escapades, troubles, terrors, siege with cholera, as well as the amusing incidents on the way are vividly told.

She describes the wonderful discovery of gold in '49 in California when her father went out to make his fortune and then returned East for his family.

The Indian wars of '52 and '53 and all the horrors that she lived through at that time; romantic incidents that occurred in the early days in Oregon when she, the first white woman entered the Indian territory, and the long strides from an unsettled country to its present civilization.

Subscribe for The New American Woman and begin reading this most interesting story beginning in this number.

Mrs. Sarah A. Plees, of Whittier, writes vigorously opposing the use of tobacco in reply to an editorial entitled:

LET HIM ALONE, LET HIM SMOKE

I was disappointed, to put it mildly, to see in a recent issue of the New American Woman that a progressive, twentieth century woman could say, "I am not in accord with the noble women who are waging war against men smoking in the street cars, sitting in seats provided by the street railway companies for their express use and comfort.

"A fine old man, a gardener, relates that the brief half-hour he enjoys smoking his pipe while on the street car gonig to and from his home is the only rest he ever gets from sun-up to sun-set. . . . Tobacco may not be the sweetest of habits, but there is certainly no moral turpitude nor obliquity of any kind in its use." Again, "Why not allow men to regulate themselves in a matter that does not, at least should not, concern women? Why not let men alone?"

Does it not concern women when my neighbor, the mother of several sons, every one of whom smokes, as does the father, dies a victim to cancer of the tongue where her pipe stem rested?

You admit "The Non-Smokers' League are intelligent, earnest, useful citizens! who are opposed to men smoking on the cars going and returning from their places of business . . . where the cool, refreshing breezes from heaven are welcomed, and free alike to all, but, alas, those inside the car are polluted with tobacco smoke which is inevitably wafted back to be breathed by the equally tired business men and women "during their only half hour's rest." Am I my brother's keeper? "Can we dare let him alone?"

—SARAH A. PLEES.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I enjoy reading "The New American Woman." It should prove a worthy competitor of the other magazines now in the field.

Please enter my name as a subscriber to "The New American Woman." To that end I am herewith enclosing my check.

I wish you and your magazine every success. With my kind personal regards I am,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN W. CARRIGAN.

SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 6, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

The first anniversary number of the "New American Woman" is one in which you may well take pride, and I certainly rejoice in the success that you have achieved in this already crowded field.

I sincerely trust that the financial results keep apace with the literary merits of your magazine. I can wish you no greater material success for the coming year than that your advertisers may be legion and your subscribers never in arrears.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE STEVENS TIPTON.

Thanks truly to dainty Anne Rankin, editor of the Southern Woman's Magazine for the following:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I am very proud that you thought the little McCormack tribute was worth publishing. I am glad to take this chance to thank you for the compliment.

I want to thank you, too, for the many interesting things that I find in your magazine. I read very carefully what you wrote about women and the right and wrong sort of labor. I also noticed the poem in the number following. It was all a very strong comment on an unnatural condition of things. I wish I had time to talk more about the things in your magazine. I think they are all very interesting.

Cordially,

ANNE RANKIN.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Appreciation of your splendid magazine; cannot find expression here for it is too great to be estimated ever so slightly in a note of this kind, but I do wish to thank you sincerely for your kind efforts in behalf of women.

I was particularly interested in the article on "Interlocutory Degree of Divorce." I had never been able to understand its wisdom or usefulness, and I have spent considerable time trying to fathom its purpose as to morals, etc.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year and again thanking you, I am,

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA L. WHEECE.

512½ A South Flower street, city.

Dear New American Woman:

In the early nineties I went to a gathering of literary ladies in San Diego. Coming out, my daughter said: "Did you enjoy it, mother?" Oh, yes; but only two amounted to very much. One, "A Meteor" (probably note, in Nebula); the other, "A Fixed Star." I am glad I never forgot the star, shining brighter, and brighter, Mrs. Clara Shortridge-Foltz.

With pleasure I enclose \$1.50 for 1917 for "The New American Woman."

MARY PORTER CAMP.



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STRANGERS WELCOME

FORWARD NOT BACKWARD

Without the caution of an experienced publisher, THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN in the very teeth of the gale of high prices for print paper went smilingly on while the velvet finish book paper on which it is printed rose one hundred and twenty per cent higher than it was when we began publication.

That fine great-hearted chief of the Wayside Press, Mr. Al Dunn, has wisely and at various and sundry times sought to curb our love of the beautiful, cautioned us against our esthetic leanings—if we were to successfully buffet the high price paper storm. But our stubborn refusal to see for ourselves that the quality of paper used in this publication must be changed if we hoped to survive, has at last been somewhat relaxed. The very best is not good enough for the advertisers and readers of this magazine, but if we must follow the big magazines of the country and change the quality of paper, and come to you in less expensive form, we shall strive to make up in quality and character what we have lost in beauty and in general appearance.

We are indeed honored by the following message from California's beloved veteran statesman, Ex-United States Senator Perkins:

Oakland, California,
January 16, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I desire to renew my subscription to THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. You certainly are making a literary success of your new publication and sincerely hope you will receive the financial reward to which it justly entitles you.

With kind regards and the compliments of the season,
I remain, sincerely yours,

GEO. C. PERKINS.

Approving our views expressed in the December number of this magazine as to the unwisdom of the Woman's Party and the Hughes Special, etc., Dr. Veturia C. Armstrong, a member in good standing of the Los Angeles County Medical Association and of the California State, and a fellow of the American Medical Association writes:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I wish to congratulate you upon your article in the December number on the "Hughes Special," especially wherein you said, when the time comes that women shall be forced to organize against men, then suffrage for women will have defeated the noble results sought for."

The women of the medical profession in the east are trying to organize a National Women's Medical Association. We already have the American Medical Association wherein sex is eliminated and where we are all just physicians and surgeons. We have every privilege accorded the male and are invited to participate in all its deliberations, programs, etc., and our women do appear upon those programs and receive every courtesy which would be accorded the other sex; and the same is true of our own State and County Medical Association. The pioneers of our profession have fought a hundred years for this one great principle. Why should we, at this progressive age, do anything in any way to detract from their hard fought and hard won victory?

"It matters not that time has shed
The snows of winter on the head,
Since he retains with wondrous art
Perpetual summer in the heart."

SUBSCRIBE for THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN.

JUST GET INTO THE GAME

Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:

You never can move the General Mass,
"My cause is greater than yours!
You only work for a Special Class,
We for the gain of the General Mass,
Which every good ensures!"

Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:

"You underrate my Cause!
While women remain a Subject Class,
You never can move the General Mass,
With your Economic Laws!"

Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:

"You misinterpret facts!
There is no room for doubt or schism
In Economic Determinism—
It governs all our acts!"

Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:

"You men will always find
That this old world will never move
More swiftly in its ancient groove
While women stay behind!"

"A lifted world lifts women up,"

The Socialist explained.

"You cannot lift the world at all
While half of it is kept so small,"
The Suffragist maintained.

The world awoke, and tartly spoke:

"Your work is all the same;
Work together or work apart,
Work, each of you, with all your heart—
Just get into the game!" —Selected.

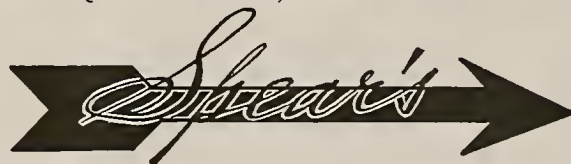
Dr. Elizabeth Kearney, of Los Angeles, an alienist of note, writes:

"I can not tell you how much I have enjoyed the magazine for the past year.

Your ability, as a woman, is shown in the writings of the magazine, and words can not express to you how I appreciate it.

Yours Most Sincerely,
ELIZABETH F. KEARNEY.

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LAW OF THE CASE

By C. S. F.



THIS department will include brief statements of law touching subjects of vital importance to women, and to men also; their property, and their present power over it, and its final disposition, laws with reference to marriage, husband and wife, parent and child, and their respective duties and obligations. Terse statements of elementary principles of law, the State statutes, city ordinances and the pith of the law as contained in our California Supreme Court decisions, will be furnished the readers of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. "Every gentleman in England," says Blackstone, "should know the law." No American woman can afford to be ignorant of the law.

DIVORCE EVILS MULTIPLIED

Women and Children the Victims

Carrying to a practical conclusion the editors views of the California Interlocutory Decree of Divorce published under the "Law of the Case" in the January number, we forwarded to the Hon. Hugh J. Baldwin, Assemblyman from San Diego County a proposed bill of which the following is a copy.

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTION 131 OF THE CIVIL CODE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, WHICH RELATES TO JUDGMENT IN AN ACTION FOR DIVORCE, AND REPEALING SECTION 132 OF SAID CIVIL CODE WHICH RELATES TO THE SAME SUBJECT.

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

Section 1. Section 131 of the Civil Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 131. In an action for divorce the court must file its decision and conclusions of law as in other cases, and if it determines that either party is entitled to a divorce, final judgment must thereupon be entered accordingly. Such final judgment shall restore the parties to the status of single persons. After the expiration of sixty days from the time of the entry of said judgment either party shall have the right to marry: Provided, that if an appeal be taken from said judgment within said time, or a motion in any way affecting said judgment be filed within said time, then said parties shall not marry until said appeal or said motion shall have been finally disposed of, including an appeal from the order upon said motion. In such final judgment the court shall give such other and further relief as may be necessary to the complete disposition of the action. The provisions of this section shall apply to and control judgments rendered in cases pending at the time said provisions take effect.

Section 2. Section 132 of the Civil Code of the State of California is hereby repealed.

"Let me weave songs upon the ways apart,
To build a shelter for the lonesome heart."

Subscribe for The New American Woman. \$1.50 per annum; 15 cents a copy.

The following letter accompanied the bill:

Los Angeles, Cal., January 17, 1917.

Hon. Hugh Baldwin,
Sacramento Assembly Chamber,
Sacramento, Cal.

My Dear Mr. Baldwin:—

I am enclosing herewith copies of the proposed Bill to amend 131 C. C. and to repeal Sec. 132 thereof, in pursuance of my conversation with you in reference to the interlocutory decree of divorce.

If I did not misunderstand you, you promised to introduce such a bill as I might propose, accordingly I am sending it to you with the request that you introduce it in the Assembly at once, to the end that it may get fairly on its way before your recess.

I will be pleased to come to Sacramento and appear before whatever Committee shall have charge of the Bill. I assume that it will be ordered to the Judiciary Committee, and I am able and ready to defend this proposed measure.

Great and lasting evils have been committed under the present interlocutory divorce system. Every experienced lawyer (if he or she dared) could unfold such sorrows and humiliations as would make the stones cry out for relief.

Hoping and believing that you still regard my position in this matter as sound, and that this Bill is necessary to relieve the present abnormal and disgraceful situation existing between hundreds of good people in this state, and that your confreres will also agree with us and pass the Bill without delay, I am,

Faithfully yours,

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ.

THE BILL SIDETRACKED

After waiting ten days, and watching the daily published legislative proceedings at Sacramento, I wired Mr. Baldwin as follows:

Hon. Hugh J. Baldwin, Sacramento, Cal.

If you prefer not to introduce Interlocutory Decree Bill, please hand it to one who will. Wire your decision immediately. Clara Shortridge Foltz.

Within an hour the following reply reached me: Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.

Opposition too great. Can find no one to introduce bill.

Hugh J. Baldwin.

Not daunted, and still hoping to find someone with courage to meet this opposition, I wrote to Hon. Frank F. Merriam, Assemblyman from Long Beach, by special delivery, enclosing a copy of the bill and asking him to introduce same "by request" if he did not care to "father" it, and explaining to him at length the importance of the proposed measure and urging its introduction before recess. No reply came from Mr. Merriam and the Legislature has taken recess for thirty days.

What Should Be Done?

In view of the enormous evils existing under the pernicious law which this bill proposes to repeal, evils known to every lawyer in the State as also to every serious-minded man or woman, it is to be hoped that upon the reconvening of the legislature, some member will present the bill and that the necessary constitutional three-fourth of all members shall consent to its introduction and its final passage.

A Honolulu judge has decided that a Filipino is not subject to naturalization laws. Another judge in the United States has decided that he is. All of which means that Federal judges are just like ordinary mortals, in spite of the fact that some are inclined not to accept the common classification.

And so it goes.

CAN AN EX-CONVICT VOTE IN CALIFORNIA?

"Dear New American Woman:

I am an ex-convict, having served my sentence and performed each task assigned to me with all the cheerfulness I could command, and given credit for same. I want to vote and to do my duty as a citizen, but I am told that I am not allowed to vote, and that if I attempt to do so I will be arrested. A friend sent me a copy of the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN, and I thought you would be kind enough to advise me as to my legal rights.

Yours gratefully,"

In an opinion of Attorney General Webb, dated April 23rd, 1910, it was held that one sentenced to imprisonment in the State prison will not after his discharge be entitled to vote, unless pardoned by the Governor. This opinion of the Attorney General follows the provisions of Sec. 1 of Article II of the Constitution of California.

But without executive action you are entitled to all civil rights, except the political privilege of voting. However, you should not worry, when you stop to consider that law-abiding women of all the States of the Union except twelve are and always have been denied political privileges.

The following somewhat amazing request from the Secretary of the Woman's Party at Washington, D. C., and our reply.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY HEADQUARTERS,
December 28, 1916.

To Editor NEW AMERICAN WOMAN:

Dear Sir:—My attention has just been called to an article in your issue of December, 1916, headed "The Woman's Party—a Delusion and a Snare."

You are apparently not informed as to the purpose of the Woman's Party in its campaign in the twelve suffrage states in the recent election. I am enclosing herewith two press statements, one by Miss Alice Paul and one by myself, which show the purpose of the Woman's Party and how it was accomplished. We should appreciate very much your publishing these statements either in whole or in part, as space permits.

Thanking you for your fairness in doing so, I am

Very truly yours,

ANNE MARTIN, Chairman.

OFFICE THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN,
January 2, 1917.

Miss Anne Martin, Chairman,
Ex. Com. National Woman's Party,
Washington, D. C.

Replying to your favor of December 28, I would say: first, I am not a "dear sir," but a married article of the feminine gender, and the mother of five very respectable children. You are apparently not informed as to myself, nor does it matter very much as to that. Nevertheless, those of us who have carried the suffrage banner in the sky since we were sophomores, are just a little bit vain over the fact that we live to glorify over its success in California, and would prefer that you know who we are, at least.

You are not unknown to me, for I have watched your brief career with pride.

As to the Woman's Party, in which you have had a very conspicuous part, if it has done any good I have failed to observe it. That it has done a great deal of harm I am very sure. I have endeavored to make myself understood through the columns of my magazine THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. I have endeavored to reach you and your co-workers, and have been optimistic enough to hope that you would yourselves see the error into which you had fallen. I had already read the articles you enclosed in your letter. They do not appeal to me nor offer any

excuse whatever for the existence of the Woman's Party. They are lengthy and print paper is at a premium.

I am of the opinion that nothing but confusion and opposition can ever come from the political plans you ladies have worked out. They are necessarily opposed to your highest ideals. It cannot be that the great, good, true women citizens of whom this nation is justly proud could have sought the results that were the outcome of your so-called party. So far as California is concerned it has had political hydrophobia for some six years.

My dear Miss Martin, the whole thing appears to me as absolutely wrong from start to finish. As a student of public affairs, you doubtless recognize the principle: "Wrong in the premises, wrong in the conclusion."

Should you ever come to California please be my guest, and we will talk it out. It may be that neither of us can convince the other of the error of her ways. Am among the busy lawyers of this great metropolis, and as a sort of diversion (?) am striving to guide the new American woman in the much needed reforms of the hour.

Judging from the quotations and reproductions from the columns of this publication, and the letters of approval of my position as to the Woman's Party, and in fact many other questions upon which I entertain views at variance with the new converts in the suffrage cause, I am assured that the magazine is being widely read.

Hoping that I may be able to disclose the fact that I am altogether feminine, and would be gentle and kind, particularly to you, my little sister lawyer, I am

Sincerely yours,

Clara Shortridge Foltz.

We gratefully acknowledge the following delightful assurance of appreciation.

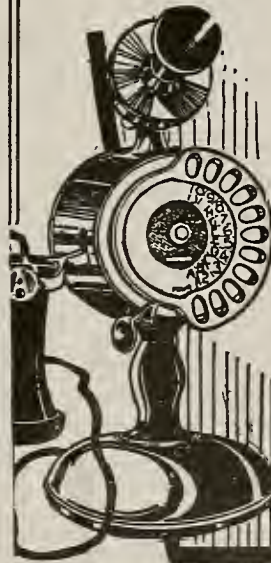
My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed please find renewal for 1917. I appreciate your splendid magazine and truly enjoy its interesting pages each month. With best wishes for its continued success, sincerely your friend.

MRS. J. M. HUTCHISON.

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THE WASHING

By Rupert Cross

There is always one day of joy a week in the tenement backyard into which I look from my open window.

That day is Monday, the day when the wash is hung out. It is then that all the clothes get their regular holiday from the human body, when they dance on the wind, white, blue, red, pink, and chequered, washed clean, in the welcome sunshine.

They are glad to get away from the ugly bodies that they have concealed from sight.

They are so happy to be free for this one day. They swing together, hour after hour, like children on a back gate.

There on the radiating lines they welcome each other, floating about, and touching each other lightly.

Then there comes a whipping wind and they frolic madly and unpuritanically together . . . arms, legs, bodies, tails whirl and wrap around each other like

corybantes celebrating the loose rites of some Pagan god . . .

And masculine and feminine robes de nuit mix shamelessly in the wind.

I see now that clothes are in reality pagan, and it is only the body that wears them which makes them seem decorous and ascetic . . .

Also, when they are put out alone together, they know nothing at all about caste and snobbishness.

The big, jolly-voiced negress who lives six flights up takes in washing . . . and with pink pajamas and lingerie of ladies and gentlemen she mixes her own Jeremiah's stiff, blue overalls and red undershirt. And they wave happily together all on a common line.

But, along toward evening, after they have played together all day, and the pulleys creak as the lines are drawn in, they droop forlornly.

For one week more they must ape the bodies and persons of their wearers, and live lives that are conventional, snobbish, hypocritic—and sometimes . . . chaste.

KING LEMON OF CALIFORNIA

A tribute we bring to the "apples of gold,"

And tributes of praise to the fruit of the vine,
With clusters abundant as fables of old;

Peach, Apricot, Pear, Plum, Olive and Lime,
Crown princes, each one that responds to our call,
But Lemon, King Lemon, is monarch of all.

The subjects of Olive fought long for his crown,
And thousands to Orange have bended the knee.

Long years hath old Grape held the place of renown,
Long years reigned as king in this land by the sea;
But Lemon arose in his might at our call;
Now this sturdy young monarch is king over all.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

ONLY A DADDY

Only a dad, with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing the little gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of life
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gave his all
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing, with courage stern and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

—Author Unknown.

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BEAUTY—WHAT IS IT?

The purple-hued mist at a sun-rise,
The silver of moonbeams nigh,
The bright growing tints of a rainbow,
The pink of a sunset sky.

The velvety green of new clover,
A rose that is moist with dew,
The shimmer of leaves in the sunshine
When zephyrs are stirring through.

The deep sea-blue wave and its white-cap,
A stretch of a sandy beach,
The grace of a seagull when winging
Its way in the air o'er each.

The downy, pink cheek of a baby,
The dimple within his chin,
His eyes with a wonder-light in them,
Or taking the love-light in.

The faith of a child in his father,
The clasp of his tiny arms
Enfolding the neck of his mother
When telling his vague alarms.

The poise of a cultured, young woman
With wealth of good health in mien,
The sound of her rich, happy laughter,
The knowledge of her as queen—

As queen of our Earth's fairest treasures;
The hearts of her hearth and home,
The hold that she has upon each one
Though far from the home they roam.

In keeping herself a true, home-queen
When old and with snowy hair,
In having a great heart for loving,
That old folk and young may share.

In lending of hope to the hopeless,
In spending one's strength for Right,
In giving of self that some others
The Kingdom of Truth may sight.

Thus Beauty is quite clearly proven
Of spirit and form divine—
An idea of God and eternal,
Yet something that's yours and mine.
—(MRS. D.) ANNA E. SATTERLEE.

The quaint, charming face that graces our cover,
"Our Valentine" is little Elizabeth Sutherland Lindsay,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Lindsay,
from a photo by Steckel.

MY LIFE

A tangled skein of many-colored threads,
And I to set them straight; but how?
'Tis not by roughly pulling at each end
Regardless how it knots its fellow thread,
But gently follow this one, and then that,
Till knots and snarls at last are all undone,
Then we may weave the pattern of our Life,
Whose warp is Love, whose woof the Needs of Man.
—Selected.

"Love in its highest sense is required for parenthood, and people who wed for material reasons are at once disqualified. * * * Fifty per cent of the children of this vast country return from school in the afternoons to find no one at home. Their mothers are away at tea, shopping, or playing bridge."—Bishop Moreland.

Oh, no, it is not nearly as bad as that! Most women who are away from their homes are earning food and shelter for themselves and children. The "old man" has been known to share these good blessings with the least hesitation!

RECIPE FOR PLUM PUDDING

Here is a recipe for Christmas plum pudding which I have tried many times and which I know to be unfailingly good, says Betty Lyle Wilson, the famous cake maker, in the December Southern Woman's Magazine.

2 pounds of currants.
2 pounds of raisins.
½ pound of citron.
½ pound of almonds.
½ pound of cherries.
½ pound of pecans.
1 pound of brown sugar.
1 pound of browned flour.
8 whole eggs.
2 teaspoons of baking powder, sifted with flour.
1 pound of beef suet or butter.
½ pound of bread crumbs.
1 cup of molasses.
1 cup of grape juice.
1 tablespoon of salt if suet is used.
2 teaspoons of cinnamon.
½ teaspoon of cloves.
1 grated nutmeg.

Mix suet and sugar well together, then add the molasses, eggs and bread crumbs. Put in the fruit last. Steam for three hours in well-buttered cans or leave overnight in the fireless cooker.

This recipe will make enough for eight one-pound cans, each of which will serve — people, or for sixteen one-half pound cans, each of which will serve — people.

The sauce that goes with the pudding is very simple. Just this:

1 cup of brown sugar.
¼ cup of butter.
½ cup of juice from a bottle of Maraschino cherries.

Cream the butter and sugar well together, put over hot water and add the Maraschino juice.

The Los Angeles News Company is the distributor for the New American Woman.

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REV. RUSSELL THRAPP APPRECIATES GOOD ROADS

After a honeymoon trip of about three thousand miles in a Maxwell touring car given him as a wedding present by the congregation of his church Rev. Russell F. Thrapp, pastor of the First Christian church, returned to Los Angeles an enthusiastic good roads booster and ardent admirer of the Maxwell.

When seen in his study recently, Rev. Thrapp said: "We had a truly wonderful trip, and were surprised at the number of campers we met. Literally hundreds of camping places were seen along the beautiful highways and many of them were eastern people who usually think of the fall and winter as months of cold and snow. The top of our Maxwell was left down during the entire journey.

"Leaving here we took the foothill road to San Diego and on our return visited the Torrey Pines and San Juan Capistrano Mission. Then we motored to San Francisco and Sacramento through the beautiful San Joaquin valley and returned along the coast.

"We drove an average of nine hours per day and found practically all roads in excellent condition. We took a leisurely journey and made many detours to points of scenic beauty and interest. I was struck with the improved wayside hotel accommodations now to be found everywhere in California and the convenience at these hostleries was thoroughly appreciated.

"The journey was made at a cost of less than one cent per mile for gasoline and oil, which is considerably less than railway fare with Pullman would have cost, and there is no railroad in the world which could have taken us through such a variety of scenic wonders as did the little Maxwell, which is the second one I have owned. It was the gift of my congregation, who allowed me to choose any car I might wish. I chose the new Maxwell, and since the trip have used the sturdy little car every day in my work."

The columns of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will be filled with big ideas in every field of thought and activity, which will be eagerly read and talked about.

THE RIGHT KIND

"Oh! the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person; having neither to weigh thoughts nor words, but pouring them all right out, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take them and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of love and kindness blow the rest away!"—Geo. MacDonald.

GARVANZA'S GYPSY HILLS

By Addison Howard Gihson

Gypsy hills are they that rise
Heaven-kissed 'neath turquoise skies,
Nestled warm in gladness free
Twixt the desert and the sea.
Here the wine-like winds laugh gay,
Stir the live oaks in their play,
While the sun his love-light spills
O'er Garvanza's gypsy hills.

Softly crowned with tender green,
Dash of poppy gold between;
Baby-blue-eyes linger here
While the larks flute matins near.
Lupine buds show wealth of blue,
Shooting stars gleam through the dew:
Wild sweetpeas with pearl-tipped frills
Trail Garvanza's gypsy hills.

Stepping light in raiment fair,
With young blue-bells in her hair,
Spring has won grim Winter's heart
With her wiles of madcap art.
Sun-lured flowers caress her feet,
Mocking birds in greeting sweet
Throw enchantment with their trills
Round Garvanza's gypsy hills.

Up the silent half-wild trail
Clearly call the mating quail;
While the soft fog slowly lifts
Dawn-gold through its rent veil sifts.
Heights of joy where sunlight gleams
Lovers' haunts when starlight dreams,
By witch-spells the heart e'er thrills
On Garvanza's gypsy hills.

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THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

By Martha Hill Gillette

Chapter 1

She was seated on afternoon by the window looking out on the beautiful line of hills that surround our home. It was a peaceful scene, and that peace was reflected in her face. As the shadows gathered around her, I thought of her eventful life. One of those heroic women who had braved all the dangers of the pioneers, all the tragedies, joys and adventures of those who crossed the plains in the early days, and helped to build up this great western country of ours, giving us not alone the work of their hands, but sending to posterity, to their children, that spirit of energy and effort which is the great inspiration of America.

This was my mother. Many a time she had told us the story of those early days and this evening a great desire came over me to get her to tell her story with its happy message for the pleasure of her children who are spreading their energies in other fields of endeavor.

Today as she sits there at the age of 82, she is as full of the joys of life and as interested in every new scheme and invention as if she were on the threshold of youth. "This is the pioneer spirit," she says. "Things have changed from my childhood, but the spirit of America lives in every new movement,

especially in the woman's movement, which has the undaunted marks of the pioneers."

"I was born in East Tennessee," began my mother; "in the year of 1833; the night that went down in history for the falling of the stars, and nearly sent all of the negroes into eternity, so terrified were the colored folks over any signs from the heavens. The house I lived in, and which stands today, was built by my grandfather in 1812. He sent all the way to Boston, Mass., for the glass used in the windows, which were about 7 inches square. Our house stood on a high bluff, at the foot of which was a large spring, and all the water used at the house had to be carried up in buckets from the spring. When I think of the ease and almost luxury of work in these days compared with the old times it seems like a romance. At that time we had no electric washing machines and big laundries, but we put our clothes in sacks and carried them down to the spring. We used a big copper kettle that held about fourteen gallons of water for our boiler. This was hung on a pole supported by forked sticks driven into the ground. The tubs were made of cedar wood bound with hickory hoops and were home-made, and as we had no washboard we placed the clothes on the table made for that purpose and pounded them with a paddle about as large as two hands.

We made soap once a year, never using it until it was one year old. We had a large hopper where we saved our ashes, and in the spring, after the killing of the hogs, the soap making took place.

"After the washing was finished, came the hard



I Am The Bank Account

Born of toil and self-denial, my father is industry, my mother, thrift.

Fostered by foresight, I grow faster and faster, and the prosperity of men and women, of farms and factories, of towns and nations grows with me.

I am the father of riches and credit is my son.

From me spring all great undertakings, with my help trade flourishes, homes are built, schools maintained; without me hospitals and churches could not do their work.

I hold the dogs of war in leash and ever further the acts of peace.

Ease and increase are my fellows; harmony and happiness follow in my train.

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task of carrying the wet clothes up the steep hill to the house, and as we had no lines we hung them on the bushes.

"We made soap once a year, never using it until it was a year old. We had a large hopper where we saved our ashes, and in the spring, after the killing of the hogs, the soap making took place.

"When I was a child every one worked, and the woman's share was none the smallest. The women made all the clothes worn by the men, women and children. After raising the cotton, picking it and sending it to the gin to have the seeds removed, they wove it into sheets, table linen and every bit of cloth used in the house. Sometimes they used flax for the men's shirts and trousers as they considered it wore longer, which was an important factor in those days. If we wanted a plaid dress we colored our warp and filling, as we called it, using indigo for blue, copper for yellow and peach tree leaves for green. The coloring of turkey red was very expensive, so we considered ourselves rich if we had a stripe of red in our plaid.

"Our year's wardrobe consisted of two woolen dresses, which was considered quite sufficient. I wonder what the modern girl would think of this. When I was 14 my father bought me a calico dress which came from England, there being no calico made in the United States at that time. I was as proud that day as any miss of the present century is of a silk embroidered gown.

(Continued in March number)



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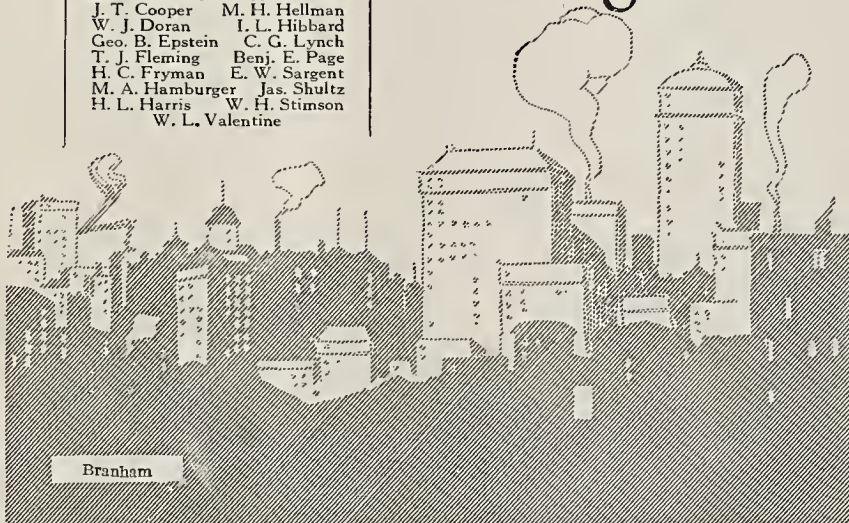
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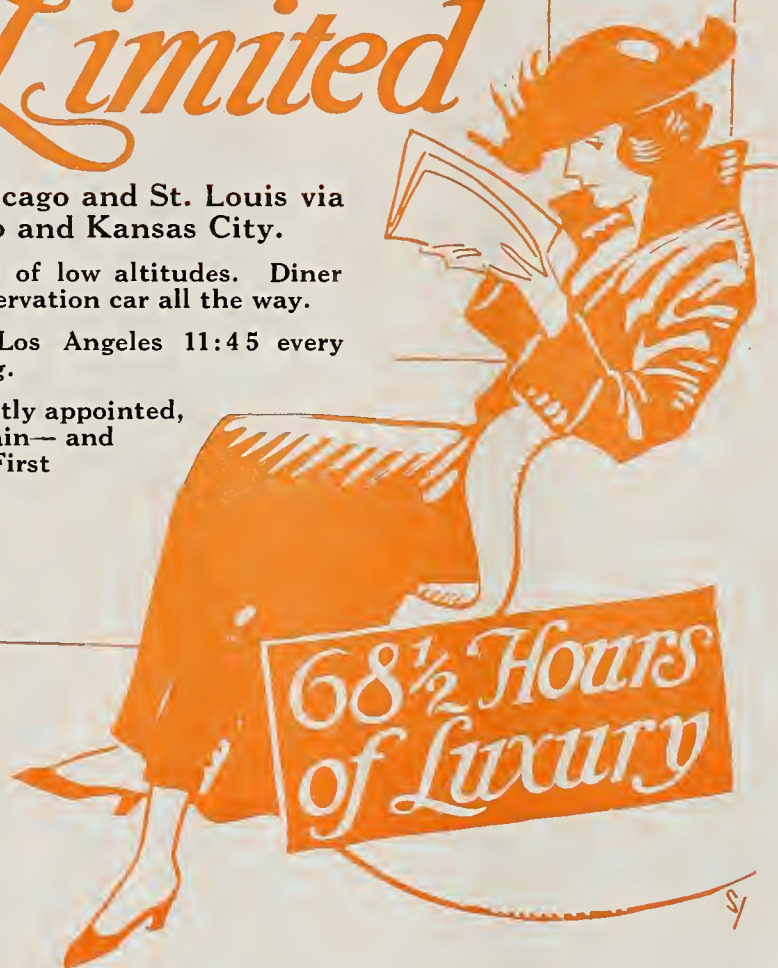


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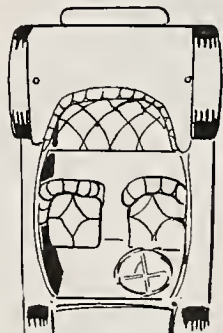


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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1917

NO. 2

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

The Lesson of the Food Riot in New York

By George H. Maxwell

Executive Director of the National Reclamation Association, and The Emancipation Society of America

Whatever else the war may have accomplished when it has closed, it will at least have recalled the minds of the people of the world to the fact that food comes from Mother Earth and must be produced by human labor.

Talk of "preparedness" and "national defense" that deals only with arms and armies, forts and navies, and munitions of war is "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

An unorganized nation is a defenseless nation and a hungry nation will inevitably become a defenseless nation. The strong nations of the future will be those whose people are the best fed and the best organized for the work of peace as well as the work of war.

Every great city is a center of weakness for the nation whose safety it menaces, and in times of stress, whether danger comes from within or from without, a shortage of food will cause disturbance and discontent, ending in riot and disorder, if not revolution.

In the United States of America, if we are to cease to be a defenseless nation, the great mass of the people must be rooted to the land, in homes of their own, however small they may be, provided there is land enough for the family to produce from it, by its own labor, all the vegetable, fruit, berry and poultry products required for the family.

A quarter acre homeroft for every American family, should be the foundation of every plan for national defense in the future. And in addition to that every boy and girl must be taught to intensively till the land as the chief source of supply for the family food. The family income from wages earned by the members of the family should be the incidental and not the main source of the family living.

The American people are becoming a race of cave-dwellers, in the flats and tenements of the cities and factory towns. They are forgetting the art of cultivating the soil, forgetting the fact that food comes from the ground. So far as most city children know, in these days, the family food comes from tin cans.

How is this tremendous national trend in the direction of national degeneracy and death to be checked and reserved?

The answer is:

FIRST: Recognize the fact as England has been forced to recognize it by the war, that food for the people is the first need in war times, and that the most precious defense is home grown food.

SECOND: Recognize the equally important fact that as a matter of national defense, the food for each family shall, so far as possible, be produced by each family, with its own labor, from its own garden house—its Homeroft.

THIRD: Then, having got the fundamental thought right, get to work and do it, by the adoption of the whole plan of the Homeroft System of education and life.

The two great things that must be done to quickly achieve the construction of this inexorably indispensable foundation for national defense are:

The plans advocated by the Emancipation Society of America must be adopted. The people must be emancipated from high rentals for homes and from the steadily rising high cost of living.

First: There must be a revolution in our public school system. There should be no summer vacation. There should be two terms of school—one, the most important, should begin in the spring and end in the fall, the other should begin in the fall and end in the spring, with one week vacation in the spring, another in the fall.

The term from spring to fall should be devoted to teaching the child to live its own life—to get food from the ground—to build and maintain a home. The term from fall to spring should be devoted to vocational training, teaching the child to do its part in manning the mills and factories and carrying on the necessary industries of the country.

Second: The entire plan of the schools for soldiers, as advocated by the American Society for national service and partially provided for in the Hoke Smith Amendment to the last Army Bill, must be adopted. Every boy in the United States of America, who wants to become a real man—rugged, strong, healthy, virile and long-lived, and also wants to be thoroughly trained in all that will make him a good citizen and his life a success in civil life, and who is willing to serve his country for three years in the Home Defense Corps, not liable for foreign service, not liable for strike or riot duty, shall be entitled at seventeen years of age, to enlist for three years in a School for Soldiers, where all that training will be given to him as provided in the purposes of the American Society for National Service which are stated as follows:

To create "The Moral Equivalent of War" that will provide for the National Defense against war's devastations without any of the evils of militarism, and at the same time provide for the national defense against nature's devastations—floods, forest fires, drouth, and the encroachments of the deserts;

To awaken the people to a realization of the necessity for an adequate land force for the defense of the territory of the United States, and particularly the Pacific coast, and to permanently establish and maintain such a force;

To open the Gateway of Opportunity for every American boy, by the inauguration of a system of schools for soldiers in which the youth of the country will be given not only military training, but also vocational training and garden training, and thereby form a reserve to be known as the National Educational Reserve;

To secure the congressional legislation and appropriations necessary for the enlistment and organization of a construction service similar to the German Forestry Service to be known as the National Construction Reserve, that will in time of peace defend the country against nature's devastations, and be ready in the event of war, to defend it against war's devastations;

To promote the establishment of a National Rural Reserve, composed of men of military age settled on the land in rural communities of small farms, which shall be no larger than the occupant can use and cultivate to the best advantage with his own labor, without hiring help.

The adoption of these plans for national defense is the only way the Pacific coast can be adequately and permanently defended. Their adoption will create a condition fully realizing the objects of the Homescroft Movement, as it is now being organized through The Emancipation Society of America, which are as follows:

"Every child in a garden, every mother in a Homescroft, and individual industrial independence for every worker, in a home of his own on the land."

Not only will it emancipate the people as a whole from the high cost of city rentals and from the high cost of living, but it will emancipate children from child labor, emancipate women from factories, and emancipate the dwellers in flats and tenements from the self imposed slavery in which they now live.

Further details of these plans cannot be given in the space available for this article, but any one desiring such details can get them by sending to the undersigned at Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, five cents in postage stamps to cover postage on the printed matter that will be sent them free of charge. **GEORGE H. MAXWELL.**

THE TOURIST'S GREAT REGISTER

Open the First Day of March, 1917

The NEW AMERICAN WOMAN has opened a Great Register for tourists and cordially invites the traveling public to call at 724 Merchants Trust Building, and enter their names with notation of date of arrival and departure and such other brief information as they may wish to impart. The idea will serve to fix dates and days, as also to enable visitors to locate approximately others who have arrived, or have passed through Los Angeles.

Tourists en route here may send their names by mail, for registration, and may have mail forwarded and held until their arrival. Address: The NEW AMERICAN WOMAN, 724 Merchants Trust Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

BIRTH DISGRACE. WHO IS TO BLAME?

The total number of inmates in the State penitentiaries and other California institutions as shown by the monthly report of the California State Board of Charities and Corrections just at hand, is 15,554, being an increase of 480 over 1916.

It is not altogether consoling to note that males predominate,—for are these not mothers sons? In this sad state of affairs, woman must stand convicted of failure to perform well her part in the scheme of nature, unless forsooth we shall lay the blame of these perverted beings wholly upon man himself. For instance, there are only 28 women imprisoned in the penitentiaries of California, as against 3,510 men. In the State hospitals for insane and inebriates, 6050 males and 3889 females, and so on through the entire list.

These enormous figures proclaim the fact that Birth Control advocates are not wholly without substantial argument.

Reformers Have Failed

With many of us the public discussion of the subject of Birth Control is beyond forbearance; nevertheless THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN is not justified in closing its columns against the opinions of many of the leading thinkers of the day, whose motives cannot be questioned.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, one of America's great orators, who, whatever else has been said of him, was conceded by all to be a man of pure heart and lofty soul, in his last public address delivered June 2, 1889, expressed himself prophetically in the following potent manner:

For thousands of years men and women have been trying to reform the world. They have created gods and devils, heavens and hells; they have written sacred books, performed miracles, built cathedrals and dungeons; they have crowned and uncrowned kings and queens; they have tortured and imprisoned, flayed alive and burned; they have preached and prayed; they have tried promises and threats; they have coaxed and persuaded; they have preached and taught, and in countless ways have endeavored to make people honest, temperate, industrious and virtuous; they have built hospitals and asylums, universities and schools, and seem to have done their very best to make mankind better and happier, and yet they have not succeeded.

Why have the reformers failed? I will tell you why.

Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world. The gutter is the nursery. People unable even to support themselves fill the tenements, the huts and hovels with children. They depend on the Lord, on luck and charity. They are not intelligent enough to think about consequences or to feel responsibility. At the same time they do not want children, because a child is a curse, a curse to them and to itself. The babe is not welcome because it is a burden. These unwelcome children fill the jails and prisons, the asylums and hospitals, and they crowd the scaffolds. A few are rescued by chance or charity, but the great majority are failures. They become vicious, ferocious. They live by fraud and violence, and bequeath the vices to their children.

Against this inundation of vice the forces of reform are helpless, and charity itself becomes an unconscious promoter of crime.

Failure seems to be the trademark of Nature. Why? Nature has no design, no intelligence. Nature produces without purpose, sustains without intention and destroys without thought. Man has a little intelligence, and he should use it. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

The real question is, can we prevent the ignorant, the

poor, the vicious, from filling the world with their children?

Can we prevent this Missouri of ignorance and vice from emptying into the Mississippi of civilization?

Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to that degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Why should men and women have children that they cannot take care of, children that are burdens and curses? Why? Because they have more passion than intelligence, more passion than conscience, more passion than reason.

You cannot reform these people with tracts and talk. You cannot reform these people with preach and creed. Passion is, and always has been, deaf. These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps, beggars and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poorhouses and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fireflies against the darkness of night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or by hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral.

To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind, must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped with glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

Men and women who believe that slaves are purer, truer, than the free, who believe that fear is a safer guide than knowledge, that only those are really good who obey the commands of others, and that ignorance is the soil in which the perfect, perfumed flower of virtue grows, will with protesting hands hide their shocked faces.

Men and women who think that light is the enemy of virtue, that purity dwells in darkness, that it is dangerous for human beings to know themselves and the facts in Nature that affect their wellbeing, will be horrified at the thought of making intelligence the master of passion.

But I look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures.

When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. Poverty and crime will be childless. The withered hands of want will not be stretched for alms. They will be dust. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free.

AS THOU WILT

By Evelyn Dithridge

If in the sheltering circle of my arms
No little child of mine shall ever rest,
Nor I may feel the touch that thrills and charms
Of helpless, searching lips against my breast,
Yet for the sake of that beloved child
Of whom my dream is ever, night and day,
Teach me the mother spirit, tender, mild,
That from no childish need can turn away.

And if the love that I had held so sure
Grow dim and distant till it vanish quite,
Grant me that changeless love that shall endure,
Strong and sufficient for earth's darkest night.
Take from my heart all bitterness and pain,
Until these futile, selfish strivings cease;
Use Thou the life I should but spend in vain,
And in the joy of service, grant me peace.

The Los Angeles News Company is the distributor for the New American Woman.



Dr. M. Evangeline Jordan

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN'S CLUB OF LOS ANGELES

Ruth Randall Bent

The artist is he who puts his hand into the chaos of the world and plucks forth one single idea or ideal and embodies that in the realm of reality. Others before him tried to do the same, but brought forth only many headed monsters, pieces of ideas put together, a heterogeneous product. But the real artist plucked from the many, and gave us simplicity for multiplicity. The history of all the arts bears this out. The art of living, the supreme art of the present day, has been so reduced, so simplified, that where many toiled before, few now need only tend the wheels, and watch the cogs. Thus the woman has been more or less freed, and her energies have sought other channels, other paths formerly followed by men only.

Domestic life today is not sufficient for the American woman, nor is a purely business life; she must have a bit of both, a bit of everything, if that be possible. Hence, the American woman has her home life, her profession, perhaps, her clubs and her sports. Nor does she lose thereby, but rather she develops a many-sidedness that formerly was found only in men.

After you have known the professional woman, other women may seem rather tame, for she is such a rapid-fire thinker. Then there is the society woman. She is also a rapid-fire thinker, for she makes a business out of her pleasure; and when one by one these classes come under consideration, you realize that rapid-fire thinking, rapid action, putting as much into life and getting as much out of it as

possible, are additional phases to the American woman's "infinite variety."

The Los Angeles professional woman has not only her profession, but her home and her club—the Professional Woman's Club. This club was organized six years ago with the object of interesting professional women in suffrage, and reorganized two years ago with new aims and increased purposes.

Doctor M. Evangeline Jordan, the president, is the only woman dentist who has limited her work to two classes—children, and women during pregnancy. And her success in both has justified her action. So much for her profession; but home life and life in the open make great claims upon this popular president. If you cannot find her at the office, perhaps she is cantering over the hills at her ranch in Cucamonga, or motoring along at top speed in Topanga canyon—and no policeman in sight: Or, perhaps, she is collecting Indian blankets or special tomahawks, just as a diversion from her many antics. To be president of one club, director of another, and member of all others, is a trifle to be sure—only this is Los Angeles! And then to be popular and have glorious eyes, and beautiful hair,—is it a bit fair to the rest of us?

The Professional Woman's Club of Los Angeles has not only a brilliant president, but members known far and wide for their skill and devotion to their work.

There is Dr. Jeanette Harbour, graduate of the Angle school, and one of the first women orthodontists in the West, if not the only woman; there is Dr. Louise Davis Long, graduate of Ann Arbor, who came directly to Dr. Jordan to specialize on children's teeth. Her calm temperament and gentle ways make her a great success in her work.

Dr. Birdine King, graduate of Northwestern University, has been five years in the P. T.'s clinic, and for a long time was the only woman in that clinic. Dr. Minnie Proctor, graduate of U. S. C., has been four years in the P. T. clinic, and is a very successful lecturer on conditions found in the clinic. Another member of this clinic is Dr. Amy Bowman, an early graduate of the University of California, who by reason of her experience, has been invaluable to the clinic.

Dr. Blanche Brown, who is in charge of all clinics for tuberculosis children, has done a work of which any city may well be proud. Dr. Lilian Ray, the physician for Manual Arts High School, is devoted to her great work, that of preparing the girls for their chief work of the future—motherhood.

Dr. Bennett, who has had charge of psychological work in schools for years, was one of the first physicians concerned with the health and development of the city schools. It was she who pointed out the need of the more careful handling of the undeveloped boy—the boy with the criminal tendency.

Then there are Dr. Ethel Leonard, pathologist and lecturer at U. S. C.; Dr. Placita Gardner, who has charge of the city pathological laboratory; Dr. Elizabeth Kearney, who is on the state board of hospitals for the insane; Dr. Seaboldt, who has charge of the P. T.'s clinic in Pasadena; Dr. Nannie Dunsmoor, treasurer for the Professional Woman's Club, who has been in active and successful service for years; Dr. Grace Cahoon, who specializes on

diatetics; Dr. Eleanor Seymour, who is known for her influence on her co-workers as well as success in medicine; Dr. Olga McNeile, specialist in obstetrics, lecturer and in active practice of medicine; Dr. Anna Lefler, specialist in ear, eye and throat, and a genius with children; Dr. Lulu Peters, chairman of hospitality committee of the club, specialist in infant feeding, and lecturer before clubs on her specialty; Dr. Charlotte Brown, chairman of program committee, and one of the few successful women anaesthetists of the coast; Dr. Breed, a bacteriologist, and in charge of the laboratory at the Pasadena hospital.

These are only some of the brilliant doctors who belong to the Professional Woman's Club in Los Angeles.

And then comes a long list of deep browed, keen-eyed lawyers—with all kinds of letters after their names. There is Judge Orfa Jean Shonts, referee Judge of the Juvenile Court. I have seen Judge Shonts in court, her clear eyes looking almost through an erring mother who seemed only too willing to drag her children down with her; have heard her plead with that mother, and watched her help her bit by bit to better and higher things. Another referee judge, but of the woman's court, is Mrs. Georgia Bullock; while Mrs. Kemper Campbell, who was Litta Belle Hibbon, is assistant District Attorney. Others are at the bar, practicing successfully, among whom are Miss Clara Park and Miss Caroline Kellogg.

THE KIND OF A WOMAN WE LOVE

I picture the kind of a woman
That God and the world loves to see—
The kind that we men wish our mothers,
Wives, sisters, and sweethearts to be.

She need not be fair as a goddess,
According to loveless compare;
But those who are nearest and dearest
Shall deem her the fairest of fair.

The woman I picture is cultured,
And modest, and pleasant, and strong.
She's free in pursuance of honor,
And brave in the battle with wrong.

She holds in her keeping the power
To uplift the world she lives in—
To fashion a higher life-standard
More nearly exalted from sin.

She must live as model of virtue,
And love in full measure her God;
She must teach that which time can not master—
The Truth, which shall vanquish the rod!

With this kind of woman to teach him,
To strive for, and win favor of,
Man shall rise to the standard demanded;—
For he must have her honor and love!

Charles H. Meiers.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

As a mineral producer Alabama ranks first among the southern states.

BIRTH CONTROL

Olga McNeile, M. D.

By Birth Control is meant the scientific regulation of conception. In other words, the object of Birth Control is to enable every woman to conceive when she so desires, and not as a matter of accident.

We use our powers of reasoning in the consideration of all forms of reproduction excepting in that of the human. Instead of scattering garden seeds broadcast over the soil, without any further thought, we carefully prepare the soil, so that it will contain enough food to support our plants until they are mature. We sow the seeds when we know from past experience that the water supply will be sufficient. We work over the soil thoroughly, in order to destroy every weed or insect which might harm our growing delicate plants. We make all these preparations long before we plant the seeds. If the healthy growth of potatoes or beans requires all this preparation, why do not the growth and life of a human seed require at least a little consideration?

The advocates of the Birth Control movement in California are endeavoring to change the State laws, in order that it may become legal to disseminate the knowledge which every woman must have in order that she may plant the human seed at that time which she thinks is best. At the present time it is a felony to disseminate this knowledge in this State.

The arguments in favor of this movement can be briefly classified as follows:

Economics—Since the average wage of the majority of adult men in this country is less than eight hundred dollars a year, it is self-evident that the average married couple cannot properly support more than two or three children. This resolves the question into a direct proportion in mathematics. If they have more children than they can afford to support, who pays the balance? We do. Our charitable institutions are filled almost entirely with men, women and children who never should have been born. We spend millions for the care of those who never can be raised to a normal, average human adult. Then we allow them to go out into the community at large to reproduce more human beings for the public to care for. Thus we form an endless chain, without any permanent benefit to society. If half of this money were spent to give more opportunities to all normal, healthy beings, we should soon have a marked difference in both physical and mental standard in this country. Society as a whole, does not want the care of this surplus of children; women do not want more children than they can care for properly, so it is plainly the duty of society to make it possible for these women to have access to scientific, modern means of contraception.

Women's Rights—The average healthy woman cannot bear a child oftener than every three years, without detriment to herself or the child. Even at this rate, it gives her only one year's rest between lactation and the next pregnancy. The actual delivery of the baby is not so much responsible for the physical breakdown, as is the ceaseless grind of work necessary to feed, clothe and care for a large family, combined with the endless worry of making both ends meet. The woman of thirty who has a family of six children has no opportunity to develop herself along any line. Mentally, she actually never

advances after her marriage. This fact is not only a great detriment to herself, but is one of the factors which increase our divorce rate, because at the end of ten years the husband and wife have nothing in common but the children, who in these cases are not an unmixed blessing.

The Rights of the Child—Every child has the right to be well born, and the opportunity to reach maturity as a healthy, self-supporting individual. All parents owe these opportunities to their children; the children owe their parents nothing, since they are given no choice in regard to their birth. Why should twelve and fourteen year old children go to work in order to help support younger children whom the parents cannot support. Did you ever stop to realize that child labor would be utterly impossible if parents only had the number of children whom they could teach some way of earning a living wage? Look over the children employed in factories and department stores, and find out for yourselves whether or not the majority of these youngsters do not come from homes where there are more mouths to feed, than there is food with which to feed them.

Rights of Society—The strength of society, the position of the whole United States, is only as great as is the weakest, poorest and most ignorant of its members, just as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. If you want to make your chain stronger, so that it can do greater work, you must eliminate the weak links as far as possible; if you want to increase the strength and virility of a nation, you must make it impossible for those who are below the average to reproduce themselves, and make it possible for those who are normal to only reproduce that number of children which they can properly raise without detriment to the child or to society.

LOVE AND LABOR

To labor and to love are the first commandments. Without labor, life has no excuse, and without love, the soul is dead.

To him who has found his work, the sunlight of each day is a new wonder; and though his lips be tuneless, he goes forth with a song in his soul. For really it is there that we live—in the many-colored, music-enchanted, and love-enamored house of the soul. There dance the nimble feet of a thousand fancies, and there memory and hope entwine and kiss like lovers in a twilight woods. If this house of the soul be beautiful, it must be wrought by labor and love. These are the inspired artists that decorate the barren world with many colors, give the wind its music, and a meaning to the night studded with stars, that plant hope in the bosom of the man, make sweet the prattle of a child, and religious the love of a woman.

For these—labor and love—are the architects of the house of the soul. I know the world is crying for justice; but let not the cry take from the hand of labor its cunning, nor from the heart of love its dream; for labor is the bread of the house of the soul, and love is the wine. I would rather work all the days of my life, my soul adorned in the garments of love, than to idle upon great riches and be spiritually clothed in rags.—Egbert C. Misner.

ONE VIEWPOINT OF BIRTH CONTROL MOVEMENT

Frances P. Noel

The question of birth control which is being agitated at the present time has aroused the proponents to action and the opponents to open protest.

Somehow, an agitation which is likely to overthrow traditions handed down to us for generations is apt to call for martyrs. At this period of writing, Margaret Sanger and Mrs. Byrne, both trained nurses with years of experience among the poor, are the martyrs in the case. Some doctors, too, have from time to time, served their term in prison for yielding to the entreaties of women who, for one or another apparently good reason, sought protection against bringing unwelcome life into this world.

The issue is squarely before the womanhood of America, to either have the law against birth control rigidly enforced among rich and poor alike, or study carefully the reasons for abolishing the law.

As a student of social life, with much experience in various phases of human existence, I am forced to declare myself emphatically in favor of a proper, authoritative information on birth control.

It is an undenied fact that the well-to-do in our social life are adherents of birth control. The number of children in their families usually betray the fact. No family doctor of the well-to-do would hesitate for a single moment to instruct the women in the case how to protect herself against too frequent births.

Now then, if birth control is not, in the eyes of the medical profession, a crime among the well-to-do, why is it a crime to protect the poorer classes who need it so much more?

Birth control is but the subsequent and more humane action of race control. Even nowadays we find certain races in human life who for want of better ways, protect themselves from being overburdened by the old and the physically defective through the primitive brutal method of gradually killing them off. Such is called race control.

Modern and better equipped races, or nations, have found various ways of caring for the old and the physically defective. Many times these methods are inefficient—wasteful as far as society as a whole is concerned—and wholly insufficient so far as the old and the defective themselves are concerned.

No one with a moderate sense of human feeling would or could advocate race control, because we have learned to love and cherish and protect the feeble and the weak to their natural death. However, despite all social attempts to cure human ills, what are the attempts to prevent them?

Let me ask any sane, thinking person whether a worker, on the income of two dollars a day—and that insecure—can logically attempt to raise a large family, say nothing of providing for aged parents or for physically defective relatives. Not with the modern cost of living, nor with the modern method of housing in our congested cities, nor with our modern essentially needed method of transportation.

On one occasion I saw on a Sunday, in Central Park, a working man with his wife and seven children. One could tell they had wandered on foot from the cheap lodging section of the city to still

their inherent hunger for recreation. To look at them made one's heart ache; they were neither well fed nor well clothed, and all of them looked mentally starved, and the mother—I shall never forget that wornout figure, that haggard, wan expression in her face. Anyone looking at that family could tell that somehow society would soon have to pay for the burden of caring for most of them. That family needed a farm, not a city tenement.

Some European rulers have their income increased automatically as soon as a new child is born to them. Could a working man expect to have his wages increased when he announces to his boss that there is another mouth to be fed in his home? He'd be laughed at and maybe fired, and a younger man without family take his place.

Take another view of it. Workers have organized to protect their wages and working conditions. The cost of living goes up. These organized men ask, as a unit, for a raise of wages. They are refused. The factory or mine is closed to them. They strike! Where is the law that protects them in their just demands? The government sends the militia to guard the factory and the mine against the demands of the strikers. Where is the police power of the nation that protects the worker in such cases? Then there are weeks and months without pay; the children suffer. Men and women of the workers hate to see their children suffer, and because of this and knowing the insecurity of their income and their existence, thousands of the men WON'T MARRY. We know what is the consequence of that. It brings on promiscuity and degeneracy.

If Holland has proven, that with scientific clinics for the instruction of birth control, marriage among the workers has gone back to normal status, while prostitution has practically been wiped out of existence, then it seems that women should work for a law that permits the careful instruction in birth control.

Devout followers of the church have decried birth control because they say: Women will stop bearing children!

What an insinuation against womanhood and Nature's fundamental law! Just because we prune a tree in keeping with scientific observation, does the tree stop bearing fruit? No, on the contrary, the fruit it bears becomes more perfect. Just because science and discovery say to mankind: "Here is a way by which you can guard against bringing into existence children for which you cannot properly provide," do you really think that God Almighty would forget to urge the human impulse for the reproduction of the race? Funny how people with faith in God will lose sight of that.

But say the opponents: this teaching of birth control will permit of reckless usage of the methods prescribed. Could anything be more reckless than what exists already? The thousands of women who go to premature death because of abortions, the thousands of women who are ruined for life because of desperate amateurish attempts to protect themselves, the thousands of ruined marriages and homes because of ruined wifehood and motherhood. Do we need more evidence of reckless usage of birth control? I come to this conclusion, that the very fact that the law is being violated is the surest sign

and reason why it should be adjusted to modern life.

But say others: why put it all on the woman, why not request more self control of the men?

Looking over the whole tragic history of this question of sex relation, I have but one hope, and one prayer, and that is to bring it back nearer to normal, to check the excesses and abnormal sex relations which wrong living and wage conditions in factories and commercial life, which extreme wealth and extreme poverty bring about; to check the reproduction of that species of mankind which after a period of crime fill our jails, insane asylums, etc.

If our tragic conditions of unemployment are the consequence of overpopulation, then let us have birth control. If the wholesale slaughter of men is the consequence of overpopulation, then, for pity's sake, let us have birth control. If medical science points out that heredity is law, and therefore the disease of one generation can be transferred to the next, then why does the scientist stop where he does, and not go further and say: Here is nature's law. Man, use your God-given common sense, and adjust human laws to fit the case.

**A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE
BY EDCUMB PINCHON
TO RUTH LE PRADE**

Author of "A Woman Free, and Other Poems"

A modest little volume clad in blue and gold, fresh from a local printcraft shop, lies on my desk. Already it is crumpled, thumbled and praised with pencillings—tributes of quick, earnest use. It is "A Woman Free and Other Poems" by "Ruth."

The fly-leaf bears a radiant tribute to the singer and her song from Edwin Markham, California's veteran sage and poet:

"In the eager pages of this little volume we find a spirit deeply touched with the love of humanity, a spirit alive to all its raptures and despairs.

These verses are written by one of the vibrant and valorous souls of the Far West, a young woman who is yearning to help pass on to all souls the beauty of earth, the beauty of joy.

Intense sympathy for man and nature is the pulse of this unpretentious, free-verse offering. The writer does not claim to come with ornamental periods, with polished phrases. Indeed, she modestly disclaims the labors and the laurels of the poet. So Ruth Le Prade comes with the simple speech of every day, declaring her compassion for the multitudes, announcing her contempt of cast and conventionality, affirming her faith in the coming of the great day when Love shall take form in a Comrade Order, wherein all from the greatest to the least shall have the social and material resources for living a rich and abundant life.

These pages stir with a trembling earnestness, shine with a vivid fire of faith. May they go forth to kindle hearths, to kindle hearts."

First in the pages of the book, as it will be first in the hearts of women readers, is the noble paean,

"The Song of a Woman Free."

I am a woman free. My song
Flows from my soul with pure and joyful
strength.

It shall be heard through all the noise of
things—

A song of joy where songs of joy were not.
My sister singers, singing in the past,
Sang songs of melody but not of joy—
For woman's name was Sorrow, and the slave
Is never joyful tho he smiles.

I am a woman free. Too long
I was held captive in the dust. Too long
My soul was surfeited with toil or ease
and rotted as the plaything of a slave.
I am a woman free at last
After the crumbling centuries of time.
Free to achieve and understand;
Free to become and live.

I am a woman free. With face
Turned toward the sun, I am advancing
Toward love that is not lust,
Toward work that is not pain,
Toward home which is the world,
Toward motherhood which is not forced,
And toward the man who also must be free.

With face turned toward the sun,
Strong and radiant-limbed,
I advance, singing,
And my song is as free
As the soul from which it flows.
I advance toward that which is, but was not;
Toward that which is not, but is yet to be.
I, the free woman, advance singing,
And with face turned toward the sun.
Let Ignorance and Tyranny
Tremble at the sound of my feet."

This little volume to me is—scripture. Its pure faith, spontaneous music, tranquil vision and tender abandon are such as to lift it beyond literature and so—beyond criticism. It is, like that other song of woman rebellious and compassionate, the Magnificat of Mary, something to be thankful for, to cherish and to take into one's own heart—not to talk much about or praise. These are songs to be sung—and lived!

Ruth Le Prade is a Los Angeles girl, recently a student of Manual Arts High School and the Cumnock School of Expression. Denied from birth vigor and health of body, she has given us a song of spiritual vigor and health such as the sun-loving, freedom-loving people of the Great West cannot but make their own, and fling out as a challenge of love to all the world.

I am a man and nothing human is alien to me.—
Terence.

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BIRTH CONTROL BY SELF CONTROL

By Aletheia Head Rogers

Author and Editor of Aletheian Magazine

Men and women must awaken to the great truths that the divine privilege of parenthood should never be exercised except in conscious co-operation with the mighty, creative spirit of all life, then the underlying principle of true birth control will assume a rightfully understood place in the public mind as a necessary, and praiseworthy, scientific privilege and possibility. What thinking mind can fail to recognize that the Creator placed in woman's keeping the life and destiny of the race? What true woman dares shirk her great responsibility when once awakened to the value of the stupendous forces placed within her charge. Woman rising to express, in its fullest degree, the wonderful privilege and responsibility of motherhood comes into a realization that she not only furnishes the productive element of race creation, the heat, nourishment and shelter for the physical embryo, but that she in a large measure determines the mental attributes, talents and tendencies of her offspring. Man who, according to scientific analysis, contributes less than one eightieth of one per cent to the actual life of the embryo, has for centuries controlled not only the actual human output but has forced woman, the producer and burden bearer of the race, to unequal and harmful overproduction. Statistics of medicos, and all other students of the subject, prove that this unwise excess of pro-creation results from the unbridled indulgence of sex relations demanded by man and painfully permitted by woman. This state of affairs exists because man has lost sight of the fact that he is but an instrument whose divine privilege it is to be a co-partner of the Almighty in human production.

Let man enter equally with woman into the sacred marital relation, reverently, in exalted comprehension that the creative act must be pure and holy; a divine sacrament in preparation, and in pure desire, for offspring; a relation which shall take place only under such conditions as assure the expected soul entry into life under comfortable circumstances, insuring proper care. The decreased birth rate under such carefully considered conditions would place human life at its proper valuation. Governments would not only pension mothers, but would provide adequate employment for fathers and for the growing children of the race.

The production and breeding of human beings with total disregard of consequences to the future welfare of the child is a crime whose far-reaching effects cannot be estimated. When we consider that the least valuable animal stock is scientifically bred with more care than is given to the human race, dare we in silence give consent to this disgrace to civilization? What a powerful pointer to the distorted vision of human justice, that would punish or even oppose those who are attempting to mitigate this social evil! What a distorted moral attitude it is that cries out against the proper preparation and consecration of the growing minds of youth to the coming wonderful and sacred privilege of parenthood!

The blending of the vital sex elements necessary to the propagation of the race causes an expenditure

of life forces more precious than blood. The unnecessary loss of this force is a deliberate, slow suicide; physical, mental and spiritual. Not only must we consider the loss of the vital life principle, but the consequences attendant upon excessive drainage of the system, depleting the blood, nerves and brain of their most potent energies. It is said that the laboring class bear children more frequently than do brain workers; this is true for the very excellent reason that the brain worker, consuming vital energy in brain products gives less thought to, and actually participates in, the procreative act much less frequently than does the laboring man whose mind, unfortunately idle, is given more to thoughts that awaken his sex-appetite. The interests and education of the working man along higher lines would awaken his understanding and self-control. Idle men and boys are far more immoral than those who are actively and intelligently occupied; this applies to females as well. The conclusion is obvious.

Birth control can be, and should be, synonymous with self-control. This realization would sweeten existence for all humanity, would physically, mentally and spiritually upbuild the wornout, depleted wife and mother, would increase the mental and physical well being of the father and tend to awaken his spiritual comprehension. The marvelously increased power of the elements entering into the embryo of the child born of such a union would indeed produce the super-race. What might we not expect in the way of health, mentality and intelligent inspirational receptivity for little ones born under such conditions! A child born to parents, who, after long periods of strength-producing self-control, purely and prayerfully, make ready to welcome such progeny would guard it as a precious jewel. The child's life, care and training would universally be regarded as a sacred charge; parents would vie with each other in tender solicitude for this wonder of wonders, a perfect human soul; perfect in physical production; containing every mental and spiritual element that would enable it to absorb the generous education possible for it to receive; fitting it to play its part well in the great world future. Are not these possibilities, these undeniable opportunities for unborn generations, worthy of consideration in determining this most vital question of birth control through self-control?

Prayer, it has been said, is a natural form of human energy.

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LOS ANGELES
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INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION—THE CASE STATED

In a recent number of the North American Review, A. Maurice Low states the case exactly, and we reproduce it in full with the hope that our exchanges will round-robin it in order that certain erroneous impressions among the thoughtless may be corrected.

Woman's Mission

Stripped of all humbug, what the average man desires in a wife is to make her the mother of his children and still have the enjoyment that comes from her companionship. Put in its naked form to the average man, who is not merely a brute, and it is safe to say that nine men out of ten would, if compelled to elect, willingly sacrifice parenthood for the sake of companionship.

The revolt of woman is the revolt against that degradation that would condemn them to a single function—motherhood. They have reached that stage in their intellectual evolution when they no longer regard maternity as the ultima thule. There is no revolt against sex—for the instinct of sex is too powerful to be suppressed; but there is a passionate demand that woman be recognized as man's equal.

That demand—the demand for equality—has been perverted, deliberately and through ignorance. It does not mean that woman claims to be man's physical equal; what it does mean is that woman asks to be considered as man's equal within her own limitations and not to be looked upon as his inferior based solely upon the fact of sex. A flat-chested, anemic youth is not the physical equal of a man who strokes a 'varsity eight, but he is officially recognized as the (physical) superior of all women.

COURT FAVORS BIRTH CONTROL

Comments on a Tubercular Case in New York

In refusing to impose sentence upon Mrs. Rebecca Schnur, who pleaded guilty to burglary to relieve the starvation of her tubercular husband and their six children, Judge Wadham, in the Court of General Sessions, of New York, said:

"The health laws rightly prevent this woman's husband from working because he would spread disease as a garment worker. Nevertheless, he goes on producing children who have very little chance under the conditions to be anything but tubercular and themselves a charge upon the community. But there is no law against that.

"We not only have no birth regulation in such cases, but if information is given with respect to birth regulation people are brought to the bar of justice for it. The question is whether we have the most intelligent law on this subject that we might have. These matters are regulated better in some of the old countries, particularly in Holland.

"I believe we are living in an age of ignorance which at some future time will be looked upon aghast."

Please say, "I saw your ad in The New American Woman."

SHE GETS DIPLOMA AS A BLACKSMITH

Blacksmithing is no longer a trade. It has been developed into a skilled profession, and, like all other supposedly masculine callings, has been invaded by women.

The first graduate woman blacksmith on record in the world received her diploma from the Iowa State College a short time ago. Her name is Miss Turka Hawke, and she is preparing to open a blacksmithing shop of her own soon, in which she will specialize in the repairing of farm machinery.

MISSION BAKING POWDER

"Goes a little further—Costs about the same"
A Pure Phosphate Baking Powder, NOT Alum in any of its forms.

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The Pure Food Law requires that the composition of every can of Baking Powder be stated. Some avoid the name Alum by using the words Sulphate of Alumina, Aluminum Sulphate, Sodium Aluminum Sulphate—which means and is Alum.

TEST THE PRODUCT.

Break a Hot Biscuit just out of the oven. Note the Aroma. Any Alum Baking Powder has a strong unpleasant odor, especially when used to excess.

Bread made with MISSION BAKING POWDER has a sweet delicious flavor, a pleasant odor, and no matter how much you use, you only add to the food value of the baked product.

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Los Angeles

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SCIENTIFIC BIRTH CONTROL

Going on record as the first medical society in America to take such a step, the Los Angeles Obstetrical society, composed of forty physicians, has indorsed resolutions favoring birth control.

Further than that, the Obstetrical society announced that it would ask the state legislature to repeal that section of the present law which forbids the dissemination of instruction regarding birth control. It expressed its unqualified approval of the campaign and propaganda for birth control.

Plan Campaign

The resolutions, adopted unanimously by the society, were presented by Dr. T. Percival Gerson, chairman of the local birth control committee, read as follows:

"Resolved, that it is the sense of the Los Angeles Obstetrical Society that the effort being made in California by intelligent men and women on behalf of scientific birth control is worthy of support by all having the best interests of society and its individuals at heart.

"That attention of the public be strongly drawn to the fact that this movement for such scientific birth control has no relation to illegal operations, which, in fact, it aims to eliminate.

"That this society composed of physicians earnestly engaged in discussing those aspects of medical science chiefly in the domain of obstetrics, gynecology and pediatrics, respectfully petition the California legislature to amend by eliminating that portion of the penal code prohibiting birth control.

"That this society at this date go on record as unqualifiedly approving such propaganda for birth control by scientific contraceptive measures because of the universal benefits that will accrue."

HOME CLASSICS

The highest thought, the best and of all other things, the most necessary to the life and character of men, women and children, is home. Not merely "four square walls with pictures hung and gilded," but a home wherein is love, and where order reigneth; wherein dwell those only who love each other, and wait with true and patient attendance upon the varied and often prolonged duties and requirements of home life.

THE DEAR OLD RANCH AND THE LONG AGO

O the dear old ranch and the long ago
And the years that stand between,
With their memories crowding and crowding so!—
Like the pictures on a screen.

O, it's long ago and it's far away,
And but few of our dreams came true,
But my heart is back there again today,
With the dear old ranch and You.

Madge Morris.

"With malice towards none, with Charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."—Abraham Lincoln.



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THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from February Number.)

The men's winter clothing were made in the summer time by the women, from wool from our own



sheep. After shearing the wool was sent to the gin to be washed and picked and made into rolls ready to be spun. It was colored with walnut bark. The Sunday garments were dyed blue.

All the sewing was done by hand as sewing machines were unknown. In fact, I was eighteen years old before I saw a sewing machine, and that was a little thing about as large as a plate. It

was screwed onto a table to be used. Machines were very expensive and only the rich could afford them. All this work was done by the women, in addition to the housework and cooking for the hired men.

There was no such thing as a shoe store when I was a child. The shoemaker came to our house once a year, making two pair of shoes for each member of the family—a fine pair and a pair for everyday use. The leather was brought from the tannery about two miles away. The shoemaker took up his abode with us, and none dare enter his room unless he were sent for to be measured for shoes. He took his pay in hams and bacons, and corn and other produce from the farm.

The farmers worked twice as hard in those days as they do now to get results. Their plows were small affairs, just about the size now used for cultivating. It took an expert to sow the grain, and it had to be done on a windy day. The sower took a grain sack and hung it from his shoulder, and threw the grain out handful at a time.

Not long ago I visited my nephew and watched him sowing his grain with the latest machinery, and he did the work of ten men of the olden time. Just think of planting corn, the row miles long, one man plowing the furrough, another dropping, and another covering up with a hoe. Nowadays, a man goes forth with his machinery and horses as if on pleasure bent, and soon the whole thing is done.

When harvest time came and the grain was ripe for cutting, how often I have heard the foreman say: "To the north field tomorrow," and then every available man was pressed into service. As there was no money with which to pay the men, the neighbors "swapped" hands, and as the fields ripened, helped each the other. The ripening depended largely upon the location of the field.

I often think of the good fellowship that existed between the farmers then, and how happily they went about their work. No grinding the men and urging them to work faster, but every man doing

his best each day. As a child I loved to watch the men start off to work, and those who carried the scythes were my heroes. They were followed by others, to "bind," "shock" and "cap," for everything had to be done as quickly as possible, for fear the rain might spoil all. When the wheat was hauled into the barn for the threshing, it was placed on an immense threshing floor about 100 feet square, then horses were led around in a circle over it until the heads of the wheat were all tramped off. The straw was then thrown aside and the wheat replenished, and so on, until all was finished. In this way it took about a week to thresh a hundred bushels of wheat. The fan mill was then rolled in. It required two men to run it, one to feed and the other to turn it. This acted as a separator, the wheat running to the floor on one side and the chaff on the other. The wheat was then placed in a cedar granary to keep out the weavels.

When flour was required, the wheat was sacked and a man would place the sack behind his saddle and ride to the mill on horseback. He would have to wait his turn at the mill if he wanted flour or corn meal, and there was a great deal of corn meal used in those days. The miller took his pay or toll in flour or meal.

I remember hearing my father tell of passing a house late at night, that the neighbors said was haunted. On this occasion my father's horse refused to pass the neighbor's house, as there was something white lying in the roadway. My father jumped from his horse and went to investigate. He found a bag of flour spilled on the ground where some frightened farmer had dropped it.

In this day of baking powder one can hardly realize how we baked bread. When my grandmother wanted to make bread or cake, she would take corn-cobs and put them in a Dutch oven and let them smolder until they became ashes. These would be her soda to mix with her sour milk. The greatest time in the country was the husking time. Then it was the corn was hauled in from the field and

(Continued on page 24)

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NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS—NOT PEACE- AT-ANY-PRICE PATRIOTS

For the greatest of all Republics, for the perpetuation of the American System of government, every loyal citizen is bound to stand ready to defend, with his life if necessary, and to the end that he may be prepared to defend himself, compulsory training should be established in the public schools, to be followed by the wise system of preparation for National Defense, for National Welfare instead of warfare, as proposed by that intrepid thinker Mr. George H. Maxwell.

Smooth tongued speakers and trenchant pens are busy appealing to the lovers of peace; themselves cowards, they demand disarmament and warn the rank and file that death for each one of them lurks at every turn if they enlist to do service in their country's cause: and women singing: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" are found hissing those who favor the pending legislation for compulsory military training. Every true American believes in Peace, and he will fight for it if it cannot be maintained by Statecraft, through the art of diplomacy.

Representative Gardner of Massachusetts accurately characterized a recent speech of William Jennings Bryan as an attempt to glorify a spirit of

cowardice which lurks in every man's breast by calling it "Good Will to men."

Peace-at-any-price advocates do not promote peace. On the contrary, they destroy solidarity, they array class against class, race against race, and tear the nation asunder—and then how, please, may we expect a divided country to meet and successfully defend itself against an invading foe?

America is the Big Sister in the Family of Nations

She would cultivate peace with all the world; she desires no territory besides her own; she bows to no sovereign save the sovereignty of her people; she seeks no victory save the victories of peace. But to preserve inviolate the American Doctrine, to avoid entanglements with any other nation, we must exercise the functions of government and provide ourselves against the irresponsible and lawless.

The pioneer father recognized this principle when, with his gun on his shoulder and his wife by his side, he penetrated the wilderness, prepared for conflict with savages, man or beast, that roamed the primeval forest.

Preparedness is the fundamental principle that underlies all government. Self defense is acknowledged the first law of all that lives, and until Nature has changed, nations like individuals must prepare to meet the aggressor.

WOMEN NOT WANTED IN STANFORD UNIVERSITY

The Los Angeles Tribune, in a recent issue, has this to say:

"Stanford students of the male gender view the women of California much as California once viewed the Chinese and as California now regards the Japanese. They fear that if the gates of the university are opened to men and women on terms of equality, the masculine element will be wholly submerged. They want to put up the bars. They advocate a policy of exclusion.

Fortunately for the women of California, the state university at Berkeley opens its doors to all qualified students without regard to sex or previous condition of domestic servitude. Women are received there exactly upon the same terms as men. They are recognized as men's intellectual equals, capable of doing as effective work in their chosen fields of intellectual endeavor. The state makes no distinction in dealing with the claims of its children. The daughters of California stand on equal footing with its sons in the household of the commonwealth."

Through the generosity of United States Senator Stanford and his comrade wife, the Stanford University was built and endowed in perpetuity for the education of young men and women upon equal terms. But hardly five years of the college life had passed, when a few male students, aided and encouraged by a member of the faculty whose resignation was subsequently accepted, raised objection to the presence of women at Stanford, erroneously claiming that because the college was a memorial to young Leland Stanford, Jr., it was never intended for women, and that even if it had been so intended,

there were no facilities for them; that the college buildings and campus were too limited, and finally that the male students could not do their best work while women were allowed to attend Stanford University.

The situation was most embarrassing, and for several weeks a veritable war between the sexes raged high. The newspapers and magazines of California sided with the women, and the pressure thus brought convinced the faculty, and the Board of Trustees, that a situation most dangerous to the institution had been created by the discussion. The trustees must have decided that in this particular case wisdom was the better part of valor. Women continued to study at Stanford, and class up with men in every department.

Again comes one Rip Van Winkle, though a senior and ought to know better, he has arrayed himself against women studying at Stanford. Mr. R. A. Griffin, for that is his name, does not pretend to speak for other than himself on the subject; this for the simple reason most likely, that there is no other at Stanford who agrees with him: "that the ideals of the University can never be approximated while women are permitted to attend!"

Exclude the women? Hardly! Go to thou slug-gard; pack your suitcase and take up your unfinished course in the woods remote from the college that largely owes its existence to a woman.

The Stanford Illustrated Review quotes Mr. Griffin as saying: "The more men who graduate from Stanford, the closer will the university approximate its ideals!" What ideals pray, have men, wherein women may not join. What intellectual attainment is possible for men wherein women are not their equal? "Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great?"

FORERUNNERS

Miss Jeanette Rankin, Missoula, Montana, America's first Congresswoman.

Mrs. Estelle Lawton Lindsey, Los Angeles, California, first councilwoman in city of first class.

Miss Elizabeth Kenny, Los Angeles, first woman Inheritance Tax Commissioner.

Annette Adams, San Francisco, California, first woman Deputy United States District Attorney.

Belva Lockwood, Washington, first woman admitted to the bar in America.

Orpha Jean Shonts, Los Angeles, first woman Referee in Juvenile Department of Superior Court.

Miss Helen Lillis, first woman to be elected president of National Bank, Oroville, Cal.

Mrs. Wm. C. Tyler, Mrs. Virginia Spinks and Mrs. Marshall Wiley, the three first women members of Electoral College of the United States.

Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith, of Los Angeles, most gifted platform interpreter of ancient and modern authors.

Mary Foy, Los Angeles, publicist, first woman President of State Democratic League.

Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Los Angeles, first president of Woman's branch of Army and Navy League.

Mrs. Kemper Campbell, brilliant Deputy District Attorney of Los Angeles.

MISS ELIZABETH L. KENNEY

She Adorns the Position

In the recent appointment of Miss Elizabeth L. Kenney as State Inheritance Tax Appraiser, Hon. John S. Chambers, State Comptroller, has justly entitled himself to the grateful appreciation of the women of California.

Miss Kenney is widely known as a capable lawyer, possessed of fine business ability. She will execute the duties of her office with sincerity of purpose and a poise worthy of the cause she signally adorns. If efficiency and an all-round fitness for office justifies the appointment, surely the people of the state have reason to congratulate themselves in the service of this accomplished woman.

Miss Kenney is a graduate of the law college of the Northwestern University, and holds the degree of LL. B. She studied at Stanford University, and was the first woman to practice law in Los Angeles. She lectured on Domestic Relations at the first law school of the city, which was known as the Los Angeles Law School and which was later incorporated as a branch of the University of Southern California.

Miss Kenney has at all times been identified with measures in the interests of women and children. She served as the first secretary of the Los Angeles Housing Commission, and was the first president of the Professional Woman's Club.

Before the suffrage campaign of 1911, Miss Kenney compiled the laws relating to women and children in California. The treatise was printed by the Federation of Woman's Clubs and during the suffrage campaign in California furnished an effective argument why women should vote.

HARBOR DAY, MARCH SIXTH

Mayor Woodman's Proclamation

The Mayor of Los Angeles has by proclamation named March 6th as a day on which all our people should join in celebrating the progress of the construction work at Los Angeles Harbor.

We approve the Mayor's act in this behalf, and hope that our citizens will attend en masse. School children should be given a half-holiday and teachers and pupils alike should join in the celebration of the achievements of our Harbor Commission. Take your lunch baskets and enjoy this first Civic Holiday.

The Olive, Apple, Raisin, and Orange have each had their day. These days must be regarded as purely commercial in their import, and it is high time we should interest our citizens upon subjects from a civic standpoint. The people of Los Angeles have seemingly taken but little interest in the improvement of Los Angeles Harbor; they seem to be satisfied with what has been accomplished. Complaints have been few, nor are we sure there has been cause for any.

March sixth will be a gala day. The Great Northern Steamship will arrive from Honolulu with its hosts of passengers. The new municipal warehouse at San Pedro will be thrown open to the public, and the Pacific Steamship dock at Wilmington will be open for inspection. Our Mayor and Council will be in attendance and all in all a grand good time may be expected.

The credit of this splendid affair should be given to Mr. Harry M. Chapman, Secy.-Treas. of the Federated Improvement Association, who has worked untiringly to the end that the people may see and appreciate what is soon to be the greatest inland harbor in the world, and which may be reached over paved boulevards and streets equaling if not surpassing the highways of any city in the United States.

The Pacific Electric will carry you to the Harbor within forty minutes from the heart of the city. Don't fail to be among the merry throng.



The appreciation of a distinguished Federal officer connects the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN with an administration that even a stand-pat Republican is bound to approve.

POSTMASTER'S OFFICE

Los Angeles, California

February 9, 1917.

"The New American Woman" (which being interpreted means "Clara Shortridge Foltz"), who being perennial, and of chameleon facets, is ever young and brilliant; and hence—

"The New American Woman."

And thus in a circle, like "hare by hounds pursued," we come back to the place from which we started—"The New American Woman,"

No. 723 Merchants Trust Building,
Los Angeles, California.

Inclosed you will find my check for two years' subscription in advance, thus indicating my confidence in the "staying qualities" of "The New American Woman." Of course, you intuitively know what is meant better than I am able to express in words.

Seriously, you have been so logical, so sane, so fair in your treatment of a particular subject about which it would not be surprising if you were prejudicially biased that you strongly commend the "New American Woman."

"May she live long and prosper!"

Yours sincerely,

HARRINGTON BROWN.

A POET'S VIEWS OF PICKETETTS

Editor THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN:

I don't believe in picketing in any form, nor by anybody, nor for any cause, unless it be to put a picket fence around one's own back yard to keep the pigs out (or the chickens in.)

Our own premises are the only ones we have any right, lawfully or otherwise, to picket. Surely then, not the home of the President of the United States, no matter what his politics or policy. You were right, it was an insult to the head of the nation.

And when it comes to "lawfully, or otherwise," my dear Mrs. Editor, likewise Attorney, and counselor at law, there is no one could put one over on your self.

The picketetts no doubt thought they were doing a very right and righteous martyrdom in the cause of equal suffrage—we will suppose at least that they did, but the high purpose was lost in the method, and it is a wonder they did not all get pneumonia.

That sort of assaulting the gates may be the only way to obtain favor at the hands of the Great Britain man, but not so with the great U. S. president. The first line of American poetry I can remember was: "Vinegar never catches flies." It does, sometimes, catch them, but it is the last resort of the fly.

Yours,

Madge Morris Wagner.

P. S.—I sent a copy of the N. A. W. to a kinswoman in Modesto. Appended is a remark from her reply. She "goes you one" in disapproval of the Washington method. "I read the New American Woman magazine. I quite agree with the Editor in her summing up of the suffragettes at Washington and the work they are doing. They ought to be chloroformed. L. R. J."

Just before leaving for a month of well-earned vacation, our popular Councilwoman, Mrs. Lindsey (whose re-election is a foregone conclusion) wrote us as follows:

CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Los Angeles, Cal., February 9, 1917.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, Editor,
The New American Woman,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My Dear Clara Shortridge Foltz:

I am sending you herewith a check to pay for two years' subscription to The New American Woman. It comes with my heart's very best wishes for the success of your efforts. Long may it live and thrive!

I am going away next week to be gone a month, speaking in the East. . . . I shall come back and swing into my campaign.

Be assured that I know and appreciate the sweet way in which you always speak and write of me. I shall not forget it and I shall love you always for it, as well as for your own splendid traits of character and your fine achievements in the cause of women.

With love,

Yours faithfully,

ESTELLE L. LINDSEY.

The following interesting communication received from Ex-State Senator, Col. Wm. H. Savage, is of more than ordinary value. A man of vast experience, and among the most conservative of men, his opinion must carry weight.

He says: Editor NEW AMERICAN WOMAN—I beg leave to state that I heartily endorse your views on the system now prevalent as to decrees in the matter of divorce cases, and I am surprised that my friend Mr. Baldwin did not introduce the measure. I do hope that the bill will pass and become a law. Very sincerely yours,

Wm. H. Savage.

We note with more than ordinary satisfaction that Colonel Savage is a candidate for Councilman in the forthcoming election. He knows the needs of the people; he is unswerving in his advocacy of what he deems to be for their welfare. He is a profound lawyer, knows the needs of a growing municipality, and as a member of the Council he will be able to serve this great city in a most satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz,

Attorney at Law, Los Angeles.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz: Will you kindly send me the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. I have just read your reply to Miss Anne Martin, in the Woodland Daily Democrat of the 13th inst. I agree with you "As to the Woman's party." We busy women in the rural districts, too far removed from city or town to become members of clubs, and busy with our families, must depend on just such a magazine as THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN for the information necessary to make us intelligent voters and citizens.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Clarence Scott,
Winters, Yolo County, Cal.

Miss Anne Martin again expresses herself as sorry that the Editor of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN does not understand and sympathize with the aims of the Woman's Party, etc. Well, Harriet Stanton Blatch, its President, "understands," and disapproves its utter folly and flubdub, and accordingly she has repudiated it and withdrawn from it entirely. Verb sap? Miss Martin writes:

NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY
National Headquarters, Lafayette Square

Washington, D. C., February 12, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:—

I meant to answer your letter of January 2 long ago. Indeed I know you by name and reputation very well.

I am sorry that you do not understand and sympathize with the aims of the Woman's Party as shown by the articles in your paper. The articles I wrote you about came to me as clippings from your magazine in our press clipping service. I am forwarding you under separate cover a copy of this week's issue of The Suffragist. I wish to call special attention to the editorial.

It will be a great pleasure to meet you, as you suggest, when I am in California. Perhaps you may be in Washington in which case I hope you will call at our headquarters.

Thanking you for your letter, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ANNE MARTIN,
Chairman.

SUCCESSOR TO HUSBAND

Mrs. J. W. Charles, widow of former judge of Palo Alto, who was killed on a railroad crossing several weeks ago, has been appointed successor to her husband as justice of the peace. Mrs. Charles is the first California woman to hold such an office.

ALL NEW WOMEN ARE INVITED

To acquaint themselves with the service offered by the Salt Lake Route as a desirable way for them to travel when going East. Two limited trains leaving Los Angeles daily for Chicago, run through without change of cars via Salt Lake City and the Union Pacific and afford a journey of less than three days with the utmost of luxurious comfort.

We shall be glad to have a representative call upon you and explain fully. Kindly phone to our City Office at 501 So. Spring. Main 8908 or Home 10031.

F. H. Adams, General Agent.



Aletheia Head Rogers

THE GREAT COMMAND

By Aletheia Head Rogers

Whirling thru the mist primeval,
Thru the starry spaces far,
What great cosmic law's upheaval
Drives the force that causeth war?
Force of elemental chaos,
Force of blindly driven greed,
Trampling chariots of mad Mammon,
Murd'rous in their frenzied speed!
Do ye hear the moans of mothers
Weeping for earth's fairest ones?
Do ye hear the wailing Nations
'Reft of fathers, brothers, sons?
Hark, the cries of mortals anguished—
"Brothers, hear our piteous plea!"
From the borders of the Nations,
From the blood-dyed mourning sea;
Wake ye mortals, God and Angels,
Make ye now the great demand,
Over all Earth's wide dominions,
The Race-Mother shall command.
Roused by man-made laws inhuman,
By his fratricide, his hate,—
Seeing monarchs but as demons,
Toilers claim the helm of state!
Mother, o'er thy children weeping,
Dash the teardrops from thine eyes;
Raise thy voice to govern justly,
Sanction not base civic lies,—
Lies that cheat thy son of birthright,
Lies that make thy child a slave,—
Food for cannon's maw or sweat-shop,
Is his guerdon but the grave?
'Til the peace-flag hails the morning,
'Til War's cannon cease to boom,
The Race-Mother, sad, proclaims it;
"Barren be each daughter's womb";
Men who sanction war and wage-slaves,
We would bear ye sons no more
'Til the peace-flag of world freedom,
Floats from farthest sea and shore.

One seed contains another seed,
And that a third, and so forevermore;
And promise of as great a deed
Lies folded in the deed that went before."

HOMECROFT

Within - the - House and Out - of - Doors

"Oh flowerlets of the field! Who turn your tender faces to the sun,
Oh, ye palms! which rise eager to pierce the sky and drink the winds!"—Light of Asia.

"They tell me," said he, "that you have quite a domestic temperament; that you are some house-keeper and that notwithstanding your intellectual attainments, you are a fine cook, a devoted wife and mother; that you actually cultivate a garden in your own back yard, prune your own trees and train your vines and—how is it anyway?"

There he stood, six feet of glorious symmetry, with both hands plunged to the depths of his trouser pockets, balancing himself back and forth, on his shapely feet, man-fashion, tantalizingly looking the new woman over.

She lowered her up-stretched brows, and tried to look reposeful and even wistful as she proceeded to explain to this "lord of creation" that she differed in no sense from other women in her worship of the home with all its sweet comforts, and even in the garden with its glossy leaves and fragrant blossoms, nor in her desire to cater to the gastronomic sensations of those who love her and but for whom she could not care to live.

All reassuringly, she ventured to quote from Tennyson, wherein the poet promises that in the years to come woman would be more to man, nor yet lose the child-like in the larger life, "until at last she set herself to man as perfect music unto noble words."

He stood looking at her quizzically. She rose, and offered her hand as he half smilingly and but half convinced left the room, murmuring something about the modern man being somewhat antique judged from the standpoint of this intellectual "person."

And so it is and must be, that Within-the-House and Out-of-Doors the readers of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will go forward unto the Perfect Day.

EMERGENCY ROLLS

Two cupfuls of flour.
Two tablespoonfuls of butter.
Three tablespoonfuls of baking powder.
One-half teaspoonful salt.
Two eggs.
One-half cupful of sweet milk.

Measure the dry ingredients and sift together. Cut the butter into this with knife, beat the eggs, combine them with the milk, and with the knife gradually mix with the dry ingredients to form a dough that will separate from the bowl in a soft ball. Cut into small pieces and drop on a buttered pan. Crease across the top twice with a floured knife, brush over with egg, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

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THE MARIGOLD

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises shall be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And then again your dewiness he kisses—
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses;
So haply when I roam in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale."
—Keats.

HOUSEKEEPERS NEW WAY OF SHINING THINGS UP

There are many uses to which old papers, just common newspapers, can be put by the house-keeper. Its special value lies in the fact that it does its work well and can be burned after being used.

1. Empty the carpet sweeper on a moistened newspaper.

2. Scatter moistened, crumpled paper over rugs, carpets or bare floors that are to be swept, to keep down much of the dust.

3. Place moistened newspaper under the radiator or beneath the register when it is taken from its frame to be cleaned.

4. Lay paper over top of sink or table when preparing vegetables or doing any work that might soil the table top.

5. Line the garbage can with several thicknesses of paper.

6. Clean windows and mirrors with crushed moist tissue paper, or any soft unprinted paper.

7. Wipe off grease from drain pipes, kitchen sinks, range top, and frying pans, before washing.

8. Clean and polish flatirons with paper moistened with scouring soap. Nothing polishes a lamp-chimney better than paper.

9. Line bottoms of dresser draws and boxes in which are packed garments, with clean, unprinted paper.

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FASHIONS IN PRECIOUS STONES

Fashions in jewelry, as in almost everything else, are constantly changing. Rings, watches, bracelets and necklaces of one prevailing style or another come and go, and even precious stones have their day and then pass through a period when they are little worn, to be revived at some later time as the most popular jewel of the hour.

This year it is the ruby that is enjoying popular favor once again, according to a writer in a fashion magazine of the Middle West. Of course it requires quite a different setting from that which it had when put away some years ago in the family vault for safe keeping, but, given this, no jewel can be worn which is more up to date than the ruby.

Speaking of settings, these seem to have reached the point of highest excellence in point of material and design. In fact, so much attention has been given of late to the setting of jewelry that it has really become an art, practiced by experts whose handicraft is nothing less than exquisite. Furthermore, the attempt is made to give each piece of jewelry a setting which shall bear the stamp of originality and individuality. More than ever before platinum is used for the mounting of precious stones. Lacy effects are no longer considered desirable; instead, designs are becoming more compact.

For a while three-stone rings have been decidedly out of fashion, but they are now coming back into their own in a setting of modern design. For these rings, the stones most often chosen include diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

Since platinum has become so popular an attempt to achieve a similar effect in settings has been made by using what is termed white gold. A ring of this material set with diamonds, pink and green tourmalines, is as artistic and striking a bit of jewelry as the fastidious would wish to possess, and this and similar arrangements are to be found in the high price jewelry shops.

Pink tourmalines also go well in a green gold setting, while yellow gold appears in combination with such stones as the ruby, the catseye and the aquamarine. Every effort is made to put on the market rings which will match the gowns of the owner—costume rings, they are termed—and no effort is spared to make these so original and effective in design that they will appeal at once to the woman of taste. The commonplace is tabooed. All jewelry must be distinctive. As with rings, so with the bracelet and wrist watch.

And what could be daintier than the tiny wrist watch which has gradually been evolved from its popular predecessor of a few years since? No longer is the wrist watch round; instead it is oval, rectangular or octangular. It is set with diamonds, and worn on a black moire ribbon with diamond slides.

The diamond may be said to be the one gem that never goes out of fashion. Many of the most handsome pieces of jewelry use this stone alone. In other pieces the diamond is seen in combination with the sapphire, emerald or ruby. The only jewelry in which diamonds do not predominate is the necklace. The diamond necklace may be said to belong to a by-gone day; in its place is worn the string of pearls, which today may be purchased for a moderate sum.—Christian Science Monitor.

Rose L. Ellerbee's "Tales of California Yesterdays"

Such is the ingenious title of a little volume by Rose L. Ellerbee, a writer of rare ability and possessing the most unusual tact of including humor with the serious, imagination with the most intensely authentic and practical.

Those who have not read these Yesterday stories of Southern California should not fail to possess themselves at once of the volume. Los Angeles Book Stores. Warren T. Potter, publisher.

The columns of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will be filled with big ideas in every field of thought and activity, which will be eagerly read and talked about.

JELLY FROM COTTON BOLLS

Miss Ethel Footman of Capitola, Florida, has sent to Commissioner of Agriculture McRae, at Tallahassee, samples of jelly made from cotton bolls and bud. It is well flavored and resembles somewhat, in color and taste, jelly made from guavas. This experiment is only one of the thousands that are being made in this section, and one of the examples to be found in every direction of that which is too often considered waste material.

THE DEVIL'S DANCE

One-third of the adult male population of ten great nations are engaged in destroying each other's property and lives. The civilization of this century has harked back to the barbarism of the past. The Christian religion has failed to stop the war; so has socialism and so has trade-unionism; so has capitalism. The Christian Englishman prays God to help him kill the Christian German, and the Christian German enlists the service of the Mohammedan Turk to help him kill the Christian Frenchman. One-third of the population of Germany are Socialists, who preach the brotherhood of man, but they voted in the Reichstag for the war, and in the trenches are throwing stinkpots at French Socialists. The capitalists of Berlin and the capitalists of London are shoveling out their money like water in an effort to bankrupt each other and impoverish themselves. And the devil's dance goes on.—Los Angeles Times.

WOMEN WITH VISION WILL LIKE MAGAZINE

The many women of San Gabriel who take an interest in affairs outside of their own dooryards, and therefore the deepest, sanest interest in the affairs within their own dooryards, will thank the Record for calling their attention to the splendid monthly publication, The New American Woman. To one who believes that man embraces woman, and that the famous phrase in the immortal Declaration of Independence, "all men are born free and equal," applied to Mrs. Jefferson as well as to Thomas, himself, the increased recognition of the rights of woman has brought deep satisfaction. Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz is editing a magazine with the clearest insight into the practical means of securing fair laws for women that we have seen. In addition the literary merit and interest of The New American Woman is delightful. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year. Publication office, Merchants Trust Building, Los Angeles.—San Gabriel Record.

The opening of that school of motherhood in Detroit, to be endowed with a bequest of \$4,000,000, will have the effect of advertising that all of its students are candidates for matrimony.

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LAW OF THE CASE

By C. S. F.



THIS department will include brief statements of law touching subjects of vital importance to women, and to men also; their property, and their present power over it, and its final disposition, laws with reference to marriage, husband and wife, parent and child, and their respective duties and obligations. Terse statements of elementary principles of law, the State statutes, city ordinances and the pith of the law as contained in our California Supreme Court decisions, will be furnished the readers of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. "Every gentleman in England," says Blackstone, "should know the law." No American woman can afford to be ignorant of the law.

AN ACT TO AMEND SECTION 131 OF THE CIVIL CODE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, WHICH RELATES TO JUDGMENT IN AN ACTION FOR DIVORCE, AND REPEALING SECTION 132 OF SAID CIVIL CODE WHICH RELATES TO THE SAME SUBJECT.

The people of the State of California do enact as follows:

Section 1. Section 131 of the Civil Code of the State of California is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 131. In an action for divorce the court must file its decision and conclusions of law as in other cases, and if it determines that either party is entitled to a divorce, final judgment must thereupon be entered accordingly. Such final judgment shall restore the parties to the status of single persons. After the expiration of sixty days from the time of the entry of said judgment either party shall have the right to marry: Provided, that if an appeal be taken from said judgment within said time, or a motion in any way affecting said judgment be filed within said time, then said parties shall not marry until said appeal or said motion shall have been finally disposed of, including an appeal from the order upon said motion. In such final judgment the court shall give such other and further relief as may be necessary to the complete disposition of the action. The provisions of this section shall apply to and control judgments rendered in cases pending at the time said provisions take effect.

Section 2. Section 132 of the Civil Code of the State of California is hereby repealed.

San Francisco, California.
February 19th, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I wish you would send me another copy of your journal at once. I refer to the one that contains your proposed amendments to the divorce law.

I observed that you had prepared an amendment to that law and that you were unable to get a legislator from your part of the State to introduce it.

I was favorably impressed with the proposed legislation and thought that if you did not succeed in prevailing upon one of your representatives to introduce the bill after the intermission I would introduce it for you, and with your assistance we would endeavor to remedy the moral conditions that maintain throughout California as a result of the unwise law that has been in effect all these years.

Awaiting your pleasure in the matter, I am

Sincerely yours,

William S. Scott.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LEGISLATURE. IT IS UP TO YOU

The NEW AMERICAN WOMAN'S proposed bill to amend the law concerning divorces, which violates the general rule governing decrees and judgments in all civil actions, has created a profound sensation throughout the State of California.

Letters and telegrams, and phone messages innumerable have been received, approving the measure, and incidents of the unlawful and disgraceful relations existing beneath the cloak of respectability which the Interlocutory Decree of Divorce invites are related ad nauseum to the Editor of this magazine.

Something should be done to correct these evils. Gentlemen of the Forty-second Session of the Legislature, IT IS UP TO YOU.

Replying to Senator W. S. Scott of San Francisco, whose letter approving the Interlocutory Bill is printed elsewhere, we wrote substantially:

"I sent the bill to Mr. Baldwin of San Diego County, because he had read and approved an article upon the subject published in the January number of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN, and he promised to introduce such a bill if I would send it to him. I thought him in earnest, and sent him several copies of the bill. . . . I am not sure that a Senator from Los Angeles County would not have introduced this bill, for I did not ask either of them to do so; and I hesitated to present it to any of the Los Angeles Assemblymen, lest the judges upon the bench would voice such objections (as they have heretofore indicated) as would arouse a needless opposition to a bill that ought to be introduced and passed.

A timely explanation from Hon. Frank F. Merriam is herewith placed to his credit.

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE

Assembly

Long Beach, Cal., February 9, 1917.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Attorney at Law,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:—

I am in receipt of your letter, dated January 24, enclosing copy of "an act to amend Section 131 of the Civil Code," etc. The endorsement by the postal department shows the letter was mailed at Los Angeles, January 25, 5 p. m. and the endorsement on the back, by the office at Sacramento, shows it was received there January 26, 11:30 a. m. The letter was laid on my desk some time later and received by me personally some time in the afternoon, after the Assembly had taken a recess to permit the clerks to complete the detail work, preparatory to adjournment. With most of the other Assemblymen, I left at 4:50 for the south, and before the Assembly resumed its session for the formality of adjournment.

I mention the above matters in detail because I am told you made reference to me recently in The New American Woman as aiding in "sidetracking" the measure. I have not seen the article, hence the above statement may not be correct, nor have I received the copy of The New American Woman which you said you would forward, containing a marked article relating to the subject matter of the proposed bill.

I think you can hardly lay the blame for failure to introduce your bill at my door. . . .

Since returning home, I have gone over the bill care-

fully and have noted the changes in the law contemplated by the measure. Personally, I am not acquainted with the conditions the bill seeks to correct and attorneys with whom I have talked, with but very few exceptions, seem to be unfavorable to the change. It has also been pointed out (whether correctly or not, I do not know) that the change would tend to make it easier for persons seeking divorces in order to marry again immediately, to accomplish their purpose, a tendency directly the opposite of present-day legislative enactments.

I will, at least, be pleased to receive the promised copy of *The New American Woman* containing the marked article relating to the subject and to know your reasons for desiring the enactment of the bill, knowing that your influence has always been on the side of humanitarian measures looking to the betterment of conditions in life.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK F. MERRIAM.

P. O. Box 344.

We thank Hon. H. B. Ream, Assemblyman from Siskiyou County, for his approval of the bill, as follows:

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE

Assembly

Sisson, Cal., Feb. 13th, 1917.

Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Madam:

I have just been looking over the proposed amendment of Section 132 of the Civil Code which is published in *The New American Woman* and will say that I think this would be the just thing to do and will do all I can to help get it through if it is presented.

I was very much surprised at Hugh J. Baldwin saying that there was too much opposition to the bill.

I will be glad to do anything I can to pass this bill for I think it is just what is needed.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. REAM.

A FEW OPINIONS PRO AND CON

A recent issue of the *Los Angeles Examiner* published interviews with Jurists and Civic leaders, men and women prominent in civic affairs, in reference to the proposed amendment to shorten time in the matter of Interlocutory Decrees of Divorce from one year to ninety days, and which we republish.

CHARLES H. LANGMIUR, President of the Municipal League: I believe that when it is decided that either party is entitled to a divorce, it should be made final.

ROBERT C. BARTON, Secretary of the Morals Efficiency Commission: We certainly need some improvement in our present divorce laws. There should be some provision whereby an opportunity is provided for reconciliation, but the temptation to immorality that now exists should be removed.

MRS. MARTHA McCAN, Director of the Federal Employment Bureau: I have never been able to discover the wisdom or sense in the law providing for a year's interlocutory period. Our marriage and divorce regulations would be improved greatly if it were harder to get married and easier to be divorced.

RABBI S. HECHT: I have not studied the matter in detail, but at first thought I would say, let the year's interlocutory period stand. This decision is not final, however.

JOHN PERRY WOOD, Judge of the Local Di-

vorice Court: Do it, if you want to out-Reno Reno and have about four judges trying divorce cases in the Superior Court here. Since the idea is to make divorces easier and permit remarrying within ninety days after the decree, why not provide for placing a slot in the clerks' desk, so that everyone wanting a divorce may step up, drop a nicked in the slot and get a decree?

CHARLES MONROE, Superior Judge, formerly of the Divorce Court: The divorce laws are too lenient now. If they want to make it easier to get a divorce there is no occasion for a judge or a divorce court. Why not let the parties draw up an agreement and record it and be granted a decree whenever they wish to separate?

SIDNEY N. REEVE, of the Juvenile Court: The present system of interlocutory decrees is just and satisfactory, especially from the point of view of the welfare of the children. Our records show that out of 1228 petitions filed in the Juvenile Court during 1916, 206 were cases where the parents of the children had separated or been divorced. Out of that number there were 43 cases where either one or both of the parents had remarried.

It is interesting to note that four of those interviewed appear not to approve the proposed changes in the law. One of them "has given the subject no thought," and the other three are respectively, Superior Court Judges before whom come daily the victims of un-right domestic relations, who despairing of happiness seek to avoid the troubles that beset them in the only avenue left them—the Divorce Court. In the effort to solve the many serious problems which inevitably arise in courts having charge of domestic relations, the otherwise keen power of analysis has become deadened, our Judges have become technical, and in proportion they have lost sight of the noble object in view—human happiness.

Judge Monroe Becomes an Oracle

Judge Monroe especially is to be commended upon his suggestion, facetious as it was, "Why not let parties agree to separate, record such agreement, and have a decree issued forthwith?" Not a bad idea? Persons having capacity to consent to marry, ought to retain at least sufficient "mind" to consent to separate.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN does not propose any change in the statutes controlling marriage and divorce. They are as good if not better in California than in any State.

The figures quoted by Judge Reeve when viewed closely, show the balance on the side of divorce. Of the 1228 cases where delinquency flourished, "206" were cases where the parents of the children had separated or been divorced." What of the other 1022? Perhaps had there been more divorces, and they had been less difficult to obtain, these children would have been saved from an environment of abuse and of conflicting parental authority, that ultimately became the CAUSE of a large measure of juvenile delinquency complained of by Judge Reeve.

The Purpose and Effect of the Proposed Bill

We want to correct an evident misunderstanding among some of the lawyers as well as the laity, as to the purpose of the proposed bill. Its whole effect is to place decrees of divorce upon the same footing

as judgments and decrees in all other civil actions, and making the time limit of appeal the same as provided for in Secs. 939, 940 and 963 C. C. P.

Abandon Interlocutory

After trial parties properly entitled to such relief, would be permitted to marry at the expiration of sixty days from the entry of the Divorce Decree, provided no appeal had been taken; and if an appeal had been taken, no marriage can take place until such appeal is decided by the Supreme Court.

To amend the constitution of New Mexico, a vote of three-fourths of the legislature, two-thirds of the votes cast in each county, and three-fourths of the electorate of the whole state is required. These are formidable obstacles to overcome, and many years would be lost before a suffrage amendment could be secured.

In this particular instance at least, the Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution of the United States would be the best course to pursue by the women of New Mexico who are seeking citizenship.

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"PRESENT DIVORCE LAWS A MOCKERY"

In a habeas corpus case before Judge Wilbur involving the custody of a 14-month-old child, a shocking state of affairs was shown to exist. It appeared from the records in the County Clerk's office that the wife had obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce. It was shown by the evidence that pending the expiration of the year when a final decree might be entered, the parties continued to live together as formerly, it appearing that they thought inasmuch as the divorce (?) did not become operative until the end of the year they could continue their relations until the year had expired.

Following the entry of the interlocutory decree the child was conceived and born. About the time the final decree was due, the wife became angered at the husband, and left him, taking the child with her. She called upon her attorney, and without informing him of the facts above related, requested him to have the final decree entered, which he did.

When she refused to live with her husband, he took the child from the mother by habeas corpus proceedings.

Judge Wilbur in passing upon the matter said that the case was without precedent so far as his knowledge extended; that the conduct of the pair was calculated to make the divorce laws of the state a mockery, and further, that by such an arrangement it would be possible for parties to get interlocutory decrees of divorce, resume their old relations, and only avail themselves of a final decree if one of them became angry at the other.

The foregoing is but one instance of thousands, many of which involve still more sorrowful facts. Is there no remedy?

THE HEART THAT DARES

Oh the stirring and rough and impetuous song—

The song of the heart that dares,
That keeps to its creed and gives no heed
To the faces that fortune wears!

That heart that laughs when the foe is met,
And thrives and fires at taunt and threat,
And finds no toiling or traveling long
For the sake of the good it bears.

—Sweeney.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from February number)

No, my dear Marmaduke, these chapters—or whatever you may be pleased to call them—are not from a diary previously prepared, nor are they presumably fiction, as you suggest; but they are the truthful narration of a succession of events observed in the order of their occurrence. It is to be regretted that neither time nor opportunity for writing are available, wherein to develop and intensify the facts, since the impression has gone forth that these pages constitute the advance sheets of an autobiography soon to appear in book form.

Such was not the purpose, nor should it be; for as I regard it, biography should not only relate truthfully the leading events of the life of the individual, but it should be written with care as to arrangement and with graceful if not elaborate allusion to contemporaries, whose intellectual grandeur illuminates the world about us; or the writer should play the part of a critic, proceed to put dimmers on the fourflushers, and make minnows talk like whales.

As I pursue the story I realize the ever-present and eternal relation of things. Effect follows cause is a truism, but if ever in the world's history there was a time when cause preceded effect, it was in California in 1879. Everybody was complaining. There was indeed cause for complaint among women, cause for the cries of the children and cause for the demands of labor. Conditions were almost intolerable. Capital threatened labor and labor menaced capital. Chinese were every where fattening upon our soil, consuming our industries, while American labor went hungry—nor are these statements the absurdities of an overheated imagination. Corruption in high places, malfeasance in office, immorality everywhere.

The cosmopolitan character of the people of California, the incomparable variety of its climate, the marvelous products of its soil, with areas like empires, exceeding in beauty the far famed valley of the Nile! These vast landed estates were the exclusive holdings of three or four men, held by title deeds acquired through law-approved methods but which nevertheless were nothing short of the methods of highwaymen who take because they dare.

But for the voice of one man crying in the wilderness: "Beware lest the people rise against you! Beware how you starve American labor while you employ Chinese, who have no families, build no houses, live on rats and send their money back to China, and even transport their bones to the Celestial Empire for burial!"—a result most awful to contemplate would certainly have transpired.

Dennis Kearney, the self-appointed, intrepid representative of the weak as against the mighty, took the work in hand, and from a drygoods box on the sand lot in front of the City Hall, weekdays and Sundays, declared the birth of a "New Freedom" to thousands of men whose forbidding presence in such vast numbers struck amazement if not fear in the breasts of the smug highbrows, men and women, who terrorized the State with their lavish vulgar show of wealth.



"The Chinese must go!" was the shiboleth of the hour. Within a few months from the first meeting on the sand lot, it rang out from hundreds of platforms and burst from thousands of throats. A new order of things was demanded by Dennis Kearney. A Constitutional Convention was called and a new constitution created, embodying the principle demanded by Kearney and his followers.

Though the landed estates were not broken up, nor has there been any appreciable diminution of them from that day to this, notwithstanding the provision of the Constitution prohibiting the holding of real estate by a corporation for a longer period than five years, except such as may be necessary for carrying on its business, but the Chinese laborer did "go," and Dennis Kearney's name became a terror to aliens not eligible to become citizens of California.

The Constitution of 1879 was not satisfactory, nor was it what reasonably it should have been when we consider the intellectual splendor of many of the members of the convention that framed it; but it contained many wise and equally just provisions besides the limitations of the encroachment of Chinese upon our soil.

To the women of California this constitution—now amended beyond recognition of its framers—was a light bearer. It furnished to her the first streak of dawn, by which her aweared feet have been guided into larger fields of opportunity.

For instance, prior to its adoption women were denied admission to the bar. They were excluded from certain branches of our State University and generally ignored, snubbed and discredited. There were many splendid women in California in those days—women who had thought deeply, and who were profoundly by nature and learning, the peers of most of the men who composed the convention.

There were very few clubs. The State Suffrage Association was about the only organization promoting the woman's cause that was ever heard of. Mrs. Sarah Wallis of Mayfield, Santa Clara County, was president when the writer first came upon the scene. She was followed by Mrs. Sarah Knox-Goodrich, a staunch friend of all women, and later

by the noblest Roman of them all, Laura De Force Gordon of Lodi, San Joaquin County; and later still, Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent, widow of United States Senator from California, Hon. A. A. Sargent, who introduced the first bill in the United States Senate proposing a Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Col. J. P. Hoge, father-in-law of our distinguished citizen, Hon. D. M. Delmas, was Chairman of the Convention. He was opposed to women in public life, opposed to women in any place except possibly in their homes—just as though every woman had a home then any more than she has now!

Judge David S. Terry of the Broderick duel, was the gallant knight of the Convention. He championed in his incomparable manner the resolution adopting Section 18 of Article twenty, which reads as follows: "No person shall, on account of sex, be disqualified from entering upon or pursuing any lawful business, vocation, or profession," and also Section 9 of Article Eleven, (both of which were proposed by the writer) which declares that "no person shall be denied admission to any of the collegiate departments of the State University."

From the very hour following the adoption of the foregoing provisions, there was forthcoming to women a higher regard, a better understanding of her relation to the body politic.

After my first case and its triumph, a more serious purpose to practice what I knew seemed to dawn, and I wanted a second opportunity to indulge my new ambition. It came, and oh, I shall never forget it! A pretty dainty bit of dresden, half afraid, yet most brave withal, walked into my office with head erect, leading a lovely boy of three years.

"I want a divorce," said she. "My husband—(sobbing audibly) my husband treats me in the most cruel and inhuman manner. He—he—slapped my face, locked me out of the house and—O, I had to sit on the porch all night. He told me to leave his house and go back to my mother—that he was—(sob) sorry he ever married me—and O, I am so unhappy! I want a divorce and my boy, and his father shall never, never see him nor me again!"

Many other acts of cruelty and of base ingratitude she poured forth, until I just wished for once that I were a man, and that great fact would, of course, justify me in going right out to the Willows, where my client lived in the beautiful new house prepared for her by her once lover-boy husband, and horse-whipping him, or administering some such punishment that might meet the case. However, being just a woman and a lawyer at that, with great and almost insufferable dignity to support in this trying moment of my brief career, I decided to let the law punish this mean cruel husband, and accordingly I wrote out the indictment (complaint) loading it down (having learned by this time how lawyers amplify the facts beyond all semblance of truth) with descriptive adjectives until the poor little woman actually pleaded for her "mean" husband and then and there modified many of her statements.

(Continued in April Number)

We believe that the new American woman, of whatever nationality, will hear and heed the nation's call and soon she will break up the camp of ease and start with fresh courage for a better civilization.

THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from page 13)

dumped in two large piles on the ground in front of the corn crib, ready for the husking. To this husking the whole country side was invited.

The women folks busied themselves for weeks previous, while the men prepared huge barrels of cider for the happy occasion. On the night of the husking, two men were chosen as leaders, and to determine who should have first choice, a round stick was used and the men played at "choosing up." Hands were placed at the bottom of the stick, and alternately were placed hand over hand to the top. The man whose hand came out on top was the lucky man, and then the fun would begin!

Everything in readiness, the work was begun after supper, and when the corn was all husked, another big meal was served. Fires of huge pine knots illuminated the place, making it as light as day. Great fun and shouting went on all through the evening, each side claiming to be ahead of the other. As the corn was husked several men threw it into the barn, others stood on the inside to keep the way clear. You can understand how everyone looked forward to the husking as the gala time of the year. Everyone helped everyone else, the men and women going from farm to farm until all the corn in the neighborhood was husked.

Another busy time of the year was the hog killing season. My father killed about 100 hogs at a time. The meat was salted down in large tanks, the hams, shoulders and sides each being kept by themselves. They remained in these tanks until they were thoroughly salted ready for the smoking, then they were lifted out and hung in the smoke house. We also made great quantities of sausage, putting it into small sacks and hanging it up with the other meat to be smoked. An immense furnace was built in the middle of this air-tight smokehouse, and in this furnace a fire of hickory wood was built each day until the meat was cured.

Large hickory barrels with air tight lids were filled with lard and placed on the floor along the walls of the smoke house, and in another corner we placed a year's supply of soap.

People didn't live in paper bags and tin pails in those days, and such a thing as using cotton seed oil for lard was unknown. This practically ended the year's work for the men, but the stock raising and feeding and a hundred and one other things that would appear very much like work to us in these days, kept them very busy the whole year round. The wood, for instance, had to be hauled and chopped as hand saws were unknown. In those days everyone attended Church, whether from religious convictions or for the reason that there was

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CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ

Attorney and Counselor at Law
General Practice

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Los Angeles, Cal.

nothing else to do on the Sabbath, I cannot tell. The wealthier classes rode in barouches, with a big liveried negro coachman sitting in a high seat in front. Those of more moderate means would go in a carriage, and the poorer class rode in what is known as the carry-all, but whether rich or poor, all had good horses.

The young people usually rode on horseback, and if a young man happened to ride home with a girl, he never thought of going into the house, as there was no visiting on the Sabbath day.

Just see the progress that has been made in one short lifetime. Railroads, steamboats, automobiles and airships! For amusement, we had husking matches, quilting parties, spelling and singing schools, and last but not least, the regular yearly camp meetings. These camp meetings were looked forward to with great interest, all business was suspended and everyone in the whole country, including children, attended. Each denomination would hold their meetings at different places and different times in the fall of the year. As my people were Baptists, we were with the deep water people. I remember very clearly the arrangement of the baptismal pools on the bank of Pond Creek, one for the women and another for the men.

Beeves were killed and corned, and flour and all the necessary food stuffs were hauled to the camp ground which was located in the woods, a place being cleared for this purpose. A big pavilion was built that would hold thousands of people. Sleeping quarters were built about 100 feet long, and beds were built into the wall the whole length of the room, a similar room being built for the men. Bed ticks filled with straw served as a mattress, and everyone brought their feather beds and pillows.

There were only three denominations at that time—the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists. I can remember so well when a man named Campbell seceded from the Baptist Church and he and his followers were called Campbellites. Later that organization became known as the Christian Church.

(Continued in April Number.)

THE UNSEEN GUIDE

The butterfly's unsteady wing
Would lead you to adjudge him blind;
He seems a senseless, aimless thing,
But he is guided, you shall find;
Led on by some sure-thinking power
To find his feast in honeyed flower.

Who brings him past the naked stone,
Where neither fruit nor blossom is?
Who shows him where to find his own
And guides him to the thing that's his?
Some one must hide in robes of air,
Who knows his life's unworded prayer.
—Rev. C. C. Woods, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LIFE THOU ART MASTER

By Aletheia Head Rogers
Death, I defy thee!
To life born anew,
Ope thy wide gates
O radiant morning!
Afoot and All fearless
Thy pathway ascending
Great Life, I go forth
To greet thee at dawning.
Death, I defy thee;
O Life, thou art Master!
From the innermost center;
Fast flowing and faster,
God's life current quickens
And thrills, overflowing
O'erwhelming all ills
Earth-fears and disaster
With strength and with power
Thru infinite knowing
Death, I defy thee.
O Life, thou art Master!

God bless the Present! It is ALL:
It has been Future, and it shall be Past.
Awake and live! Thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

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SALOONS AND CIGARETTES

A Chief of Police is presumed to see that the laws are obeyed, but fantastic utterances and legal opinions from him are hardly to be considered.

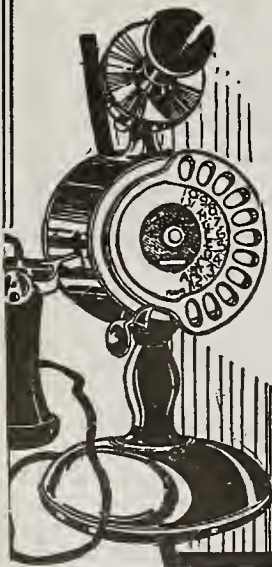
"Women in California," says the Chief of Police of Oakland, "have the same legal status as men! They make smoke in cafes, drink in saloons of Oakland, if they want to, and no action will be taken by the police department to revoke saloon licenses or reprimand cafe proprietors, unless it can be shown that they harbor women of bad reputation, etc."

The NEW AMERICAN WOMAN admits and proudly, too, that in California men and women stand upon equal ground; that penal laws bear upon each alike, but we deny that either men or women may conduct themselves in a manner hurtful to society, or that would have a tendency to corrupt the morals of others, particularly of the young. Under the force of the universally recognized police power every city may protect itself against those things which its administrative authority regards as hurtful, and likely to contribute to the immorality and downfall of its citizens.

No decent woman will drink in a saloon, and no decent man would tolerate her there. As to women smoking in cafes or elsewhere, the least that can be said is that in California smoking among women is unconventional and not universally approved by men or women. In Los Angeles women are becoming more indulgent because of the hosts of women tourists from all over the world, from cities and countries where the cigarette is regarded as a necessity and a handsome cigarette holder an indispensable accessory to the toilet.

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APRIL

1917

The New AMERICAN WOMAN



"The Star Spangled Banner"

By Francis Scott Key

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's
early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the
twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were
so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the
bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that
our flag was still there!
Oh! say does the star-spangled banner
yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave?



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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1917

NO. 3

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

The Signal Career of a Farmer's Daughter

There are in America today many women with large means at their command. There are likewise in America today public-spirited, influential women with large followings of other women enlisted under the banner of this cause or that faith. But just one woman in America today is at once the leader of a vast yet compact army of women of all creeds and faiths, united for a common cause, and, as well, the appointed custodian of a fortune to be used under her direction for the advancement of that cause. Her name is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. She is the head of the huge but closely knitted organization of national scope, known as the National American Woman Suffrage Association. She is also the head of a suffrage organization of international scope, the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, made up of the national suffrage associations of twenty-six different countries. Her devotion to the suffrage cause and her genius for organizing women to work for it and fight for it are responsible for the bequest to suffrage of Mrs. Frank Leslie's estate of nearly two million dollars. Mrs. Leslie, herself an able woman, distinguished by a successful business record, made the following provision in her will:

"It is my expectation and wish that she turn all of my said residuary estate into cash, and apply the whole thereof as she shall think most advisable to

the furtherance of the cause of Women's Suffrage to which she has so worthily devoted so many years of her life, and she shall make suitable provision, so that in case of her death any balance thereof remaining unexpended may be applied and expended in the same way; but this expression of my wish

and expectation is not to be taken as creating any trust or as limiting or affecting the character of the gift to her, which I intend to be absolute and unrestricted."

Her qualities of leadership, supplemented by having imposed on her the guardianship of this Leslie Suffrage Fund, have kept the eyes of America turned upon Mrs. Catt for several years. Everybody is interested to know what manner of woman she is and what her plans are for discharging the trust reposed in her. According to a plan just announced, a corporation, probably to be called The Leslie Woman Suffrage Commission, will be established at once under the law of the State of New York. Mrs. Catt will turn over to the Commission the administration of the fund and share with other members of the corporation the responsibility of



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt
President National American Woman's Suffrage
Association

making plans for the disbursements and carrying them into effect. There will be five incorporators who by vote will add to the membership of the Commission until it numbers fifteen. These incorporators will be:

Carrie Chapman Catt, New York; Alice Stone Blackwell, Massachusetts; Harriet Taylor Upton, Ohio; Mrs. Winston Churchill, New Hampshire; Mrs. Raymond Robins, Illinois.

The rules governing the Commission will be: That every member shall serve without remuneration; that no member shall profit directly or indirectly by the fund; that if at any time three-fourths of the members shall require the resignation of any member, that request shall be considered obligatory. Whenever death or resignation creates a vacancy, the place may be filled by a majority vote of the remaining members. The Commission will thus become self perpetuating.

The object will be the administration of the residue of Mrs. Leslie's Estate and the disbursement, and any other bequests which it may receive in the interest of woman suffrage propaganda.

The Commission will establish a National Bureau of Suffrage Education as its chief work. The methods employed for the development of this Bureau and other lines of work will be determined at the first meeting of the Commission.

Campaigns within States will continue to be conducted by the State Suffrage Association and the Federal Campaign will continue to be conducted by the National American Woman Suffrage Association. In other words, the Commission will not conflict with the work of present organization by attempting to conduct campaigns, either national or state.

It will under no circumstances contribute to the overhead or necessary running expenses of the National or State Associations. The National Association and its auxiliaries now raise and expend about a million dollars per year. When it is remembered that the National Republican Committee reported the receipt and disbursement of about two and a half millions in the recent presidential campaign and the Democratic Committee nearly two millions, it will be seen that the addition of a million dollars to the propaganda of an active and growing movement is not a vast sum. It is much larger than any other bequest that has yet been received by suffrage. If the money should be used as a substitute for money which is now raised and expended through the regular channels, the Leslie bequest would in no sense aid the cause. It must be used to do things which the present income of the allied suffrage associations are unable to accomplish with their present revenues. No suffragist will therefore be excused from contributions on account of the establishment of this Commission.

Any contributions which it may make to national or state campaigns will be in the form of rewards for having raised other stated sums for the same purpose.

As to what manner of woman Mrs. Catt is—she is a farmer's daughter.

The farmer's son is an American tradition. Mrs. Catt has shown that the farmer's daughter also can lay a compelling hand upon her day and generation. Her father was Lucius Lane, a farmer, who lived near Charles City, Iowa. She came from that section of society which has furnished nine-tenths of all its real greatness to the human race; plain people, working for all they have, but getting enough for their work to live in homely comfort

and plenty; a typical family of the old American stock.

Little Miss Lane helped her mother like any other little country girl; washed dishes, and fed chickens and darned stockings. But by the time she was 14 she was teaching school, in her own home district. She was still in short dresses, with her hair in a braid down her back. There were thirty pupils, some of them older than herself, and every one of them called her "Carrie." She saved her money, and at the age of 16 entered Iowa College at Ames. When her school money was gone she earned more as assistant librarian. Her four years' college course cost her father only \$100.00.

Graduated at twenty, Miss Lane was called almost immediately to fill an unexpected vacancy in the High School of Mason City, Iowa. Two years later she was appointed school superintendent of the city. It was an important position for a person so young, and of the sex which does not commonly furnish city superintendents of schools. A successful educational career seemed opening before her, when, like many another woman, she threw it all up to marry. Her husband was Leo Chapman, a Mason City editor. She helped her husband run his newspaper for a few years and then he died. Being obliged to support herself, Mrs. Catt secured a position as advertising solicitor. It was while she was engaged in the duties required of her that she realized the obstacles that unprotected women had to encounter when thrown on their own resources. She turned to a comprehensive study of the position of the woman of her day. The result was that she soon allied herself with the suffrage cause and began to serve it as state organizer for the Iowa Suffrage Association. Shortly after she became a seasoned suffrage worker helping in campaigns in Colorado, Idaho, South Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, California, New Hampshire, Montana and Michigan. So great was the power of her oratory and so high her executive ability that she rose quickly in the suffrage ranks to important positions, and succeeded Susan B. Anthony in 1900 as president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and in 1902 founded the International Woman Suffrage Alliance of which she has been the president continuously and in which she has united the women of twenty-six countries to work for suffrage. In connection with her work for this latter society, she has traveled round the world speaking to great gatherings of people in various countries.

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The Female of the Species

"Whom the Gods Would Destroy They First Make Mad."

...By...

Alice Stebens Tipton

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad"

This old pagan adage seems peculiarly fitting in its application to the advocates of those paganistic practices masquerading under the modern craze of birth control, for the result of this present day fad, if carried to its limit, would be the extinction of all family life and the ultimate destruction of their own kind, so far as applied to those who would practice it.

This result might appeal to some as "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but we must not forget that one of the obligations resting upon society in general is to protect weaklings, whether mental, moral or physical, against their own weaknesses. Hence a duty devolves upon those of clearer vision to point out the dangers and pitfalls in the doctrines of these modern pagans who, in their wild desire to scatter broadcast the seeds of their destructive policies, seek to have laws enacted to protect them in the accomplishment of their mad designs.

It is difficult to cover so broad a subject in a short review, for this pernicious doctrine strikes at the fundamental principles of human life and involves the most sacred relationship between man and woman. Necessarily there is much of such a delicate nature that it can be touched upon but lightly by any one with a proper appreciation of the subject. However, acting on the principle that "desperate cases require heroic remedies," I shall not hesitate to express my views as clearly and as freely as limited space will allow.

In discussing this subject it should be borne in mind that man is a creature on a higher plane than the brute, and in taking into account the matter of breeding him, like an animal, he is something more than a prize pig or a "fatted calf," for his immortal soul must be considered.

While greatly to be desired, a perfect physical development does not necessarily imply a strong mentality, or an exalted spirituality. The soul is a most important factor entirely ignored by pagans, consequently those who are advocating the controlling of the production of human beings with a view to breeding them up to a better physical standard, are governed entirely by the material, and are not reckoning with the spiritual element of man's nature.

That the pre-natal influence of the mother's mind may make or mar the mental development of her child, and that it frequently has a direct bearing upon the physical as well as the spiritual nature of her offspring, is a physiological law very generally recognized. Reasoning from this fact the importance of having the mother's mind directed along normal channels at once becomes apparent, while the serious danger of blunting her finer sensibilities and brutalizing the disposition of her unborn child will be more quickly appreciated. Now, it is difficult to imagine anything more debasing to the mind of a sensitive, refined woman than to feel that she

was being placed on a common level with a harlot through those practices of birth control, which would make of her but the means for the gratification of her husband's sensual desires, instead of the medium of life prompted by the impulse of a mutual love, as God intended.

The maternal love is latent in the heart of every natural woman, and only needs the magic touch of baby fingers to unlock the flood gates of mother love, increasing in strength and warmth with the coming of each small addition to the family, and often reaching out to enfold and protect waifs from shattered homes. If this God-given instinct should be repressed and ultimately crushed out of her heart through the devil-inspired practices of birth control, evil passions would be sure to fill its place.

Birth control, followed to its logical results, would lead to a social condition where its devotees would demand other laws protecting them in the fullest license in the selection of the father of any child which they might pretend to consent to bear. (For, under such conditions, childbirth would be an accident and not a design.) Marriage vows would be ignored if not entirely abolished, and a chaos of free lust would ensue, resulting in the disruption of all family ties even to a greater extent, if possible, than our lax divorce laws now foster.

Such laws as are advocated by these faddists, if placed upon our statute books, would open the door to an abandonment of all the virtues which adorn the soul of mankind, and give way to a sinful debauch of sensuality bringing in its wake the inevitable punishment following the violation of any law of nature, a punishment that invariably "fits the crime," and since "the wages of sin is death" the nation that sanctions the practice of birth control condemns itself to death!

While isolated cases might seem to warrant drastic action to prevent the propagation of undesirable individuals, the far-reaching results of such restriction should be kept in mind. Life is complex. It is not confined to any one period nor to any special people in the world's development. It is for all time and for all mankind. Even as some of the greatest events in history have hinged on seemingly trivial circumstances, so from apparently worthless progenitors have sprung some of the greatest characters the world has ever known, for God, in His wisdom, often demonstrates His Omnipotence by raising up the weak and lowly to confound the strong and great.

The case of three generations of imbeciles recently given much publicity through the press, and harped upon and cited as an awful example by the advocates of birth control, may be convincing proof to the leaky minded that the use of mechanical contrivances designed to stifle or prevent human life, while incidentally filling the coffers of the manufacturers of such wares, is the only remedy for this seeming evil. Possibly, in their groping through the darkness of materialism, the light of an eternal truth never has shone upon them, for they do not

seem to know that the greatest of all virtues is charity. God but offers selfish humanity an opportunity for the cultivation of that cardinal virtue when He permits such weaklings to be thrown upon the mercy of society. In caring for such unfortunates noble characters are developed and God is glorified.

Large families, even among the poor, are not a misfortune. They indicate a virile people and are greatly to be desired. On the contrary, small families, whether restricted by nature or design, are indeed but a limited blessing, often an evidence of physical decadence and not infrequently an ultimate source of sorrow. The strength of a nation lies not in the pampered child of wealth and luxury in whose veins, too often, flows the blood of a decadent ancestry, but in the sterling qualities developed in members of large families through those salutary lessons of self denial and self control learned in the hard school of poverty.

Marriage is a sacrament established for the protection of the family, to insure the propagation of the human species and to safeguard morals, and is not for the purpose of affording a means of sensual gratification without regard to its consequences. This statement may jar the nerves of those pagans who scoff at the idea of a sacrament of any kind, for "defying the fate of fools," they say in their heart, "There is no God." But the truth never changes. It always is true whether we believe it or not, and in this true attitude towards marriage the mother of a large family becomes a queen in her own realm, honored, loved and most tenderly cherished in the hearts of her husband and children. Should sickness come upon her to the extent that her life would be endangered by further child bearing, it becomes the duty of her husband to protect her through his own self control, and not by means of injurious mechanical appliances.

But self gratification and not self control is the desire of the advocates of birth control!

If these pernicious pests were the only ones to be affected by their paganistic doctrines, modest, home-loving women might offer no objections to their legislative antics, for there still are some wom-

en in the world just old fashioned enough to love a multiplicity of babies, and to believe that Almighty God knew best when He formed woman to be the mother of men and commanded her to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." But the virus of the poisonous doctrines of these present day pagans would reach into the most safely guarded home; it would inflame the immature minds of boys and girls alike; excite their imagination and offer them a safe refuge from the consequences of self indulgence, to the end that all modest reserve would be broken down and morality would become an unknown virtue. Not even the most ardent advocates of birth control can draw any other logical conclusion from the premises. But birth controllers are not logical—they are simply fanatical and hysterical!

Now, in conclusion, let us suppose that these paganistic specimens of "the female of the species" should succeed in their efforts to foist laws upon us sanctioning the dissemination of information on the subject of birth control. Let us further assume that a campaign of education would follow and schools of instruction be opened. Who would be better qualified for teaching this cult to the innocent maidens of our land; who better prepared to demonstrate to the youth of our nation the efficacy of this revival of practices which flourished among ancient pagans, than the much despised denizens of the underworld where this subtle art has reached its highest development?

SHE WHO IS TO COME

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one Beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the Race;
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof;
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-poised, royal soul, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb;
A Human Being, of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!

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CARRIE JACOBS-BOND—THE WOMAN

By Jean Ingham Whitcher

In "my mind's eye" I had always pictured Carrie Jacobs-Bond as a woman safeguarded from all contact with the work-a-day world, wrapped in the garment of protecting love in a home of luxury. Negro servants she must have had always, as witness "De Las' Long Res'," "The Dark Lament," "Po' Lil' Lamb," and many other products of her gifted mind, showing such an understanding of the nature and sentiments of the colored race as could only be attained by long association with them. Surely she must be a woman who knew always what it was to be loved and to love, for "I Love You Truly," voices the love of all the ages.

How different is the real truth as told by Carrie Jacobs-Bond herself before the Southern California Woman's Press Club. There, as woman to women, she told of her almost superhuman struggles, not to attain fame, but to support a family. The life story of Mrs. Bond should be a source of rare encouragement to all women who are struggling to gain a foothold in any line of human endeavor, whether actuated by real necessity or the desire for a niche in the temple of fame; to all those who have a message to humanity and can, seemingly, find no audience.

"When I was suddenly left, over twenty years ago, with a mother, a little son, a half brother and myself to support I had never earned a dollar and all I had in the world was the furnishings of a beautiful home. The best I could afford was a \$15 per month flat and in this we made our home and here I started out to earn a living for my dear ones. The interior of that home was lovely and many friends remained loyal and true; I had my piano and we enjoyed many rare evenings. I had only a grate to supply heat and could only afford the little bundles of rosined kindling; I could not afford to keep up a kitchen fire so we sent the coffee pot across the street to a little cafe to have it filled with not very good coffee, and that, with toasted crackers, was our only material refreshment, but we all enjoyed it." Here Mrs. Bond paid a beautiful tribute to the friends who remained true friends, and told why, with all her love for California and California friends, because those friends were there. Chicago would always be her home in the true meaning of the word. "Home is where the heart is."

"It has often been stated that at first I could not find anyone to publish my songs. On the contrary, I had a different publisher for each of my first three songs. I soon decided to publish my own songs, and did so whenever I had saved up the \$21 necessary. I could not pay to have work done so I just painted my own title pages. I could not pay for verses for my music, so I tried writing them and found I had a gift for rhyming, not real poetry, just rhymes. And the songs that have been most popular, which enabled me to win recognition, have been the songs for which I wrote both music and words.

"I have often been told, directly and indirectly, that my songs were common, they were so easily understood and sung by the masses. I can truly say that I thank God this is so—that my songs are not for the highbrows. That wherever I go I hear them, in all kinds of places, sung and played by all kinds of people, even though sometimes I can scarcely recognize my own songs. I love to feel that I belong, with my songs, to the great majority, the common people; that my heart beats in unison with theirs. And yet, while at first they were scorned by the "Artistes" now many of our greatest grand opera singers are voicing my simple melodies."

Mrs. Bond spoke tenderly of her son: "When he was 13 he left school and secured a position paying \$25 per month, and the 1st of every month he brought me a five cent box of candy, and on top of the candy was always \$24.95. He said, and thought, he was supporting his mother, as in truth he was greatly helping to do. And all the time I was sewing, painting china, singing my little songs evenings in the homes of friends, for which I received \$10. But I was not advancing, not selling my songs. Then I met Elbert Hubbard and he told me I must advertise, court publicity. That a clam seller did not wait for his clams to advertise the fact that they were for sale. He secured me an engagement to sing an evening in New York for which I received \$25 and expenses. It was then I saw the Roycroft shops, just started; and then and there I made a resolution that there should be a Bond shop on similar lines where my songs would be made ready to send out to the world, a world which I hoped would be waiting for them. From then on I tried to advertise, to secure publicity and met with some success."

Then came dark days. Her son met with an accident, her mother was very ill, and as Mrs. Bond always refused to borrow money as she could have done, the County Hospital received her dear ones. Although ill herself, Mrs. Bond carried every day one hot meal to the County Hospital and finding her son was dividing his food with other unfortunates she prepared all the food she could possibly buy until his recovery. At home in order to paint she had to steady her right hand with her left for every stroke of the brush. Later, her son, by studying nights, graduated as a civil engineer and securing a position with the Burlington for \$75 monthly, they moved to a \$35 flat. The wonderful Bond shop had its beginnings in a little hall closet in the \$15 flat, in which Mrs. Bond placed the shelves to hold her small stock of music. Still turning and re-turning her gowns so she would be presentable, step by step she made her way up-



Carrie Jacobs-Bond
in Her Study

ward, outgrowing each location until the vision she saw in the Roycroft shops was realized. "I thought when I sent my music by mail it was fine; then when it went by express, still finer, and now I send it by freight all over the world in boxes the size of a piano box! Australia and England come next to my own country in desiring my songs."

One time when Mrs. Bond wanted to wear an evening gown she was at the end of her resources and she had nothing left to remake, so she took some fine lace curtains she had brought from the old home and made them into a lovely gown by means of satin bows, every one of which she feather-stitched. That gown is now one of her son's dearest possessions.

Of the song so dearly loved, "A Perfect Day," Mrs. Bond is often asked: "How did you come to write it?" In reply she says the words were written in Riverside after a day of perfect joy with dear friends. Six months later she drove out on the desert with other dear friends, among them Mrs. Hawks of Pasadena, and coming home she commenced unconsciously to sing it, and when asked: "Another song?" she replied: "Perhaps." Before she slept "A Perfect Day" was ready for music lovers. About four million copies have been sold and by popular demand she made it into a waltz. "I Love You Truly," "Just Awearry For You," and others have sold way up into the millions.

An unpublished song, "Got to Practice" which she sang at the Press Club will have a most beautiful title page of a little girl practicing piano, the work of Marie Johnson of Pasadena.

Now that she has achieved the highest measure of success, Mrs. Bond has given her son the management of the Bond shop. "He married the daughter of the bookkeeper we started with and who is still with us, so it is a family affair." Mrs. Bond has a beautiful home at Grossmont and is now build-

ing one in Hollywood. Her song "California" sung in the drama of that name, and by Mme. Johnstone-Bishop, tells of that love. Thousands have heard Mme. Schumann-Heink sing "His Lullaby" which Mrs. Bond dedicated to her mother. "Compensation," "God Remembers When the World Forgets" in fact, there are too many to enumerate, all favorites in the home and on the concert stage. Her "Children's Songs" are so understandable by children they are largely used in work among them as well as by mothers. And, by the way, now is the time to bring "The U. S. on the Buttons" to the front again.

To the women who saw and heard Mrs. Bond she was a living proof that all things can be accomplished; that it does pay to hitch your wagon to a star. It was indeed a far cry from the seamstress and china painter, penniless, working desperately against great odds, to the beautifully gowned, gracious presence whose every movement of easy assurance told of success in fullest measure. After meeting her one understands why friends remained loyal when disaster came, and why, wherever she goes she makes more, and still more friends.

To make it indeed "A Perfect Day," Mrs. Bond sang it, and "I Love You Truly," a child's song and an unpublished song of her Grossmont home, "A Spot in God's Garden" as only the creator of them could.

MUST THE KIDDIES GO?

They talk of the high cost of living,
And tell us the kiddies should go,
It costs so to house, feed and clothe them;
It's very expensive, you know!

With 'taters five dollars a hundred
And meat climbing way out of sight,
Producing the families of kiddies
Must be dreadfully wrong, oh, not right.

The rich have no time and no leisure,
The poor should not have them at all;
And the middle classes are busy,
Scaling society's slippery wall!

The theory may be a fine one,
But in practice the thing is all wrong;
We crave, need, and must have the kiddies
To help push this old world along!

We annually spend thirteen billions
On amusements, tobacco and rum!
Put shoulder and shoulder together,
And cut out the appalling sum!

Who, who would banish the kiddies?
The domestic economy part,
The solid backbone of our country
And the very heart of her heart!

In our homes they're weaving love's meshes
With delicate, masterful skill;
By love run the whole institution,
And manage the old folks at will!

No, no, we can't spare the dear kiddies,
Must cherish and keep them alive;
We'll starve, but we'll spend our last dollar
To help the blest kiddie-crop thrive!

—Lydia H. Walker.

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VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL SYSTEM

By Edward Hyatt

State Superintendent of Public Instruction

The Schools of California constitute a gigantic business enterprise, demanding the time and energy of countless persons, the maintaining of vast numbers of factory buildings and the yearly expenditure of princely accumulations of treasure. Looking at the single neighborhood school, perhaps it does not impress one as an affair of importance; but taking the system as a whole, it at once takes rank as a vast and momentous activity, the biggest in fact in the state. It dwarfs even our greatest commercial and banking organizations, our manufacturing plants, our transportation enterprises.

A few figures from my last annual report to the Governor, derived from the sworn reports of the school officers of the state, may serve to illuminate this point, may give the reader an official basis for an appreciation of the material importance of the school system of the Golden State.

During the past year the schools have expended a king's ransom, an amount that would blister even the fingers of Aladdin to produce by rubbing his wonderful lamp—no less than **thirty-seven millions of dollars!** Of this, three quarters of a million went for kindergartens, twenty-one and a half millions for elementary schools, ten millions for high schools, three millions for the state university, and for other state schools one and a half millions.

The number of persons engaged in this gigantic educational factory are as follows:

Teachers	Seventeen thousand
Trustees	Twelve thousand
Janitors, carpenters, laborers.	Ten thousand
Executives	One thousand
Pupils	Five hundred thousand

The property used by the schools is valued at one hundred millions! There are four million books in

their libraries! They use three million free textbooks! They have forty-two millions of bonded indebtedness!

This is enough of dry statistics to show at least that our school plant is not without rank as compared with the other great ventures of the people. It is worth remembering too that this school enterprise is the only one that aims directly at the future. All the other activities of mankind, the multifarious works for which we toil and moil and hope and plan and dream, would soon pass away from the earth and be no more, were it not for this vast engine we have contrived for passing on the good things of the past and the present into the future by way of the children, passing them on from one generation to the next. This is an absolutely essential function, one that some agency must carry on. The individuals of our human beehive can live for a brief time only, and must be continually replaced by fresh swarms. Which is the really significant part of the hive, those who are passing, or those who are coming on?

It is natural and essential that we should have built up during the slow passage of the centuries a great agency for doing this work, the passing of the present on to the future. It is natural and inevitable that this agency, the school system, should be slow and conservative, yielding but gradually to outward pressures. It is natural that it should be guilty of many cruelties and stupidities, that it should make mistakes and do bad things as well as good. It is made by human creatures and it fitly represents them. It has accompanied mankind in the upward struggle for more than a thousand centuries, and it cannot go far in advance of mankind, else it destroys itself. It must always represent and serve not alone the nervous, sensitive, intelligent individual, but the average of the race, including the lowbrows, the tree dwellers and the troglodytes who still persist. It must go on in the future very much as it has in the past, accompanying the race in its groping struggle upward toward the light.

These few figures and side remarks are intended to show that our state school system is one of the largest and most respectable businesses that we have, and that it is tending to become still greater and still more respectable. The hundreds of thousands of people engaged in it are pretty decent folks, as human people go, and they are for the most part working as hard as they can to discharge their function fairly and honestly to the state. They are checked and hindered and held back and baffled and hurt and discouraged very much as all other human being are in the struggle called living. Their work is growing better all the time, but impatient souls have to compare it at long periods to see the advance. I think in another hundred thousand years—or at most two hundred thousand—we shall have quite a good and creditable school system, one that we can point to with honest pride and recommend to our neighbors.

A woman said to me the other day—one of intelligence and power, whom you would recognize if I called her name—said she: "I am not sure that we are advancing at all. We are working as hard as we can, doing everything we know how to do, bringing in new things to education all the time.

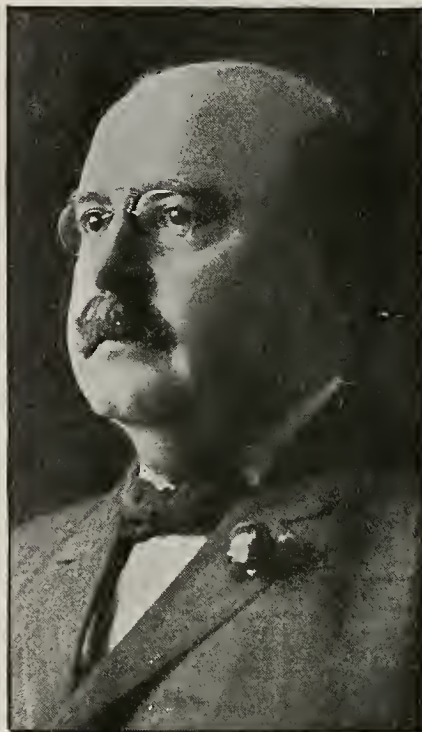
But when I was a child, I and my mates learned to spell, to write, to read, to appreciate the world. I think the schools fifty years ago turned out citizens just as good, perhaps better; than those today. It seems to me that a good citizen then could fill the bill quite as well as the best of our product now! And what are schools for but to turn out good citizens?"

To which we might reply: True for you, gracious lady; but what is fifty years in the march of Time? You cannot hope to see improvement in education with the naked eye in fifty years! Why it is as yesterday, it is only a pulse-beat, compared to the myriad centuries it has taken man to reach his present place in nature. Of course, in a little fifty years, we go up and down, we fluctuate and waver, we advance and fall back, and we cannot really see much improvement, perhaps. We can't even be sure whether the movement is forward, manlike, or backward, crablike.

"To be fair we must look at a longer period, five hundred years, say. The station of the common man in that time has distinctly improved, and we can see it. Great things have been added to our stock of knowledge. The educational world has completely turned over. Patience, good friend. Wait at least five hundred years before losing faith in the upward progress of the race, or getting the idea that this big machine the race has gradually evolved is not going ahead. It is steadily advancing, with force and momentum, if we take pains to view it in its right perspective. 'Art is long and time is fleeting. Learn to labor and to wait.'"

LEGISLATIVE BILLS AFFECTING PROPERTY RIGHTS OF THE WIFE

By John S. Chambers, State Controller



Hon. John S. Chambers

Although half of March has passed away, little or no progress has been made by the Legislature insofar as bills relating to the community property rights of the wife are concerned. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not possible to say what the result will be, although it appears to be taken for granted that a number of what are called the "extreme" bills favored by women will be approved. Perhaps a brief review of these

various bills would be of interest. In any event, that is the best that can be done at this particular moment, inasmuch as the Legislative Committees have put over the consideration of these measures for a week or more.

Senate bill 143, by Senator Jones, would amend Section 164 of the Civil Code, the practical effect of which would be to broaden the meaning of community property. The bill is designed to overcome the decisions of the courts which have held that where husband and wife during marriage have acquired property in another State which does not have a community law and then come to California to make their home, that the title to said property shall remain as it was when they entered this State. In other words, Senator Jones' bill is meant to change the present law so that such property acquired in a dower right State shall become community property upon the removal of such husband and wife to California.

The effect of such a law upon the inheritance tax revenue is problematical. Under certain conditions the State would gain by having the property declared the separate estate of the husband, but under other conditions it would gain by having it declared community property.

Senate bill 144, by Senator Jones also, seeks to amend Section 172 of the Civil Code so as to confine it to community personal property and it adds a new section which provides that the husband shall have the management and the control of the community real property, but that the wife must join

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with him in any conveyance thereof or lease thereof for a period of more than one year.

Senate bill 330, by Senator Scott, would amend section 1402 of the Civil Code and provides that upon the death of the husband, the entire community property, without administration, shall belong to the surviving wife. This amendment would, therefore, relieve the widow of any probate duties or inheritance tax. It also would cut off the children from any inheritance upon the death of their father, if a widow survived him.

Senate bill 335, by Senator Luce, amends Section 1401 of the Civil Code so as to provide that upon the death of the wife one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband without the payment of an inheritance tax and the other half shall be subject to the testamentary disposition of the wife, but in the absence thereof shall go to her lineal descendants. But should no testamentary disposition be made of such property and should there be no lineal descendants, the whole of said property shall go to the husband. As the law now stands, the whole of the community property passes to the husband without administration upon the death of the wife, with exception of property which may have been set apart to her for maintenance and support. I believe that this amendment would increase the inheritance tax revenue.

Senate bill 358, by Senator Luce, seeks to amend Section 1402 of the Civil Code by providing that upon the death of the husband one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving wife without the payment of an inheritance tax and that in the absence of his testamentary disposition of the other half and the absence of lineal descendants, all of said community property shall go to the surviving wife to the exclusion of collateral heirs. This bill completes or offsets, either way you want to take it, Senate bill 335, just discussed.

Senate bill 359, by Senator Luce, would amend Section 172 of the Civil Code by providing that both the husband and wife shall have the management and the control of the community property. Under the present law, as is generally known, the husband has the management and control. The amended section also takes away from the husband the absolute power of testamentary disposition and it is the apparent intention of the section to leave it to other sections of the code to provide for the testamentary disposition of community property.

Senate bill 360, also by Senator Luce, adds a new section to the Civil Code, to be known as 164a, providing that all property brought into the State of California, which has been acquired after marriage through earnings of husband or wife, or both, shall be considered community property and shall be subject to the laws of the State of California affecting such a class of property. This bill is similar to Senate bill 143, by Senator Jones, already discussed in this paper. Under certain circumstances, this law would mean a gain in revenue under the inheritance tax act, but in many others, it would mean a loss.

Senate bill 185, by Senator Purkitt, adds a new section to the Civil Code, to be known as Section 172½, and provides that husband and wife may file an inventory of the community property and there-



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after, on the death of either, the whole of said property, together with rents and profits, shall vest in the surviving spouse without administration. It also provides that on the death of the husband all except exempt property shall be liable for his debts.

Assembly bill 105, by Mr. Ashley, amends Section 1401 of the Civil Code by providing that upon the death of either husband or wife, and where the marriage is without surviving issue, all of the community property shall go to the survivor without administration and without liability or an inheritance tax. As the law now stands, the husband takes all of the community property upon the death of the wife, without administration and, of course, without the payment of an inheritance tax. This amendment would place the wife upon an equal footing with the husband, in this regard. This particular bill also amends Section 142 of the Civil Code by providing that where there is surviving issue one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband or wife, as provided in Section 1401, and the other half shall create an estate in favor of the surviving issue, but provides further that during the minority of the youngest surviving issue, the surviving husband or wife shall act as guardian of the half of said community property which passes to the children. I am inclined to think that this provision would tend to increase the inheritance tax revenue, because the amendment provides that on the death of the wife, one-half of the community property shall go to her children, whereas under the present law all of the community property, on the death of the wife, goes to the husband without administration and without tax.

Assembly bill No. 21, by Mr. Hilton, seeks to amend Section 1401 of the Civil Code and provides substantially that upon the death of the wife one-half of the community property shall go to the surviving husband and the other half shall be subject to her testamentary disposition. In the absence of such a will, this property shall go to her descend-

(Continued to page 16)

THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from March Number)

I well remember how one fellow got religion in one of the camp meetings. I heard him praying in the men's quarters, and as the partition was only



about six feet high, I, in my childish curiosity, wanted to see him, and was piling pillows up to stand upon in order to look over when he began to shout. I ran to the meeting place to tell my mother. The fact that service was going on made no difference to me. I began to yell at the top of my lungs, "Jabe Taylor's got religion! Jabe Taylor's got religion!" My mother,

who was a very dignified woman, arose and placing her hand over my mouth led me away to the place where the switches grew!

From Tennessee to Missouri

I must tell my readers of a trip my parents made when I was a child. They decided to leave Tennessee and go west to Missouri to make a home (Missouri was considered far west at that time), so they packed all their belongings in one big wagon, and we started on the long journey. Wagons in those days were big clumsy affairs, without springs or brakes. Instead of a brake, a chain was fastened around the spoke of the wheel to lock it. All went well until we reached the Cumberland Mountains. The team traveled so slowly my mother took me in her arms and started on horseback, leaving the two other children with my father and the hired man. She reached the top of the mountain in safety and found shelter with a family living there. Darkness came on and the folks had not yet put in an appearance, so mother left me with the woman and started back down the mountain on foot—forgetting all about the wild animals lurking everywhere along the way, and feeling only for the safety of husband and children. After going about two miles she heard the children crying and presently she came upon the party, trudging up the heavy grade. My father told her the terrible fate that had overtaken them—that the horses had become tired and unmanageable, and had backed down the mountain. Father had barely time to rescue the little boys from the wagon, when horses, wagon and all went crashing down the mountain side into an immense canyon five hundred feet below. He must have stood spellbound as he saw all of his worldly goods disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

Slowly together my parents climbed the mountain, thankful at least that the children were saved from an untimely death.

After resting a few days, my father started back

to the old home in East Tennessee, Monroe County, to get food supplies and horses and wagon and return to his family on the top of the mountain where he had left us and carry us back to the place we had left but a few weeks before, expecting to find a better home in the far west.

We were hospitably treated by the people who lived in a little log cabin on the mountain top, the only house within miles around. It took my father over two weeks to make the trip, and as the only clothes we had were the ones on our backs, mother had to wash and dry them as we slept. Think of the sleepless nights she must have put in, thinking of my father and his second fearful trip up the mountain. At last we got back to dear old Tennessee and I know my mother sighed with relief when we were safely at home again.

My father's next adventure was to go to Alabama—at that time an unsettled country, more like a wilderness—and homestead a farm. The first year we spent in building a cabin and clearing the land, so that towards spring we found the supply of provisions getting low. Tennessee was the nearest place where provisions could be obtained, so my father had to go back there again to replenish our stock of supplies, also to get seeds to sow on the Alabama land. As he was returning, he was overtaken by a great storm which swelled the streams and made them impassable. There were no bridges or crossings in those days, and the only means was to ford the streams, so he had to wait until it was safe to attempt to cross. This delayed him for many days and things began to look desperate for us.



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By this time we were entirely without food, except the milk from one cow, and no human being within a radius of several miles. Luckily for us, however, one lonesome man happened to ride by. Mother asked him if she could borrow some corn meal of him, and would he please bring it to us. He did so the next day, but that night the cow failed to come up, and we were left without any food until noon the next day. How well I remember when my mother went out to milk! I was so hungry I could not wait until she had finished milking, so I asked my brother to get my little tin cup down from off the shelf. (I can yet see that row of shining cups). He did so, and I started on the run to mother to ask her to please give me just a little milk. Instead she broke a switch from a nearby tree and very quickly I was persuaded to return to the cabin. Mother was afraid that I would frighten the cow away again and then we would all be without milk, for we had no corral to keep or feed our cow in, and naturally she had to forage for herself.

In a few days father returned and all our troubles were at an end so far as food was concerned. The next year we raised all we wanted on the farm. We lived in Alabama for about a year and a half, when my grandfather on father's side, who had moved to Missouri, began to sow seeds of discontent in my father's mind. He kept urging us to come to Missouri, so father, having the pioneer spirit, finally decided to try once more to build a home out west, as it was then called.

We all returned to the home of my mother's father, John Fine, in Sweetwater, East Tennessee, and father and my oldest brother, then about 16 years old, went forth with hearts full of courage to build a nest for his loved ones. When they arrived in Missouri, father homesteaded a place and he and brother worked hard building a cabin and clearing the land. To add to his income, father started a singing school, where all the neighborhood for miles around would gather at the schoolhouse and spend the evening in singing. He had a beautiful tenor voice, so he was the teacher. He set no stipulated price. The neighbors paid him what they could, and soon his fame reached out to other neighborhoods and other classes were formed until he became very well known throughout the whole country.

A Wonderful Discovery

About this time (the year of '49) came the wonderful news of the discovery of gold in California. My father soon caught the fever. He sold all his belongings at a sacrifice, and in company with his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and their son, Isham Keith, and my brother, and other immigrants, started across the plains toward this wonderful land of gold. In the long tiresome months of weary travel the lure of gold softened the hardships. What dreams were dreamed, and what air castles built as they lay down at night in the open beneath the stars!

Nothing daunted them, and on they went through sand storms and heat, and each day crept a little nearer toward their goal.

They took what was called the northern route, that being considered the safest at that time. Oregon was reached late in the fall of '50. There was

no road open through to California in the winter, so my father and brother got work building a saw mill at Clatsup Plains, on the Columbia River.

(Continued in May Number.)

AN IRISH GIRL'S LAMENT

By Minnie Hoover Linton

O Sweetheart, Aroon,
Come back to me soon,
For me Irish heart is grievin';
And the glint of me eye
And the rose of me cheek
Is fadin' away and leavin'.

Heavy's me tread,
The heart of me's lead,
And the song on me lips is sad;
Me eyes are blind
From the tears behind,
O 'tis that could make me glad.

O Shamus O'Shoon,
By the light of the moon,
Ye are rovin' there by the sea,
In the trenches at night,—
In the midst of the fight,—
Are ye wishin' and longin' fer me?

To sweet Mary I pray,
All the livelong day,
That health and peace be yer part,
And that some day soon,
Ye'll return, Aroon,
To yer lovin'
Peg o' me Heart.

THE WEAVER GIRL

By Wilby Heard

Behold her drooping form bent o'er the hissing loom,
She is the only dead that labors in that room;
The only dead about that lightning-fed machine,
All else does live and strive, and to its need is keen.
The little thread resists the slightest tension made,
And either wins its aim, or dies there unafraid.
The weakest cog will stop the mighty whirling wheel,
There is a conscious sense within that giant of steel.
The only thing that grinds, and swiftly wears away,
That trades her heart's rich blood for poor and paltry pay,
Is she, the weaver-girl, who fills the male-slave's place,
Not from choice, but need—NEED rules this greedy race.

Behold that withered form, the weight of toil and care,
The stamp of age and want her only knowing share.
A thing seemingly born to drink the dregs of gloom,
And perish in the lint and sharrow of the loom.
A creature with a brain that has no time to think,
A body and a mind brought forth to slave and shrink.
A link within the chain which turns the wheel of wealth,
That oils the cogs of greed with the marrow of her self.
Spiderlike she weaves her flesh into the thread;
That idle folk might live the weaver must be dead.
Behold this childhood bud, all shriveled in its bloom—
Behold that starving form bent o'er the whizzing loom.

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No. 3

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WAR DECLARED

Statesmen Offer No Alternative

"These are the times that try men's souls." We are invited to gaze upon a frightful situation.

As we go to press war with the Fatherland looms darkly before us. We are told that America is unprepared to defend herself, that she has neither soldiers nor ships nor guns, nevertheless WE WILL DEFEND OURSELVES AGAINST trained murderers from whatever land they come.

It is impossible to be insensible to the facts presented by those who know the needs as also the demands of the hour. Our unpreparedness has become notorious! Whether or not it were the wiser course to publish broadside and reiterate a thousand times our pitiable neglect of the common rule applicable to all life, whether it be the unit of government, the individual, or the mighty mass that makes up this Republic, and thus notify the world of the colossal blindness of American statesmen, or to have reserved our secrets to ourselves, is a matter to conjure with.

Military experts offer but little advice as to technical military strength necessary to defeat an enemy

and we are left floundering in a sea of despair at this hour.

It is a fact that we have here one thousand miles of undefended coast, and that we may be attacked at any moment. How shall we proceed to take care of ourselves!

That we have had cause to fight we need only to think of unoffensive Americans aboard the ships of a neutral nation, sunk by German submarines, to the open and unlimited defiance of our national rights!

Implanted in the heart of every citizen, man or woman, is the love of peace—peace at home and everywhere. To maintain it we must be prepared to defend it. Every loyal American must make up his mind that an army equal to that of any other nation, equipped with every modern equivalent of resisting attack must be created. To that end we must enlist all men of military age, and together with the Red Cross, that sustaining arm of our Government, we shall be ready to defend ourselves.

HAIL TO HONORABLE WM. D. STEVENS CALIFORNIA'S NEW GOVERNOR

All join in extending a cordial welcome to our new Governor—a welcome worthy of the high office and worthy of the splendid man who succeeds Senator Johnson. The office of Governor of California is an honor which should fill with pride the heart of any man, whether he reaches it by appointment or through the choice of the people at the polls.

It is well known that Governor Stevens resigned his position in Congress and consented to serve our State as its highest official when Senate-elect Johnson should find it necessary to take up his duties in Washington. Congressman Stevens might have represented California in our National Capital for an indefinite number of years. His services to our State and the Nation were a mighty factor in securing appropriations for the Los Angeles Harbor, and otherwise making plain to the Eastern representatives that California was entitled to a greater share of consideration than she had heretofore received.

And while we are glad to welcome Governor Stevens as our chief executive, to the success of whose administration we shall bend every effort, we cannot but express our regret that he has withdrawn from the larger field and the greater activity, and that his influence and power for good will necessarily and in a large degree be limited. However, Governor Stevens' congressional district will be loyal to him, and whatever may betide, whether he shall become a candidate to succeed himself two years hence, or shall prefer to return to Congress, his place is secure in the hearts of the people.

PUBLIC NUISANCES IN LOS ANGELES

Pictures in the Open Least Offensive

There are many things, almost too numerous to mention, right here beneath our noses, that are standard nuisances, racking our nerves and tiring our very souls, that should be abated.

First of all—but which may we call first, when each one of these standing, or lying-down nuisances

everywhere in evidence, strives to distract, annoy and torment people (the whole people, mind you, except the nuisances themselves and the nuisances they maintain) just a little more than its fellow nuisance!

The Billboard! There you have it. "That's the greatest of all nuisances in Los Angeles."

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

These pictures in the open are not all bad; many of them conduce to comfort and wellbeing; they answer certain human requirements, located on broad hillside or in shady glen.

Not every bill board is a nuisance. There are many handsome pictures adorning the pretty landscapes within the City limits, which not only afford valuable information, but they charm the eye of the beholder. It is too bad that in abating the out-of-doors advertising we may not preserve the good of it, and expurgate the bad, if indeed any of it is really bad. And what is all the fuss about anyway?

Billboards are a source of income to thousands of worthy people. In the making of them, erecting, supporting and maintaining them, employment is available for many of those who need it most—and the general economic result is not to be overlooked. Let us be fair in this matter. The subject is one worthy of deliberate reasoning, and not to be scorned and kicked out without any real or tangible cause, other than the fact that here and there billboards obstruct the view though they never wholly obscure the landscape.

In a complex society like ours, if we would preserve homogeneity, we are in duty bound to recognize the rights and quasi-rights of others.

The law of billboards has been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States and it is the right of the people to remove them whenever the proper authority so declares. But we are not ordered by the decision to confiscate the property of our fellow citizens, nor are we justified in making it impossible for many law-abiding citizens to earn a comfortable living for themselves and their dependents, by destroying the business of their employers.

The harm or inconvenience of the billboard amounts to absolutely nothing compared to the good that results from their creation and maintenance. The artistic eye may look askance, and the freedom of the scenery be limited occasionally by these pictures in the open, but since we must surrender our selfish purposes in order to enter organized society, we should be willing to forego the trifling objections to billboards for the larger and more practical benefits to those who build and maintain them.

Again, the billboard is a source of revenue to many an owner of uncultivated land, much of it not capable of producing any return, otherwise. These lands are of course taxed to their owners, who in many instances would but for the rent received from the men who build and maintain billboards, be compelled to sacrifice their property or suffer a total loss as penalty for unpaid taxes.

Billboards in residence districts cannot in the nature of things remain for very long in the growing city of Los Angeles. The constant building of innumerable fine residences, beautiful bungalows

and sky scrapers, daily witness the tearing down of billboards and the planting of spacious lawns and otherwise adorning the landscape once decorated by the despised billboard.

While the recent decision of the Supreme Court is authority for the law-making body of any City in America to rule the billboard men off the field, it is not mandatory, and they do not JUST HAVE TO do so.

Several members of the City Council have shown a spirit of fairness in this matter which should commend them. Their refusal to confiscate without pay the property of billboard men, and their refusal to deny the lessees the money value of space occupied by the billboards, shows clearly their appreciation of the fact that notwithstanding the sweeping privilege granted by the Supreme Court's decision, they are not called upon to exercise it "without a fair, free and open hearing before the proper judicial forum."

IS THE MIDDLEMAN A NUISANCE?

Why of course, the middleman is a nuisance!!! It is he who divides our profits, though just why "Our Profits" are to be regarded of more importance than the middleman's right to live, more to be protected than the wives and children who wait at home for the results of the middleman's energy and intelligence, we are not told. No, the middleman in the Municipal Market or in any other field of activity has a right to compete with his neighbor, to buy and sell, barter and trade, until we all have become socialists, and Nirvana has been reached.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE, LIBERTY AND PROPERTY.

The legal definition of a nuisance is: "Anything which is injurious to the health, or is indecent or offensive to the senses, or an obstruction to the free use of property, so as to interfere with the comfortable enjoyment of life or property. . . ."

Under this section may be classed many common sights and sounds, injurious to health, offensive to the senses, shocking to the nerves, and an insult to the aesthetic eye.

The "horrid billboard" is not in it with that "Our lamps can bear THIS!" (Bang! ! !) located on Third street between Broadway and Spring, which without warning or notice of any kind to the passerby, heaves down a great hammer right in front of you or just behind you, tearing away at the delicate auditory tissues of poor passing mortals, sending the blood rushing through your veins, lifting the heart action to the stopping place. And this big hammer resounds day in and day out, 365 days in the year, including Sundays; and fifty thousand people each day turn, tremblingly and pause to see what it was that had so maliciously terrified them without cause, interfering with their right to peacefully proceed upon the public streets in the lawful exercise of their affairs. That big lamp hammer-enunciator is some nuisance, believe me!

AND THAT OTHER NUISANCE, THE BARBER SHOP.

And what may be said about these unnecessary, unexcusable and without even the usual "Excuse me, please," Barber Shops, with their great broad uncurtained windows, where within open view men elongate themselves and tonsorial artists with razor and scissors transform them into

very presentable and lovable companions. But an open uncurtained barber shop is no place for a gentleman to attend to the demands of his toilet. You should know, Sirs, that we prefer to look upon the finished article, and not to gaze upon your outstretched manly forms, with faces covered over with lather or with one side neatly shaven while the other remains en dishabille! Then there is the bald head, which when thoroughly groomed is perfectly satisfactory to the eye of the beholder, but in the barber's chair, our ideal of the clean, manly fellow who lifted his hat to us yesterday takes a fall! We hurry past the big open window of the barber shop, just praying in our hearts that HE did not see us, as he lies back there in full view of the thousands of pedestrians—majority of them women.

But why pursue the subject? There are surely more nuisances than Billboards, and worse ones, too.

LEGISLATIVE BILLS

(Continued from page 11)

ents or shall be subject to distribution as her separate property. This bill, if enacted into law, would increase the inheritance tax collections, inasmuch as it would make one-half of the community property subject to tax on the death of the wife, whereas under the present law, it all goes to the husband without administration or tax.

Assembly bill No. 72, by Mr. Bartlett, amends Section 172 of the Civil Code by limiting the husband's absolute power of disposition of the community property to the personalty. This bill also provides that the wife must join with the husband in any conveyance of the real property or any lease for a period of more than a year.

Assembly bill No. 81, by Mr. Mouser, amends Section 1402 of the Civil Code providing that upon the death of the husband one-half of the community property belongs to the wife, without administration. This is similar to certain other bills already mentioned.

Senate bill 145, by Senator Luce, and Assembly bill 6, by Mr. Bartlett, seek to amend the inheritance tax act of this State so as to relieve the widow of any tax upon her half of the community property. Mr. Bartlett's bill also would lower existing rates.

The bills already discussed either were introduced by the various Senators or Assemblymen upon their own responsibility or at the request of the Legislative Counsel representing the Federation of Women's Clubs. The particular bills favored by the Legislative Counsel, and all of which were introduced by Senator Luce, are as follows: S. B. 355, 356, 357, 358, 359 and 360. References have been made to all of these bills, I think, in what I already have stated.

The Controller's office has had introduced a number of bills affecting the inheritance tax act, the majority of which, however, are of no general interest, but merely affect procedure and technicalities. For example, Senate bill 989, by Senator Kehoe, seeks to amend Section 1380 of the Code of Civil Procedure so that the State Controller may require notice to be served upon him in the same manner as any heir, devisee or legatee in any probate matter.

Senate bill 990, by Senator Kehoe, relates to the payment of probate appraisers.

Senate bill 991, also by Senator Kehoe, merely relates to the matter of taking appeals.

Assembly bill 1020 eliminates the position of inheritance tax clerk in Sacramento, a position that has not been filled for two years, and it also provides for increasing the salaries of certain of the attorneys.

The main bills introduced by the Controller are Senate Bill 992, by Senator Kehoe, and Assembly bill 1122, by Mr. Satterwhite, the bills being identical. The main point involved is that each bill provides for the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, thus giving this suggestion the backing of the Controller's office. The Controller permitted the present arbitrary exemption of \$24,000 to stand, after several conferences with ladies representing the Legislative Counsel, on the understanding that this matter would be left to the Legislative Committees. Strict equality presumably would call for the reduction of this arbitrary exemption from \$24,000 to \$10,000, the same as now allowed the husband, who also pays no tax upon his half of the community property. The ladies contend however, that the wife is not upon an equality with the husband upon his death, because of his long business training and, therefore, she is entitled to a larger arbitrary exemption. This is a question to be threshed out by the Committees.

These two bills, in addition, provide for a general revision of the inheritance tax act, chiefly as concerning procedure. No change, at this writing, has been made in the matter of rates or exemptions, but there is a strong possibility that the rates which were arbitrarily raised in 1915 may be reduced to those of 1913 or approximately so.

Thus, as briefly as practicable, I have endeavored to give an outline of bills affecting the property rights of women. As anyone will see from reading this article, the situation is greatly confused. A number of bills are along identical lines; others go part of the way together, and still others are in opposition. It is our hope that during the next few weeks, the Committees will pick out the bills they favor, render their report to the Legislature proper, so that action may be taken, and we will know just where we stand.

Advertise in The New American Woman.

S. E. Corner 2nd and Broadway

C. L. SAFSTROM, Prop.

Johnson's

Delicatessen, Grocery, Bakery

Fruits and Vegetables, Fresh Meats and Fish

Open Sundays

Best Lunch in the City at Our Fountain

Auto Lunches a Specialty

THE OBSEQUIES OF ROMANCE

MATRIMONY AS A BUSINESS

By Alma Whitaker

Do we women really want to make a business of matrimony? Have we ceased to believe in that romantic "gentleman's agreement" known through the ages as conjugal love? Are we prepared to repudiate the proud protective condescension of the lord of creation?

As I sat through the concise, sternly logical, adamantly businesslike arguments put forth by Mrs. Herbert Cable, Mrs. Seward Simons, Mrs. Coolidge and Miss McLaughlin before the judiciary committee of the Senate at Sacramento, in their efforts to obtain amendments to the community property laws of this State, with the assurance that they brought the whole-hearted endorsement of 75,000 women with them, one trembled for love's young dream.

Everything they said was so diabolically reasonable—if indeed, wifehood is a profession. When Miss McLaughlin said that in actual money, under present conditions, a wife was not worth as much as a stenographer, when she cold-bloodedly enumerated the unpaid labor the wife performs for the household, when she likened matrimony to a business partnership between two men, to the scathing disadvantage of matrimony, one felt one was attending the obsequies of romance. Her argument was quite outrageously just—if matrimony is a business partnership.

But is matrimony a business partnership? Do we really want it to be? If these community property amendments go through, it certainly will be. For they will make the wife's signature necessary to every business transaction involving property. They will, in fact, give the wife a bona fide business partnership in her husband's affairs.

I remember when J. P. Morgan was in the witness box to give evidence in connection with some big business investigations, he announced that a man's word was still his best asset in the business world, that character was still the basis of credit. Vast transactions are undertaken in the great stock exchanges of the world on a nod of the head. This, he assured the committee, was the standard, anything else was the exception. It restored one's faith in mankind, and in our hearts we felt it must be true. How else could life be endurable?

If this can be the case in big business, involving millions, how can we women repudiate it in matrimony, in the great romance of our life? If we marry for love, which Leo Tolstoy, after studying every religion and every faith, became assured was the greatest reality, the most superb and influential word in the language, how can we hedge it about with crude suspicions, cheap doubts? We take our man for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness or in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part. Doesn't that solemn service mean anything to us? Business partnerships are not consecrated thus.

And if we marry for anything else but love what are we but licensed prostitutes, who have no rights before the law?

Truly this is a material age, when women, the guardians of romance and love, can talk of matrimony as a business partnership, can wish to submerge its sweetness in legislative enactments about money.

Righteously indeed, we women despise the man who marries for money. We can more easily forgive our own sex, because we feel we must choose from a meager selection or remain unwed. But a man, we think, need never marry for anything but love.

Surely then, our remedy is rather to become economically independent, self-supporting, so that we, too, can afford to marry for love or remain single. If, indeed, we consider financial partnership an essential of matrimony, let us see to it that we bring our share of capital into the firm. We Americans have a happy scorn of the foreigner but in practise the French method of dowered daughters is far more splendidly logical and independently dignified, than our own method of taking all we can get and giving as little as we dare.

If we are capable and worthy to be a co-equal business partner in our husbands' business affairs, we should certainly be experienced. Men do not take unskilled, penniless partners in their ventures. A man's partnership means an equal contribution to the firm in either brains and experience or money—what has the average woman to offer in this respect? Often a mere ability to follow the fashions. An amiable but amateurish capacity for running a household very imperfectly. An amazing ignorance of business affairs. A reluctance to become a mother, a cheery willingness to practise on the first baby, with more or less satisfactory results.

Women have so many traditions to live down. While there are thousands of good capable women, there are millions of untutored, silly ones, whose upbringing is, of course, to blame. Of course there are plenty of inefficient men, too. I know dozens of 'em. But in the main a man's traditions, a man's education, a man's general upbringing do tend to make him the more responsible and perspicacious in business affairs. It may not always be so, the change is coming rapidly. But it is only in its beginnings and until then, until women have proven their business capacity, their sense of responsibility in such matters, for our own sakes, quite as much as for the man's, we cannot afford to substitute the business partnership for love's young dream.

And, after all, nothing is more deadly to love's young dream than questions of money. It would seem we are at the parting of the ways. Love or mammon? To be in love is the greatest experience in the world. It is worth waiting for, living for, sacrificing for, dying for. The very essence of love is in the giving. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." These are no idle words. The average man does live up to them.

I am a perfectly good suffragette. I believe in women with all my heart. I have no great awe and reverence for man's superiority. But in matters of money I want to stand on my own feet. I want to have earned my share in that partnership, to bring my equal contribution to it, and then to give, give the very best of me, give it wholly and absolutely, free of mortgage and commercial restrictions.

But if matrimony is to be a profession, only the

most experienced amongst us should be able to claim the highest rewards. The thrice married dame should be worth thrice as much as the virgin. If marriage is to be a business, let us be sporting about it and attend business colleges for wives. Let us learn the trade decently before we dare to demand our pay.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The World Its Field

Wherever disaster is, or whatever its cause, whether it is found in flood, or fire or earthquake, or in war and pestilence, there you will meet the Red Cross, with its red badge of sympathy and service, of courage and confidence. It is indeed the civilian and humanitarian arm of the government.

The American Red Cross is incorporated by an Act of Congress. Its officers are the President of the United States, a Vice President, a Director General of Military Relief, a Director General of Civil Relief, Secretary and Counselor and Treasurer. There is a Central Committee of eighteen, the Chairman and five of this Committee are appointed by the President of the United States, representing the Departments of State, War, Navy, Treasury and Justice; there are three branches of the Red Cross, War Relief, National Relief and International Relief.

This great organization is divided into Chapters. The Los Angeles Chapter is composed of the very sincere and efficient, patriotic men and women. The local activities and agencies of the Red Cross are carried on at their Headquarters at No. 336 South Spring street. Here a busy and intelligent throng of anxious inquirers receive the most cordial welcome, questions are answered in a most thought-impelling manner while a patriotic fervor prevails everywhere. Miss Margaret Scott, Secretary of the Los Angeles Chapter, is ably assisted by Mrs. Martha Nelson McCan. Open house is maintained every day, excellent team work among the women has resulted in enlistments awaiting the call of the President to action.

Our splendid friend, Mr. Egbert C. Misner, publicity manager of the Hame Savings Bank, has again favored us with one of his choice prose-poem gems, which appears elsewhere on our pages. His is a rare literary talent, and readers of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will look for favors from his pen.

The columns of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will be filled with big ideas in every field of thought and activity, which will be eagerly read and talked about.

GOOD MAN GONE WRONG

A Councilwoman Needed

Mr. George P. Reuter, that prince of Editors, owner and manager of that sensible and allround municipally wise Los Angeles Review, is on the wrong side for once. His is not a case incurable, however, for we know by past experience that George is capable of changing his mind and this is something that cannot be said of all editors.

But, George, why oppose the re-election of Mrs. Lindsey to the Council? You know very well that she has made good in the hardest and most tremendously difficult task that woman ever undertook.

Now own up, hasn't Estelle Lawton Lindsey made good as councilwoman? Women generally say she has. THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN is supporting her with all the zeal we can command.

The editor of the Review is generally broad gauged, and his reasons for his opposition to Mrs. Lindsey are not representative of his fine reasoning ability. He takes a limited view of Mrs. Lindsey's qualifications. The gowns she wears, the style of shoes that adorn her pretty feet, nor yet her toque bonnet have nothing to do with the case. "Bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!" Toques are always fashionable and never go out of date, and the most ordinary looking woman will bewitch the most blasé old bachelor with a well-fitting toque snugly drawn about a shapely head, with just enough of wavy curls and friz to frame the face. And as for petticoats—why now, George Reuter, you surely would not want Mrs. Lindsey to wear your own style of bifurcated garments, albeit we admit these have already been appropriated by Elinor Sears and other "whips and spurs" of society.

We have always wanted you to win out, George, and we second the motion to any proposition you favor, but when it comes to denying women a seat in the council, we can't see it that way. Women are entitled to a seat in the council. They are entitled to it by every law of right, or of morals, born of a necessity in public service. We need not argue the matter at all. The question is settled and admits of no contradiction. It is *stare decisis*.

Mrs. Lindsey is a candidate to succeed herself. She has had two years of experience, and so far as we know, she has committed no act deserving censure. She has been at her place regularly, and performed her duties faithfully. We have a right to expect a very large measure of efficiency from her, and it is EFFICIENCY ADDED TO AN ALL-ROUND FITNESS FOR PUBLIC OFFICE WHICH THE PEOPLE DEMAND.

We sincerely hope that men and women voters will honor themselves and serve the city of Los Angeles by casting their vote for Mrs. Lindsey.

The Rosemary Beauty Shop

Phone A-4417

Miss Ebersole, Individual Millinery

The Brack Shops, 7th St. and Grand Ave.

Promenade 9

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Your Interests—My Interests
VOTE FOR

Charles C. Logan

Candidate City Council

17 years a resident of Los Angeles. Dr. Logan has made a special study of Municipal Government in Europe.

MY SLOGAN—"JUSTICE AND ECONOMY"



WOMEN AND CHILDREN VICTIMS

Two Judgments of Divorce Misleading

Hon. Wm. S. Scott, 20th Senatorial District,
San Francisco

If public attention and public approval is a fair measure of the merits of a proposed change in our laws then we may rest assured that Senate Bill No. 1134, relating to judgments in actions for divorce is meritorious.

Through the operation of the present law, after a case is proven, an Interlocutory Decree is entered, whose only effect is to state that the parties are entitled to a divorce after a lapse of one year following the entry thereof. This judgment does not affect the legal status of the parties, nor the relations between them, which we must assume to have been most obnoxious else they would never have resorted to the courts for relief.

If, in the first instance, the statute providing for Interlocutory decrees had directed the Court to enter an Order in favor of the party whose cause had been proven, which order must stand for the period of one year before a decree could be entered divorcing the parties, there could not in reason have existed any misunderstanding regarding the legal rights of the parties to marry. In other words, the confusion that now exists because of two judgments of divorce being necessary, with the delay of one whole year between the entry of the first and the last judgment which divorces the parties, should and can be avoided by the passage of the bill I had the honor to introduce in the Senate.

Time forbids my enlarging upon the evils incident to the general misunderstanding throughout

our state of the effect of an Interlocutory Decree of Divorce. Well meaning men, unfamiliar with rules of law, and divorced women ignorant of their real status, have married and reared families in utter unconsciousness of the fact that the relations were bigamous, that the children born to them were illegitimate, and that the woman that had borne them was wholly without legal protection as heir or otherwise, in the event of the death of the father. The solemn fact that one or both of the parties to such marriages (?) are guilty of a felony and liable to a term in the penitentiary for bigamy should admonish lawmakers and the people generally of the necessity of amending the laws relating to divorces in California.

I have received many requests from parties whose premature marriages have involved them in most embarrassing and humiliating difficulties, urging the passage of the bill which proposes to reform the law, and in every instance pleading the fact of their ignorance of the effect of the Interlocutory Decree which had been awarded to them by a court of justice.

This bill is intended to relieve these conditions which exist throughout the state. With many others I believe that its passage will strike at the very foundation of vice prevalent everywhere, and that it will be the means of saving countless thousands of women from the night-life.

If the Rev. Smith in his vice crusade would turn the force of his eloquence and energy in advocacy of this measure, he could effect a lasting reform. Scores of letter have been received from prominent people who feel that the bill is needed for the uplift of the morals of the people of the state, and they have urged me to use every effort to pass the measure.

I desire to thank all my friends for the interest they have taken in this cause.

WOULD DISCOURAGE HASTY MARRIAGES

In kindly justice to Senator Scott, it should be understood that his espousal of the abolition of the Interlocutory Decree of Divorce is not to be confounded with his sentiments regarding divorce per se. It is but fair to him to state that he does not favor divorces; that personally he would discourage hasty marriages; that even when parties can no longer live together in peace, and have parted and gone their respective ways, he would have them consider well the final step. But after a cause of divorce specified by law, has been proven, Senator Scott maintains that such parties are entitled to have granted a Judgment or Decree of Divorce; that the operation of such judgment should be stayed only until the statutory time for appeal has passed, after which the parties would be legally free to marry.

The first number of "The Get-Acquainted Magazine" is a lusty little messenger with a worth while message to give. Howard Carlton Tripp, President of the Get-Acquainted Society, is editor in charge. This fact alone justifies a wide circulation and we bespeak for it that measure of success which its wide-awake editor and the Get-Acquainted movement deserves.



HON. MEREDITH P. SNYDER

A BUSINESS MAN FOR A BUSINESS OFFICE

Experienced and Efficient

It required but the bare announcement that Hon. Meredith P. Snyder would be a candidate for Mayor at the forthcoming primaries, to wheel into line simultaneously the mighty constructive forces of city builders, of thoughtful and hardworking men and women whose earnings are now the asset of the newcomers to Los Angeles, who in the very nature of things are alien to and unequal to our city's requirements.

Mr. Snyder has a record for constructive achievement which justifies every voter within the city of Los Angeles to work and vote for his election. No

insipient claim for patronage comes with the announcement of the candidacy of this energetic, forceful business man; no mere empty assertion that he has "made good" but as the records show and all men know, M. P. Snyder has MADE GOOD during many years of public service and of private life. He comes before the people with a mighty conviction in his loyal heart that they require just the kind of business administration that he is able to give them.

His well known principles for just and square dealings need no enconiums. He stands for indus-

trial expansion, for human welfare, and justice; he is opposed to secret deals in city business, and will relentlessly oppose star chamber contracts; he demands natural gas at natural gas prices; he believes in civil service with a liberal admixture of common sense, as understood by him and his associates when they first secured its adoption in the City of Los Angeles.

It has long been apparent that the people of Los Angeles have given too little time to the consideration of the character and qualifications of their public officers. The time has come when we should choose with greatest care those who are to guide our city's destinies.

The results of our neglect in this important matter have been most disastrous to our fair city. Our people have been oppressed and humiliated to a degree almost without parallel. On the first day of May we shall have the opportunity to redeem ourselves; to restore our municipal reputation; and to guide our city's destiny more consistently and in harmony with the lofty purposes of its splendid people.

A sketch of the busy life of M. P. Snyder is highly interesting. From North Carolina, his native state, he came direct to Los Angeles. His ancestors since Pre-revolutionary days were patriots and Mr. Snyder inherited in fullest measure that splendid Americanism so evident in all his dealings, whether as public officer or private citizen.

Opportunities were here then as now, and many there were ready to grasp them. The first to come within reach of this young Carolinian was a job in a second-hand furnishing shop, where his budding ambition found expression in blacking and otherwise reburnishing old stoves. The late B. F. Coulter discovered him at this task, saw he was doing his work well, and as a reward gave him a place in the Coulter Store of that day, which promotion was the first rung of the ladder to success which young Snyder was destined to climb. Soon he became a salesman in the shoe department, later a shoe merchant.

His first appearance in public place was as a member of the Police Commission. While serving in that capacity Mr. Snyder inaugurated a movement which has had decided lasting effect on the morals of Los Angeles. It was the result of his efforts that a limit was placed on the number of saloons which might be conducted in this city. Then as now there was strong opposition against any attempt to regulate the liquor traffic. At that time it was quite out of the question to secure the passage of an ordinance to regulate or lessen the number of saloons, but the Police Commission established a rule that fit the case, and which was first enforced by Mr. Snyder, who by this time had been elected Mayor of Los Angeles (1895). Later this beneficent rule became a part of the organic law of Los Angeles, and at no time since have there been permitted more than 200 saloons, and these are restricted to a prescribed district in the business center. While in other cities "family liquor stores" and saloons have invaded the residence districts, and have grown in number with the growth of the cities, in Los Angeles the number fixed and the district limited by Mayor Snyder obtains to this day.

From the office of Police Commissioner Mr. Snyder went into the City Council, in 1893, where he commenced the movement for a city-owned water works system, upon which he labored unceasingly throughout his term in the Council. During his first administration as Mayor in 1895, he held firmly to his course and brought the enterprise to a successful conclusion during his second term in the Mayor's office, when on February 2, 1902, he formally took over for the City the plant of the Los Angeles Water Company.

This was the beginning of City ownership of public utilities in Los Angeles. The people had voted bonds for the purchase of the privately owned waterworks. Later the Highland Park and the West Side Waterworks were purchased and consolidated with the City Water System. Under such public administration the Water System paid for itself, and reduced the price of water from a minimum of \$1.50 to 50 cents monthly, a saving of more than two-thirds to the average householder.

His Platform of Principles

Mr. Snyder has issued a statement or platform of principles, a straight-from-the-shoulder declaration where he stands in public matters. During his administration there will be no "invisible government" nor will secret dealing in the city's business be tolerated if he is elected Mayor. Mr. Snyder says that "disclosures have proved that much of the evil in public places is the result of a policy of secrecy; that the remedy he believes, is in relentless publicity; that men with selfish ends to serve can operate only behind closed doors, and that if elected Mayor, he will adopt as his motto "Let the People Know." And finally that he will take the people into his confidence in all matters of public interest and of public concern.

Will Meet the Hour's Need

It falls to the lot of few men to secure and hold for a long period of years the confidence of the whole people, but such is the record of M. P. Snyder. Three times elected Mayor, he served the City of Los Angeles with its constantly increasing population, meeting each problem and overcoming every difficulty as it arose, and retired to private life with the confidence of all men. As President of the California Savings & Commercial Bank, an institution which he founded, he has been an active factor in the upbuilding of many splendid business enterprises in this city. It is safe to say that the people who know Mr. Snyder since he first took the reins of city government in his hands, will again rally to his support and elect him to the highest office within the gift of this municipality.

LOVE SMOULDERED

An attorney was consulted by a woman desirous of bringing action against her husband for a divorce.

She related a harrowing tale of the ill treatment she had received at his hands. So impressive was her recital that the lawyer, for a moment, was startled out of his usual professional composure.

"From what you say this man must be a brute of the worst type!" he exclaimed.

The applicant for divorce arose and, with severe dignity, announced:

"Sir, I shall consult another lawyer. I came here to get advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"—Chicago Herald.

THE NATION'S CALL

Anthem, by Andrew Park

Awake! Awake! ye freeman all, the nation calls;
Arise, arise, and strike the primal blow.
Go forth, go forth; a million strong shall be our
throng;
And bravely meet with sword and fleet the foreign
foe.

On, on, swell the chorus; On, on, the starry flag is
waving o'er us;
On, on, while before us Old Glory,
Bless the name, it leads the way,
Dear Old Glory, hear the Nation's thrilling song,
Only freedom do we know.
Daring death to foreign foe, Cheering for Old Glory
as we onward go.

Unfurl the flag ablaze with fires from blood of sires;
Unfurl to breeze on land and rolling seas.
Its stars and bars mean war for right, and we must
fight,
Until the morning star of peace bids wrong to cease.

TRANSPORTATION

The following terse truth we quote from a recent circular issued by the Citizens National Bank of Los Angeles.

"One of the first inquiries made by men seeking a field for business operation is 'How about transportation?'"

Los Angeles completely answers all such questions to their satisfaction. Most great cities must depend principally upon railroad facilities. Los Angeles is served by not only several of the greatest railway systems the United States, and an electric interurban road second to none in the world, but she has a harbor of inestimable importance, growing steadily into a port of the first magnitude."

What more can be said, except we repeat what all the world knows; that California is the Land of Promise, and Los Angeles the Toast of the wide world.

A CAPABLE CANDIDATE FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION

Mrs. Cecilia A. Greenbaum, of 1240 W. 46th street, is a candidate for member of the Board of Education, and her hosts of friends will have an opportunity to express their appreciation of her many excellent qualities, as also to serve the educational forces of our city by making her a member of the Board of Education.

She studied at the State Normal School under the direction of Prof. Dozier. From 1910 to 1916 she had full charge of the purchasing department of the Board of Education, while at the same time lending her services to every movement for the welfare of the children of our public schools. Mrs. Greenbaum will make an efficient member of the Board of Education.



THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

By George H. Maxwell, Executive Director
The Emancipation League of America

One of the most interesting studies in relation to war is its effect upon women, psychologically.

Why is it so easy to get women to wrap bandages, or enlist to learn war nursing or red cross work, when it is so hard to get them to do anything to promote any really constructive and effective plan to prevent war?

Is it merely because the thought of war, in the minds of most women, instead of awakening their reasoning powers, merely reawakens the instincts and mental tendencies inherited from the cave-woman, who for thousands—probably hundreds of thousands—of years, bandaged the wounds of husbands and brothers and fathers who had been busy with the constant warfare that then prevailed between tribes.

However, it is better to wrap bandages and knit socks for soldiers than to be content with a Peace Movement that begins and ends in talk. Peace will never be accomplished by a movement which is a mere negation, and proposes nothing constructive as a means of putting an end to war. That is all the Woman's Peace Movement has amounted to, up to the present time.

The woman who accepts war as inevitable, and wraps bandages, knits socks and learns Red Cross work or war nursing is at least logical.

But why not adopt William James' Great Idea, and put an end to war by substituting for it a system that will not only end wars forever, but will also stop the deterioration of the human race which in the past has been one of the most potent causes of war. Any woman in the United States of Amer-

ica who has not read "The Moral Equivalent of War" by William James has failed in her duty to Society and Civilization.

If women are willing to work to prevent war, instead of merely to ameliorate its sufferings and miseries, they should realize that the "First Line of Defense" is a strong and rugged race that can defend a country as well as the Swiss people have defended theirs for many generations. Such a race of people cannot be bred in the flats and tenements, apartments, hotels and boarding houses of the cities. The first strong determination of women, if they want peace perpetually instead of war intermittently, is to see to it that every child is taught to garden and trained to get the food for a family from the smallest possible piece of ground by the family labor.

The woman who teaches a child to garden, shows a much higher and more intelligent patriotism than the woman who knits socks and wraps bandages. Never mind what the social leaders do. Times are changing. Onions rather than orchids are likely to be the rarity of the future and it is well to pioneer in the new field of producing something both rare and useful than something serving no useful purpose—however much it may be the mark of a class that has heretofore imagined that the more useless it was the more it was differentiated from just ordinary folks. The plain people are coming into their own, all over the world, and the New and Complete Emancipation is coming only when the Homecroft's Slogan is universally adopted—

- "Every child in a Garden
- Every mother in a Homecroft
- and Individual Industrial Independence
- for every worker—in a
- Home of his own on the Land."

What would it be worth to England today, if, instead of wasting the time and energy of her wealthy classes in social nothingness, week-end parties, balls and banquets, grouse hunting and deer stalking, they had turned all England into a country of Garden Homes? If that had been done a generation ago they could have laughed at the food blockade that the German submarines are now creating. Now they are doing in a hysterical hurry, and under the fear of starvation, to save the nation from destruction, what they should have been busy with during the last fifty years. In England during that period they have actually put out of cultivation 5,000,000 acres of land. Now they are bringing soldiers back from the battlefields of Europe to cultivate the land of England.

In the United States the best "First Line of Defense" is an army in which every child in the nation should be enlisted, armed with rakes and hoes, officered by patriotic women, and busy learning food production direct from Mother Earth in the Home Garden—and at the same time developing health, strength and the physical beauty which only a strong constitution can produce and perpetuate.

Superflous Hairs Removed

360 hairs in one hour. The only permanent way of destroying this blemish. For other information call at room

Over Bootery 407 Bumiller Bldg. 430 So. Broadway

RILEY

Although up to a brighter sky
You turn a brighter brow,
The Little Girl you bade "Don't Cry!"
Must disobey you now.
Beside the Little Cripple's chair
She's kneeling, tearful-eyed,
Although she knows that you fore'er
Are On the Sunny Side.

Amid the land that's ever new,
Amid new singer's ranks,
There'll be the same deep joy for you
As on the Deer Crick Banks.
For with your posies in her hands
And on her lips your hymn,
There Little Orphant Annie stands
To kiss her Uncle Jim!

O you who sang The Days Gone By
In your own perfect phrase,
I hear your treble, far on high,
Singing the day of days.
The veil that hid God's mystery vast
Lifts as a curtain does,
And now, Jim Riley, at the last
You Know Who Santa Wuz!

No Gobbleuns'll Git You, Jim!
You've gone across the night
To find amid the seraphim
The Raggedy Man in white!
And in the paths of children's feet,
Lit by the children's smile,
You go unfaltering to meet
The true Cross-Bearin' Chile!
The Funny Little Fellow Cries
In vain for you to stay.
You've gone to seek beyond the skies
The Land of Whereaway.
And "Good-by, Jim!" the Dwainie elf
Sighs 'neath the Spirkland hat,
She need not say, "Take keer o' yourself!"
God's looking out for that!

—John O'Keefe in New York World.

HE GAVE THE EARTH

Years ago, while the Earth was full of flowers, while the sun shone in all its blaze of glory on the crest of the hills, while the wild birds were singing their sweetest songs, I know God must have pondered deep on what would be the sweetest thing he would send to Earth.

Finally, the gates of heaven moved, and he gave to Earth my mother. And now, in after years, how my memory steals over space and brings back again the time when, in the calm of a summer Sabbath morn, I walked with my mother slowly to that little church in the valley of long ago!

YOU can remember—of course you can—how sweetly soft your mother's lips grew in her prayers for you. Every good and wholesome trait that you hold—your devotion to right, your love of liberty, your affection for the home—is the happy result of the forceful lessons, the kindly sympathy of this wonderful woman, your mother. Happy is the man who has a quiver full of arrows with which he can hit the hearts of humans. Great is the genius who can send his sentimental thoughts into the very thoughtless. Big is the work that teaches us to reverence and respect the name "Mother."

I would willingly give my remaining days if it were possible for me to write a song that would ring with some soul-inspiring theme of mother.

—EGBERT C. MISNER.



A VISIT TO THE STATE CAPITOL

A strenuous mixture of emotions ran through my being as I walked into the Capitol grounds and up the steps leading to the great building. It was the first time I had been there since women were counted as citizens with political rights. A flood of memories fell over me. Old and dear friends seemed to walk beside me as I sauntered slowly beneath the wondrously beautiful oleander trees and gazed silently across the well kept lawns.

To this great Capitol building I have carried many messages, every one of which have been duly enacted into laws. The statutes and the Constitution of our state bear the impress of my efforts. However, there was attached to this latest attempt at law making an unusual degree of pride, for in common with all women, I am now part of the body politic, equally entitled to all the privileges of representative government.

At the urgent request of Senator Wm. S. Scott I went to Sacramento to appear before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate of the Forty-second Session of the Legislature, to urge the merits of the Bill proposing to modify or amend the divorce laws of California in reference to Interlocutory Decrees of Divorce. The opportunity was not wholly propitious, for it was past midnight before the community property bills were out of the way and the ladies having them in charge had subsided.

The Committee evidenced great patience in listening from 8 o'clock until 12 midnight, to talks or "arguments" touching every phase of woman's adventure, incidentally including child welfare, temperance, the reason for high cost of millinery, etc., etc.—all with the purpose of convincing the Committee of the wisdom of the six bills proposed and sponsored by the 75,000 club women good and true, which said 75,000 roared ominously in the Index—admonitory of the things that would befall the political aspirant on that committee who should fail to report that said six bills "do pass."

Many a smile, infectious to the audience, was caught from the merry glances of the choice lawyers sitting around that judicial table, as in fancy they heard the echo of the majestic tread of 75,000 women on their way to the poles to register their vote against any lawyer who had disagreed with them.

However, in the brief time at my command I sought to explain the merits of the bill, enlarged upon my experience as a lawyer and a citizen, paralleled, I was assured later, by the experience of several of the committee, who supported my contention that great evils existed under the operation of the present law controlling the subject of divorce, and of the immorality which would be avoided by amendment to the sections of the code,

so that courts would hereafter be required to grant a final decree upon proper proof, and that such decrees in divorce cases should rank with judgments in all civil actions. We indulge a hope that the bill shall receive, at least, the favorable report of the Committee.

To be proud of the good opinion of men is not a new sensation to the writer, but the following from General Johnstone Jones renews an ever cherished desire to deserve the good opinion of men and to prove woman's worth by her deeds.

March 17, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I enclose check for year's subscription.

I congratulate you on your successful conduct of the New American Woman, and wish you continued prosperity.

The day of the American woman has dawned, and we hope to live to see her reach the resplendent meridian of her power, beneficence and glory.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

JOHNSTONE JONES.

We appreciate the following gracious attention from Mrs. Linnard:

The New American Woman:

Enclosed you will find check for one year's subscription to your magazine.

I purchased last month's copy at a news stand and enjoyed it so much I want to be sure of having it every month.

MRS. LEROY LINNARD.

Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Calif.

Our many thanks are due for the following expressive assurance that The New American Woman has gladdened the afflicted and lonely.

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

If you would increase the circulation of "The New American Woman" just mail a copy to the prospect—immediately the desire to read all following numbers is created. At least that has been my experience, so I am enclosing herewith my check for one year beginning April 1, 1917. My husband having lost his sight, I am required to do a "double share" of home reading, in addition to acting as stenographer for my very busy principals and while at first I did not see how I could add the New American Woman to my list of magazines, now I do not understand how I can afford to be without the good ideas it brings to us, and I only wish I could afford to send subscriptions to all my friends and relatives in the Eastern States.

Yours for success,
(MRS.) DELILAH OTEY FAWCETT.

San Gabriel, Cal.

For indefatigable persistence, the young woman lawyer, Miss Margaret Gardner of Los Angeles, is to be commended. She writes the Editor as follows:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz: My year's subscription to the New American Woman has been so valuable to me that I am writing to renew it. Permit me at the same time to offer my best wishes for your continued success. To read it is like having a personal talk with you; every issue is replete with your indomitable energy and courage. Please be sure that I do not miss a number. Cordially yours,

MARGARET GARDNER.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from March number)

I assured my client that if she really wanted a divorce from her husband, she must state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action; in other words, and in plainer English, better adapted to the understanding of the uninitiated, she must tell her story; she must disclose the secrets of her sad heart, she must blazon them forth to all the world!

I explained to her that the law moved in a mysterious, complex and sometimes ridiculous way; that in order to state a cause of action, litigants were obliged to say and swear to a lot of things that to ordinary minds (including most lawyers) seemed unnecessary and in the most part false. That under our system of pleading, downright falsehoods may be and are avoided by conscientious lawyers; but this was not so at Common Law, for in those good old days of English solicitude for women, the pleader was compelled to state two lies in order to be able to plead one truth.

By this time my poor distraught client evidenced much distress. The foregoing bit of legal lore thrust into her youthful mind would have discouraged a less dauntless spirit. She listened in wonder to the evident erudition of her lawyer, nevertheless she was determined to go ahead, she was more than ever convinced that her domestic troubles had reached a climax such as had never been suffered before!

By this time the complaint was ready for her signature. To speak truly, it contained at least one dozen round lies, and but barely two whole square truths, namely, her marriage to the defendant and her residence in the City of San Jose, Santa Clara County, State of California, continuously from the date of her birth down to the date thereof, which was just twenty years. Eagerly she grasped the pen and signed the complaint; then before a Notary Public she swore that she had read the document, etc., and that the same was TRUE, etc., but just what mental reservations the young lady entertained as to the truth of what she had sworn to, did not appear.

Together we proceeded to the Court House to file the papers. This being my first experience with the County Clerk, I felt a little nervous as the finished complaint left my hands, lest I might have inserted or left out something that would prove fatal to my poor abused, long suffering little client whose sorrows had already become my own. However, the hardest part was yet to come—the service upon the unsuspecting defendant of the papers containing so much of everything which was contrary to the estimate he held of himself as husband of the plaintiff. Notwithstanding the untruths contained in the document, there was quite enough truth to admonish him that he was not as he thought himself to be—a perfect husband.

The papers in their dainty blue covers looked "just too sweet for anything" as I handed them over to the Sheriff, who jumped into a two-horse rig, cracked his whip and started out toward the Willows, where, as we had instructed him, he could locate the victim.

Reluctantly I bade my client good-bye on the sidewalk in front of the big Court House, over the door of which appeared in bold relief the words, "Justicia et Dedicata." An Italian who had just been convicted of a trifling offense, was being led by the Constable down the steps from the Court room. He turned to look back upon that imposing edifice wherein so much wrong had been done to him, and noting the motto just quoted, he said: "That-a is a alla rita. Justice is ah ded-a-cata!"

There was a strange lump in my throat as I watched the would-be divorcee ride away with her elder sister in the family carriage back to the house where she was born and to the father and mother and other members of that fine old family who with a large and merry throng had witnessed the marriage of their beautiful girl to the now discredited husband, but a few short years ago.

By this time it was five o'clock in the evening. I hurried home, hoping to escape from thoughts that were wholly at variance with my first idea of the joy I would take in the practice of law. Somehow I felt guilty. There was an undefined feeling of remissness working in my inmost soul. But, brushing aside my unrest, I reassured myself that my conduct in the matter consisted only in reciting what had already been stated to me many times, over and over again, and I acted just as any other lawyer would have done. "She is right in this matter." "There are no two sides to this case." "The wrongs done to this young girl call for prompt redress, and no Judge will refuse to administer punishment to the defendant, and release her from the galling bonds, etc."

I sat with my baby Virginia on my lap, on the front porch of my home on Balbach street, watching the glow of the sunset through the graceful foliage of a big pepper tree that grew in front of our gate. Suddenly my reverie was disturbed by the approach of a trim, very respectable looking young man, who inquired for the "lawyer who lives here." "I am she," I replied, without the least compunction of conscience,—the while looking straight at him, sensing trouble in some form or other. He drew from his pocket most familiar looking papers—in fact, the very same ominous looking ones that but a few hours previous I had delivered to the Sheriff. There stood the defendant himself, the young man who had caused so much heartache, so many tears, so much unhappiness.

I straightened up as if to prepare to try the case then and there, myself; try it without testimony, and convict the defendant without a hearing. Of course, I was prejudiced against the defendant, I was unwilling to give him a chance to speak one word in his own behalf, or to believe one word he might say for himself. It mattered not that I was without jurisdiction or authority of any kind; I would have convicted him of every crime and misdemeanor mentioned in the Code. At least these were the thoughts that ran with lightning speed through my mind as Mr. — stood thoughtfully scanning the papers.

Hesitatingly he began to express his surprise at the conduct of his wife in bringing a divorce suit against him—her own husband who had been so faithful to her, worked so hard and suffered so much—all for her. "And," he added with consid-

erable asperity, "though my wife is a good girl, and I think a lot of her, she has the meanest temper and is the most unreasonable, and—" "Sir," said I, springing to my feet, and almost dropping my sleeping infant. "You must excuse me!" Glaring at him I continued: "I will not permit you to speak one word derogatory of my client. If you have suffered, so has she; hard work never hurts anybody; but you have broken your wife's heart, destroyed her happiness and made her life miserable."

With these few well directed sentences I bade him good evening.

I spent a sleepless night. I could not help but think of the fine clear-eyed handsome boy—for he was only twenty-four—who had sought me perhaps for consolation in his sorrow. In my eagerness to be loyal to my client I had forgotten a virtue of equal merit—hospitality and a consideration for those in trouble.

Before six o'clock the following morning my door-bell rang vigorously.

(Continued in May number)

THE NEW AMERICAN

By Florence Richmond

Who is the new American? Why speak of the new instead of the old? Because things have changed in this world of ours. Because we no longer think of woman as we always have thought of her but, rather as the new American.

"Equality before the law," takes away the suggestion of sex in the great counting-rooms of the world. And yet, that sanctifier of the heart—that best shelter and friend of man and woman—"Home" exists responsive to the reaching arms of affection.

Evolution is something to be reckoned with. A history of the eternal change would carry us back to the creation of the world, and that distance we are not intending to traverse. It is enough that woman no longer stands waving a bit of lace in adieu to man as he enters the fields of intelligent labors. Now she works side by side with him.

The world has moved swiftly and terribly the past two years. Woman takes her steady stride beside the fighting sinew, and she never falters.

May The New American Woman Magazine feel the stronger pulse of sexless activity, and yield to and drop the word woman from its name. "The New American" is the greatest of all and the name with which to conquer. All hail to the genius of youth, the new spirit of the pen, so powerfully penetrating the tumults of the world!

All hail to "The New American," man or woman whose power shall be stronger than strength!

Henry L. Slayton of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, Chicago, who had toured the Pacific Coast, was asked what he thought of California. He replied: "I wonder that there is left one square foot of ground for two human feet to stand upon, and that's what I think of California!"

(Puck:) "I overheard Miss Oldun ask you to guess her age. Did you?"

"Yes, but I didn't tell her what I guessed."

I HAVE A HOPE

I have a hope of deep-set woods
Where brown curled beech leaves strew the ground,
And silk-haired primrose leaves around
Make way for buds in fair green hoods;
And where the small dog-violets try
To hide ashamed from passers-by.

I have a hope that I may sit
Some distant June, where, slow and clear,
Wide-bosomed waters steal between
The pollen'd rushes, sunshine lit;
And down the air between the trees
Comes fragrantly the hum of bees.
—Robert Keable (from "Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913; An Anthology").

But whether we shall have war or not, says Mr. George H. Maxwell, "Even though there should be a prolonged war, we will emerge from it, as we did from our own War between the States, without any permanent system that will meet our inexorable need for a national system that will safeguard against and prevent war, or insure the defense of the Pacific Coast against Asiatic absorption or foreign invasion.

We face dangers that will for all future time hang over us, like a sword of Damocles, unless we establish a national system that will perpetually insure our safety against:

First: Asiatic absorption of our agriculture;

Second: Human degeneracy, caused by wealth, poverty and city congestion;

Third: Nature's devastations,—forest fires, floods, drouth, and the slow but deadly encroachments of the deserts;

Fourth: War's devastations, resulting from preventable causes, but which cannot be safeguarded against by a purely military or naval system of defense, which will give us militarism without national defense. The plan I am advocating will give us National Defense without militarism.

The dangers from all four of the causes above specified can be permanently safeguarded against by a National Educational Reserve, a National Construction Reserve, and a National Rural Reserve.

Another councilmanic candidate, Dr. C. C. Logan, for 17 years a resident of Los Angeles, has devoted many years abroad in the special study of municipal and social government. His interests are identical with the taxpayer's, and he expresses a particular interest in the small business-man, and the truck garden grower who should be permitted to deal directly with the consumer, as a means of helping reduce the H. C. of L.

COMMERCIAL PERPLEXITIES

"Let's give that motion-picture star an interest in the business," said the film manager.


"Let's give her the whole business," replied the partner, "under the agreement that we are to have reasonable compensation. Then she can owe herself her enormous salary."—San Francisco Chronicle.

AN IRRESISTIBLE CALL

Hulda, the Swedish maid, had served her mistress faithfully for a year, when one day she announced her intention of leaving.

"Why, Hulda, what is the matter? Is the work too hard? Or don't you like your wages?"

"De work he be all right, an' de vages he be, too, but de beau—he moost have me."—Minneapolis Tribune.



The Play — The Picture



Virginia Foltz as Yum Yum

NEW FACES IN OLD PLACES

Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera, with all its melody and merry-go-round, is playing at the Burbank theatre to capacity houses.

After all, we like to return to the scenes of by-gone days. We welcome the sweet melody of old songs and enjoy the witchery of familiar faces, mingled with the new buds of life's Spring Song—the chorus.

The chorus is glorious! The fresh voices, the beautiful girls, enrapture the senses. A visit to the Burbank is like unto the old "Home Place" fraught with sweet memories of dear ones who have gone on, but who nevertheless rise to greet us as of old.

That was a happy inspiration of Mr. Wm. Weightman, his securing of Mr. Louis Gottschalk and installing him in the Burbank theatre with *carte blanche* to bring together a company of the greatest of all of the Mikado folks, and give to the people of Los Angeles an all-star production, at popular prices. The Lucky Joys held high carnival and a spontaneous burst of applause rang out when Director Gottschalk with his capable orchestra following closely, took his place, baton in hand, and drew forth the ever enchanting, refreshing first bars of this greatest of all light operas.

The slight rawness that a first night always shows was wholly forgotten when entered the inimitable Frank Deshon whose Ko Ko claimed the stage and dominated for the moment, until Mr. Wm. Danforth, who as the Mikado, with his wonderful laugh and majestic stride, won round after round of applause. Bessie Tannehill gave a wonderful performance, maintaining a vigilant artistic hold upon the unique character of Katisha. Nanki-Po in the capable hands of Mr. Erne Andrae, was satisfactory to the large and appreciative audience. Mr. George McDaniels and Frank Powell, as Pishtush and PoohBah, in fact all of the men characters are excellently sung and well played. Little Ursula March is delightful as Pitti Sing, and Rosamond Joyzelle acts well her part.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN may be pardoned for its pride in that "made-in-California" girl, —a bit of Japanese engenuousness—Yum Yum. She is a Daughter of the House of Foltz—is this talented Virginia. Los Angeles audiences have not forgotten her, for it was but a few seasons ago when she was here as Papita, in Madam Sherry, a role of her own creation. Virginia Foltz' rare gift of impersonation shows to its utmost in Yum Yum. Her voice, exquisite phrasing and perfect technique combined with dramatic genius of rare ability, and with a perspective of cherry blossoms and Japanese scenery, creates a picture all compelling. Those who did not have an opportunity to be present at the opening night, should not fail to enjoy this season's treat before its shall be succeeded by another of the group of operas Mr. Gottschalk has promised.

Home A-3013

Main 3622

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ

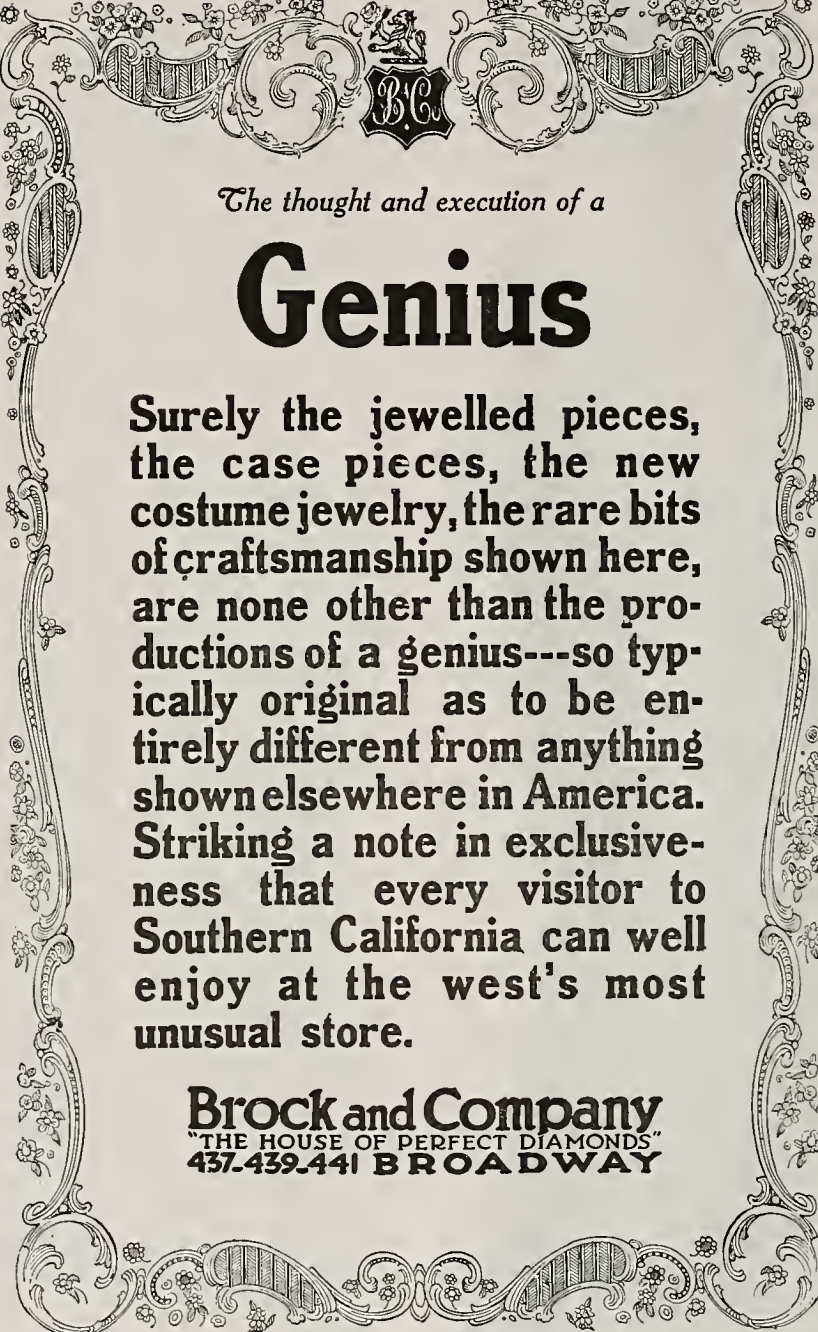
Attorney and Counselor at Law

General Practice

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The thought and execution of a

Genius

Surely the jewelled pieces, the case pieces, the new costume jewelry, the rare bits of craftsmanship shown here, are none other than the productions of a genius---so typically original as to be entirely different from anything shown elsewhere in America. Striking a note in exclusiveness that every visitor to Southern California can well enjoy at the west's most unusual store.

Brock and Company
"THE HOUSE OF PERFECT DIAMONDS"
437-439-441 BROADWAY

HOMECROFT

Within - the - House and Out - of - Doors

GO PLANT A TREE

Oh, what a joy it is to plant a tree!
And from the fallow earth to watch it rise,
Lifting its emerald branches to the skies
In silent adoration; and to see
Its strength and glory waxing with each spring.
Yes, 'tis a goodly and a gladsome thing
To plant a tree.

Nature has many marvels; but a tree
Seems more than marvelous; it is divine.
So generous, so tender, so benign.
Not garrulous, like the rivers, and yet free,
In pleasant converse with the winds and birds.
Oh, privilege beyond explaining words,
To plant a tree!

Rocks are majestic; but, unlike a tree,
They stand aloof and silent. In the roar
Of ocean billows breaking on the shore
There sounds the voice of turmoil. But a tree
Speaks ever of companionship and rest.
Yea, of all righteous acts, this, this is best—
To plant a tree.

There is an oak—oh, how I love that tree!—
Which has been thriving for a hundred years.
Each day I send my blessings through the spheres
For one who gave this triple boon to me
Of growing beauty, singing birds and shade.
Wouldst thou win laurels which shall never fade?
Go plant a tree!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Japanese Persimmons

Large shipments of Japanese persimmon trees have recently been received in Los Angeles. This delicious fruit will be a welcome addition to the Southern California orchards and gardens. It is equally as good in the dried form as when taken fresh and it is said to make superb jelly. The Hachiya and Taneashi varieties appear to be the most popular, the fruits from these trees averaging nearly a pound each. They are seedless and hardy and grow well in this climate.

MISSION BAKING POWDER

"Goes a little further—Costs about the same"
A Pure Phosphate Baking Powder, NOT Alum in any
of its forms.

READ THE LABEL.

The Pure Food Law requires that the composition of every can of Baking Powder be stated. Some avoid the name Alum by using the words Sulphate of Alumina, Aluminum Sulphate, Sodium Aluminum Sulphate—which means and is Alum.

TEST THE PRODUCT.

Break a Hot Biscuit just out of the oven. Note the Aroma. Any Alum Baking Powder has a strong unpleasant odor, especially when used to excess.

Bread made with MISSION BAKING POWDER has a sweet delicious flavor, a pleasant odor, and no matter how much you use, you only add to the food value of the baked product.

Try it NOW. A Home Product, A Superior Product.

Ask your Grocer

MISSION BAKING POWDER CO.

Los Angeles

LITTLE FARMS IN YOUR BACK YARD

One Way to Attack the Food Problem

Carl Vrooman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, writing in the Los Angeles Times, says:

Every available back yard in the city or suburbs should be turned into a vegetable garden. Half an acre properly prepared, planted and cared for will supply a family with exercise for several months, and with vegetables for a year. These vegetables will not only cut down the high cost of living, but will improve the health of the family by insuring essential food products always clean and fresh.

This nation is "prepared" so far as quantity is concerned of nearly every kind of food product. However, in a crisis like the present we are amazingly unprepared to handle efficiently the problem of food distribution. In case of war this national unpreparedness for food distribution would become a nation-wide tragedy. Our transportation facilities probably would be taken over by the War Department, to be used primarily for military purposes, and millions of our people would inevitably suffer serious deprivation as a result of our lack of anything even remotely resembling a national policy of food preparedness.

A great outcry is being raised all over the country for governmental action in our present food crisis. This demand is natural and reasonable, but it should be accompanied by energetic action by our people to help themselves. National efficiency depends upon a proper co-operation between governmental agencies and individual citizens. One of the best ways that individuals can assist the government in solving this great problem of food preparedness is by planting many kitchen gardens as practicable.

Experts of the Department of Agriculture for years have been advocating the back-yard garden. They have shown that a plot as small as 25x75 feet can be cultivated to advantage on a two or three-crop system. This size garden will supply a family with radishes, lettuce, early beets, cabbages, tomatoes, onions, parsnips, beans, egg plants and later in the season spinach and kale, to supply green stuff for the following winter.

Do not plant a larger garden than you can cultivate well, and remember that all back lots cannot be made into good gardens. Growing vegetables involves a chemical process, and unless the earth has the proper chemical elements in it, there will be no fruit. Particularly is this apt to be the case in city back lots, for very often the soil of cities is muck soil, composed of rubbish, street dust and cinders, without the necessary humus or decayed vegetable matter which is essential to plant growth.

The home garden will teach the city man or suburbanite a lot of things about nature and human life. Through the agency of the home garden I hope to see spread an interest in the agricultural problems of this country. Individual food preparedness in several ways is a vital part of any successful policy of national food preparedness.

Many of our immigrant population have come directly from the farms of the Old World, but have not been sent to the farms of the new, but to industrial centers where entirely different conditions of life confront them. It will be a blessing to many of them, and especially to their children, to awaken again their interest in farming, even on a small scale. The glimpse of the possibility of farm life in America thus secured will turn the attention of a large element of our immigrant population toward work on the farm again."

Dear Editor American Woman:

In your department "Over the Editor's Desk" I want to insinuate myself into your good grace, for the good of your readers—for I am naturally very unselfish and would have others know of my discovery. For, whereas I was weary and worn, I am now fresh and rested, all because of a telephone call. A sweetly modulated voice dropped a courteous inquiry in the midst of the activities of a busy life—wanting to know if I was familiar with the workings and the results of the Reiss Scientific Health Culture System, and urging that I accept the courtesy of a sample demonstrating treatment. Surely I would, for I admit the need of something to offset the results of long continued effort in "looking cheerful," "speaking kindly" and being actually interested in the affairs of others.

So at an appointed hour I journeyed to the eighth floor of the Title Guarantee Building, Fifth and Broadway, and devoted just thirty-five minutes by the watch, to a routine of treatment which began at the very first cordial greeting of the Mnager, who handed me over to the care of a capable woman attendant, who in turn showed me to a dressing room, where I was ordered to put myself into a nifty gymnasium suit, and then ready for the private instruction room, I surrendered.

After weighing me in, and looking me over, taking my blood pressure and passing upon my general condition, I followed certain prescribed exercises, and was then passed into the hands of another attendant, who enlivened my being with the most tempered shower, from which I emerged prepared for the application of a thorough yet gentle massage.

Verily said I, the body is indeed but a fine machine; illusion it may be, but very, very real, and worth while!

This is a bare idea of what this Scientific System can do for us, bringing results of beauty, health and happiness. The Joy of Living returns, with the promise to stay. Surely the memory of my thirty-five minutes must be reckoned with, and weekly engagements must follow, in this rest-ing-place de resistance.

JUSTICIA.

Poor Man!

During the impaneling of a jury in Philadelphia the following colloquy ensued between the judge and a talesman:

"You are a property holder?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last March."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years, your Honor."—New York Times.

They Dissented

"Do you have any differences of opinion in your family?" "Terrible. Why, it couldn't be any worse if we were all members of the Supreme Court."—Life.

Too Low in Our Aims

We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity.—George Eliot.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES

Cheese and Onion Soup

Melt 3 ounces butter in a stewpan, add 1 or 2 onions finely minced. Stir till they are a golden brown. Add 1 tablespoonful of flour, and stir till it becomes thick, add a pint of water, 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; cook gently for a quarter of an hour. Then put in 2 ounces of grated cheese and stir well so that it does not become lumpy. Bring to boiling point and then pour into a soup tureen in which are already thin slices of bread sprinkled with cheese. Serve hot.

◆ ◆ ◆

"A penny saved is a penny earned," runs the old adage, and the present era of high prices gives the consumer an admirable opportunity to eliminate waste in the consumption of food products. As a whole the people of the United States are very wasteful. The battle against unreasonably high prices should include an effective campaign by each consumer against waste in all its forms.

A BIT INACCURATE

A girl was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence:

"Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

The teacher was puzzled, and called the girl.

"Where did you get that notion?"

"Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for and the passage was found. It read:

"Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Home Telephone

is essentially the telephone for
the "Home"

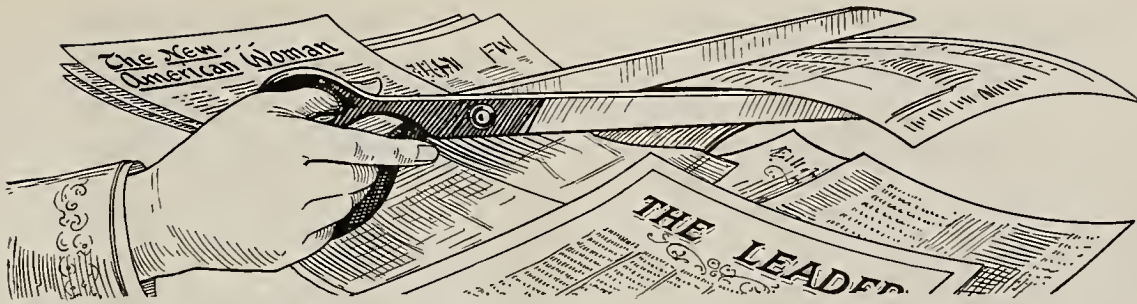
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Speedy
Confidential
Accurate
Reliable

All of which attributes
must commend them-
selves to the Homemaker

Contract
Department
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NINETY YEARS AND MORE OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

Ninety years ago, during the General Election in Hartford, Connecticut, the first temperance sermon was preached by Rev. Amos Bartlett.

That bugle blast was not sounded in vain, for it was answered by others from all points of the compass, with the net result that there was a great awakening of the public conscience regarding the liquor habit. It was in consequence of the campaign started by Bartlett's sermon that the above-mentioned society grew—the first attempt at organized effort against the drink evil in this country.

Some four years after the founding of the American society, a temperance lodge was started at Preston, England; and about the same time the cause began to look up in Ireland. In the forties Father Mathew did heroic work, his converts, it is said, numbering more than a million. Father Mathew's visit to this country in 1849 is still remembered by many people.

The National Temperance Society of England was organized in 1841; and in the meantime there sprang up in America the "Good Templars," for work mainly among young people. "Bands of Hope," "Sons of Temperance," "Temples of Honor," appeared on all sides.

The effect of this temperance sentiment and organization was wide-reaching. For the first time in the history of the world legislatures began the regulation of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, and so strong has been the advance in this direction that today every civilized country looks upon the making and selling of liquor as an evil that needs to be checked in every way that is possible.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Sent Him Home

On Lincoln's birthday, an aged man was brought into the jail at Butte, Mont., for drunkenness. When he proved that he had voted and fought for Lincoln, Jailer Lavell sent him home in a taxicab.

He Meant Well

"I suppose," said she, "if you should meet some pretty girl you would cease to care for me."

"What nonsense you talk," said husband. "What do I care for youth or beauty? You suit me all right."—New York Times.

Hardest Lot of All

"What could be more sad than a man without a country?" asked the patriotic speaker, feelingly.

"A country without a man," responded a woman in the audience.—Chicago Herald.

WORDS THAT RING TRUE

Cardinal Gibbons, speaking at a "preparedness meeting" for young people in Baltimore is quoted as saying:

"I want every boy here to be 100 per cent patriotic, so that whenever an emergency comes you will be ready to stand up for the dignity and the honor of your country and hold back at no sacrifice in maintaining the rights of the greatest land on earth."

ATTORNEY TELLS VALUE OF LARNED'S WORLD HISTORY

Samuel M. Shortridge

I never hesitate to commend a good book, be it cheap or high priced; for it is what is in the book, not its cost, that makes it worthy of praise. A good book is a good companion, guide, friend—willing, patient, and kind. Be it ever so humble, no home should be without some good books; and, be it ever so poorly furnished, no home is cheerless if one good book is there.

The vanished past is mirrored in books. In them, lips long silent speak again, hearts turned to dust beat again, prince and peasant, philosopher and poet live again. If you are sad, the story of those who have suffered will reconcile you to sorrow; if you are happy, the story of those who laughed and sang and made merry will increase your joy.

If we would understand today, or anticipate tomorrow, we must study the yesterdays. The past has many lessons for us written in tears and blood. The historian gathers up those lessons and teaches them in books, and this is what Prof. Larned has done in his HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Therefore, I commend these volumes to you—so well printed, so neatly bound, so instructive and entertaining, and so cheap. Buy them, and thank me for this volunteered and gratuitous advice.

MEN EXPECT TOO MUCH

Men expect women to rid the country of the alcohol habit, to secure a superior system of education, to rear and help the young, to divest politics of graft and to raise the tone of rural life. Why is woman expected to do so much? Why don't men do some of these great chores of the race?

(Boston Transcript:) Agnes: No, I would never marry a man to reform him.

Ethel: Well, I don't thing myself that harsh measures are the best.

THE FRIDAY MORNING CLUB

940 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

APRIL PROGRAM

Friday Mornings at ten-thirty

Friday, April Sixth

Big Wars and Little Nations

Mme. Aino Malmberg

Friday, April Thirteenth

The Hippolytus of Euripides

Dorothea Spinney

Friday, April Twentieth

Piano Recital

Brahm van der Berg

Friday, April Twenty-Seventh

The Spirit of Modern English Literature

John Cowper Powys

Committee Meetings

Thursday, (every Thursday) 10:00

Music Conference

Chorus, Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, Director

Tuesday, April Third, 12 M

Book Committee Luncheon

War Poetry

Tuesday, April Tenth, 2:00

Public Affairs Committee—Open Meeting

What Our City Needs

Foreword by Mrs. E. K. Foster

Resume of Committee Activities

Chairman of Standing Committees

Tuesday, April Seventeenth, 2:30

Drama Committee

Two Plays by Granville Barker

The Madras House Mrs. Reginald Pole

Waste - - - Mrs. Marion L. Davidson

Tuesday, April Twenty-Fourth, 12 M

Art Conference

Fourth Annual Pilgrimage to Exposition Park
for all Club Members

Picnic Luncheon

NO PLACE FOR MERE SOCIETY LEADERS

There is no place left in American life for the mere society leader—the woman with only social influence, social activities," said the Rev. Dr. Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension of New York, at a recent great convention of women. "True leadership," said Dr. Grant, "is of the brain and the heart united for human and patriotic purposes."

One of the cardinal policies of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN is the support of those whose aim is strictly for substantial betterment of human welfare.

For that reason we feel justified in commending to the attention of all voters, Wm. Francis Ireland, a candidate for the council. During eleven years residence in this city, Mr. Ireland has been to the front in support of every truly progressive activity. For three years he served as voluntary City Public Defender, before that office was created by our City Charter, an office which owes its present existence and ever increasing importance to the efforts of The Editor of this magazine.

(Puck:) Willis: What do you think is the greatest blunder of the war?

Gillis: That they ever started it.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

And what can you say when the day is done
And you've gone to your bed of rest?
When the shadows come and the light has gone
O'er the rim of the golden west,
And a silvery beam of the moon creeps in
As if in an aimless quest?

What do you say when a kindly voice
That you seem to know
Out of the shadows speaks soft and low,
"Well, what did you do today?"
Oh, what can you say when you're all alone
With the Master of all the tasks?
How much of a sin do you have to own
When the voice of the Master asks—
How many things have you left undone
Your studied answer makes?
What do you say

When out of the shadows of the silent night
The Master speaks with the Master's right:
"Well, what did you do today?"
Thrice blest is he of the humble way,
Who sinks to his bed of rest—
The rest he earned with a toiling day
With love of his labor blest—
Who hears the voice of his Master ask and truthfully
say, "My best!"
The man who can say,
"I've trod the way of my best intend,
I've helped a friend and I've made a friend"
To "What did you do today?"
—John D. Wells, in Buffalo News.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The New American Woman, published monthly at Los Angeles, for April 1, 1916.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Clara Shortridge Foltz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the owner of The New American Woman, and the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Managing Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Business Manager, Clara Shortridge Foltz.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, gives its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1917.

(Seal)

JOHN H. O'CONNOR,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My commission expires Oct. 23, 1920.)

TOASTED MARSHMALLOW CAKE

One-fourth cupful of butter.
 Three-fourths cupful of sugar.
 One-half cupful of sweet milk.
 One egg.
 One and three-fourths cupfuls of pastry flour.
 Two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
 One tablespoonful of orange juice.
 One tablespoonful of grated orange rind.
 One ten-cent can of marshmallows.
 Two oranges.

Beat the egg with the sugar and butter until creamy. Sift the flour, then measure it and sift again with the baking powder. Add this to the first mixture, alternating with the sweet milk. Add the orange juice and rind and beat five minutes. Pour into well-buttered cake tin and bake in a quick oven. When cooled, cover the top with shredded orange and over this place a layer of marshmallows. Place in a hot oven until the marshmallows are toasted, being careful that they do not melt too much. Break into pieces with two forks and serve warm.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

WOMAN'S DOWER

The power to supplement a life that is;
 Inalienable right to thee alone,
 In all the cycles shrunken not nor grown.
 She knows not life who hath not proved the bliss
 That bids a soul from other life to this;
 A spirit growth offshooting from her own,
 Where precious seeds from her dear life are sown.
 To solely live, the height supreme doth miss.

Why strive ye, then, for this or that thy right,
 So thou hold one of more than regal might?
 This power of thine, endowment with thy grace,
 Is only less than called thyself from space.
 And shouldst thou fail, for merely one life's span,
 The Primal Cause must form another plan.
 —L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

Editor New American Woman:

My admiration for you and my faith in your judgment leads me to consider carefully your championship of Senator Scott's bill to reform the divorce laws of this state.

You declare that this proposed change will work reform of conditions which prevail among all classes and which threaten to destroy the whole system of legal marriage. In my opinion, there is much of merit in your contention.

It is true as you assert that men and women are generally ignorant of the law as to what extent they are divorced; that while they realize that the final decree cannot be entered until one year has elapsed from the entry of the interlocutory order, there are many who honestly believe that they may legally marry. From these illegal relations women and children become the victims of society.

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse" is a well worn maxim, and yet we are bound to recognize that an unlawful intent must accompany the deed, before conduct becomes criminal.

The people of California will owe Senator Scott a great debt of gratitude if he succeeds in putting that amendment to the divorce laws upon the statute books. There is every reason why the bill should pass.

J. H. MOORHEAD.

Fiction Better Than Truth

A certain politician seeking office was very much incensed at certain remarks which had been made about him by the leading paper of the town. He burst into the editorial room like a dynamite bomb and exclaimed: "You are telling lies about me in your paper and you know it!" "You have no cause for complaint," said the editor coolly. "What in the world would you do if we told the truth about you."—New York Globe.

(Life:) Mrs. Crawford: Her mother slaved all her life in order to give her an education.

Mrs. Crabshaw: Now she's turned around and is trying to educate her mother.

Had Seen Wuss

A deaf man was being married, and the parson asked the usual question, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" "Eh?" said the deaf man. "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" This time a bit louder. The groom seemed to get angry. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "She ain't so awful. I've seen wuss than her that didn't have as much money."—N. Y. Globe.

In the Right Place

An Englishman, at a dinner in New York, hailed with delight the conviction by the courts of an American who had stolen millions by means of bogus mines.

"But a friend of the criminal heaved a sigh and said:

"Poor old Charlie! His heart's in the right place, anyway."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "and so thank heaven, is the rest of him for the next four years."

Encumbered

"Ever tempted to sell your automobile?" asked the Cheerful Idiot.

"The temptation is strong enough," replied Mr. Inbadd, "but there are too many points involved. You know I mortgaged my house in order to buy the machine."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, I mortgaged the machine in order to build the garage, and now I've had to mortgage the garage in order to buy gasoline."—Puck.

(Judge:) Mrs. White: Did you go to church this morning?

Mrs. Black: Yes, our telephone is out of order and I wanted to invite some friends to bridge tomorrow night.

(Puck:) She: Don't you think Friday is a very unlucky day on which to be married?

He: Why—er—yes, of course; but why pick on poor Friday?

Longhorn:) Fiancee: George, dear, you've been drinking again, I can tell it.

Fiance: Don't do it, m'dear, don't do it—les keep it a family secret.

(Yonkers Statesman:) Bacon: This is my birthday, and my wife planned a surprise for me.

Egbert: That's nice.

"Yes, she went through my pockets last night and left 50 cents in one of them."

(Kansas City Journal:) "How about this Wombat-Flubdub wedding?"

"He's been married only twice, I believe, and she but once. It's a mere boy-and-girl affair."

(Life:) Adam (after a long silence:) Say, Eve, can't you say something? It's dull here with a dumb wife.

Eve: What's a woman to talk about, with no clothes and no servants?

Just the art of being kind is what this sad world needs.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

BRACK SHOPS

PROMENADE 8

PHONE F 2410



“The Star-Spangled Banner”

By Francis Scott Key

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
 Oh! say does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
 Between their loved home and war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

STRIKING out boldly from the beaten path, producing a car wholly different from any other, the designers of the Velie have combined the very acme of touring car comfort with roadster liveliness in

The Velie



Four Passenger Roadster

THIS rakish car is smart in every line. But in making it beautiful comfort has been increased rather than sacrificed.

THE driver's compartment is deep and restful, the form-fitting divided front seats permit a wide aisle between, giving easy access to the spacious rear seat.

THE upholstery is deep, the seats wide and roomy. The flexible under-slung springs assure riding qualities seldom known in any automobile.

VELIE-CONTINENTAL MOTOR, TIMKEN AXLES—front and rear, Remy ignition, enclosed multiple-disc clutch, big, roomy, comfortable seats with real leather upholstery, wonderful body lines, finish 20 operations deep—truly a masterpiece of engineering and of coach work is this Velie four passenger roadster.

It is priced exceedingly low

\$1135

AT FACTORY

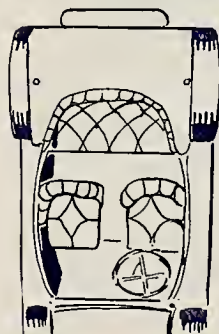


Diagram of Seating Arrangement

READY for your tryout. Come and let us give you a demonstration ride, or phone and we will send the stylish four-passenger to your door.

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MAY

1917

The New AMERICAN WOMAN



HON. ESTELLE LAWTON LINDSEY, Councilwoman

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1917

NO. 4

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Brilliant Address of Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge

Delivered April 15, 1917, at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the new Memorial Museum Building in Golden Gate Park, a gift to the City of San Francisco by Hon. M. H. De Young

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE, one of the foremost orators of the West, carried the crowd away with his eloquent acceptance of Mr. de Young's gift and with his moving peroration. Mr. Shortridge said:

No words of mine, no broken sentences that I could utter, could adequately express the importance of this day.

The corner stone has been laid on which shall rise in classic beauty a temple worthy of the Muses. The genius of the architect and the skill of the artisans will embody in enduring form the beneficent purpose of the generous donor.

We are assembled from all ranks and walks to commemorate by our presence and our words this important event in the life of the city of our hearts and hopes. We are recipients of a splendid gift and, in poor return, we bring grateful hearts. We are come to pay appreciative tribute to the citizen whose deep and abiding love for San Francisco has been many times strikingly evidenced, but is this day made even more manifest.

We have seen our beloved city overwhelmed by disaster, gathering her homeless children about her on her fire-swept hills; we have seen her rise triumphant, in greater beauty, the crown of pre-eminence still on her fair and spotless brow, the scepter of commercial supremacy still in her welcoming hand.

A City Rebuilt and More Resplendent

Her houses of worship were restored, her marts of trade were rebuilt, and new and noble public edifices were erected. San Francisco stood more

resplendent than before her fall, and her proud and happy people sang for joy and reverently gave thanks to God. Not Tyre, in her purple robes; not Athens, with her violet crown; not Venice, reflecting her beauty in the caressing tide; not Carthage, palace-decked; not Rome, upon her seven hills; in all their wealth, in all their splendor, in all their

advantages of land and sea, could match this city of San Francisco. But something remained to be done—something remained to be added to her adornment—something for the pleasure and culture of her people.

It was even so with Athens after her defensive walls had been built—something remained to be done to make her the first and most beautiful city of the ancient world. Fortunately for Athens and all mankind, Pericles, the orator-statesman; Phidias, the heaven-born artist-sculptor; Ictinus, the immortal architect, lived and wrought together.

And lo, from the brow of the Acropolis arose and shone in splendor the Parthenon, fit temple for the ivory and gold statue of Athena—the masterpieces which have excited the admiration and the envy of more than twenty centuries. Fortunately for us and future generations, the

great editor and civic patriot lived and lives—and long may he live, and even as Pericles turned to Phidias and Ictinus, our fellow-citizen turned to the artist-architect, Louis Christian Mullgardt, and as the Parthenon burst into marble glory, so this new museum took on symmetry and beauty in the heart and brain of civic patriot and artist-architect, and



Samuel M. Shortridge

will soon stand revealed before you as the crowning glory of San Francisco.

Here in San Francisco, as in Athens, there lived a great, loving son, a man whose love for San Francisco has never faltered and never waned, a man whose dream was to do something which should hand his name down to posterity to be kept in loving remembrance, and that man is he whose name I pronounce today, speaking poorly for you, but with love and gratitude—M. H. de Young. (Applause.)

Eloquence of Deeds—Not of Words

One year ago we gathered here to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of this Memorial Museum. We are here today in this "other Eden, demi-paradise," to witness the fruition of a long-cherished purpose and the fulfillment of an honorable promise voluntarily and freely given.

It has been said that true eloquence does not consist in speech alone; that it exists in the man and the occasion. Would I were the man to make the combination essential to an eloquence worthy of this hour.

The eloquence of words, however great; the eloquence which moves to gladness or provokes to tears, which inspires the heart and exalts the soul, lingers in memory for a time and is gone. And the lips that speak turn to dust and are heard no more.

There is the eloquence of deeds, worthy, splendid deeds—mute eloquence, if it be so, but eloquence that does not wane or die. The words this day spoken will not be long remembered; the deed of Mr. de Young will not be forgotten by us or by those who shall fill our places.

Means Education and Pleasure of Generations

For consider the purpose of this gift and the permanent benefit conferred. Here within this temple will be gathered and preserved, for the instruction and pleasure of present and future generations, memorials of the past—witnesses all of man's toil and tears, his labor and genius, his sacrifices and his love. Here will be assembled treasures of art—the speaking canvas, the breathing marble, trophies of science, rare handiwork of other times and other countries, precious relics telling of heroic days now dead and of the long, weary march of humanity from darkness unto light. And thus and here will history and art and science teach and inspire by example. When the purpose of this museum is thus considered, the manifold benefits of this gift are seen and the more appreciated.

It is not fit that such a gift should be accepted in silence. Words of praise, of gratitude and of love are for him, the city's benefactor, and I utter them for you, for the living and the unborn.

Fellow citizens, you may not all hear my voice; but I am striving to utter in sincerity what is in your hearts and in the heart of San Francisco.

The past is gone never to be recalled—the past with its joy and sorrow. The present, full of sunshine and laughter, is ours. But my mind turns to the future and a vision of the coming years rises before me. I see this Park—this playground for youth—this resting place for age—blossoming in the fragrant springtime. I see the hills round about covered by palace and cottage—homes of prosperous, happy, righteous people. I see our city greater and more splendid, looking out upon yonder ocean and welcoming the peaceful commerce of the world. I see thousands of happy children of proud and

happy fathers and mothers here where we now stand; I see their smiling faces; I hear their joyous laughter, and I hear them all saying, as I now say, "Mr. de Young, we thank you—out of grateful hearts we thank you for this gift. God bless you and yours, God bless you."

A CALL FROM A CALIFORNIA NATIVE SON TO HIS COMRADES AT HOME

"Rally Round the Flag"

Jerry V. Hannon of Los Angeles, the only son of our distinguished townsman, Hon. J. Vincent Hannon, serving in the navy on the battleship U. S. S. "Frederick," sends the following bugle call to the Young Men of California:

U.S.S. Frederick, April 12, 1917.

Young Men of California:—

Let a Native Son of the Golden West appeal to you to heed our country's call to "rally round the flag."

Our nation has again been forced to wage warfare in defense of the great principles of freedom which serve as foundation stones of civilized government and upon which depends, to the largest extent, international integrity, peace and harmony. That which threatens our nation's life threatens every home and fireside—threatens humanity.

Young men of my native State, come and help bear the burden and share the glory of maintaining the Stars and Stripes on sea as well as on land, as the emblem of human rights and of human freedom.

Let the boys of California be first to respond to our country's call—let patriotism be the watchword that will cause history to honor us as active participants in the great struggle for the supremacy of the priceless principles which when firmly established will cause the battle flags of the world to be furled for all time. Come and show the world what a free and independent people can do in the cause of humanity.

JERRY V. HANNON.

WE'RE COMING, UNCLE SAMMY

We're coming, Uncle Sammy,
Our hearts are all with you,
We'll help you build an army
That's strong and tried and true.
We're coming, Uncle Sammy,
As did our sires of old,
To fight for right and justice,
Our honor to uphold.

We're coming, Uncle Sammy,
In answer to your call,
To stay until the finish
And peace is won for all.
We're coming, Uncle Sammy,
With starry flag unfurled,
To fight for God and freedom—
The freedom of the world.

—Horace Stedman Clark.
Music by Louis F. Gottschalk.

Ideals and Actions

or

New Thinking and Doing



An address delivered by Mary L. Allen, Church Editor of the L. A. Examiner, at the opening session of the 14th Annual May Festival of the Metaphysicians of Los Angeles.

Action is the Law of Life.

Character comes by Doing.

A **Thought** is not complete until **expressed**, and not fully expressed unless expressed in **Action**.

And a **Thought** not **expressed** in action, however lofty it may be, tends to weaken the personality.

New Thinking demands **New Action** for its completion, and for the **health** and **poise** of the **Thinker**.

No Man Liveth Unto Himself

Society is a great organism—a living body of which each individual is a cell. No cell can live by itself or of itself or unto itself. Its condition is at all times an accurate reflex of the condition of the whole body. We are members one with another.

If the body is unhealthy and inharmonious, if it is torn and rent by evil conditions, each cell suffers, and no individual cell can come to perfection or properly fulfill its function. Only when the cells of this great body are aroused to activity—not simply each for individual health, but for the health of the whole, can there be any true health for the individual or society.

And what does this mean for you and me?

It means that we have no right to a single beautiful thought which we do not immediately endeavor to express in some form of **SOCIAL ACTION**.

It means that we truly are destroying ourselves and our neighbors when we desire and struggle to achieve serenity, health, in our own souls, and do not immediately carry the desire and the struggle outwards in an effort to achieve serenity and health in the **SOCIAL BODY**.

It means that the truest and surest path of our own development lies in forgetting ourselves completely, in throwing ourselves unreservedly, trustingly, into the struggle to create on earth and among men that heaven which our hearts crave.

It means that there is no such thing as an individual heaven nor an individual salvation. That not one of us can come to perfection till all come to perfection.

It means taking for our motto that magnificent Vow of old Walt Whitman, he who spoke to the Christ in the soul of modern America: "By God, I will not accept for myself anything which all men may not have on equal terms with me."

In short, it means, that our point of view must change from that which so many of us are inclined

to hold. It must change in line with the great democratic movement which bestrides the world today. It must change from an attitude of **SPIRITUAL ARISTOCRACY** to that of **SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY**—a democracy of the heart, which will not rest content until it has assured to all men equal opportunities of access to the **BREAD OF THE BODY** as well as to the **BREAD OF THE SOUL**.

Man does not live by bread alone—but by bread first—Yes!

What message have you—for the millions who today as I speak face actual starvation from the high cost of living created—not by the war, but by those who wilfully gamble in the people's necessities of life?

What message have you—for the people of this State who, anxious to produce food for themselves against that **Famine** which threatens us—find the Land locked against them—unused land, held deliberately out of use by those who would wring profits from the people's need?

What message have you—for the heavy-hearted mother who soon must lose her boy as a sacrifice to the War which has been created solely by these evil conditions here and in Europe?

Will you go to them merely with a **New Thinking**? or will you go to them as the Nazarene went with a **New Thinking** and a **New Doing**—with a spiritual Message hand in hand with a great Social Action—bent upon rescuing the widows and orphans, the oppressed and disinherited, from the clutch of the scribes and pharisees and rich men?

Will you be content to preach peace—when there is no peace, health when there is no health, or will you make of this earth a place where clean living and clean thinking will for the first time be humanly possible, a place where **Want** shall be unknown, and **Fear** and **Greed** driven out of existence?

That aspiration for individual development and salvation which does not immediately breed a passion for **SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT AND SALVATION** is a dead and featureless thing, scorned in its birth by the great Fiat of this universe "No man liveth unto himself."

CHARACTER BUILDING COMES BY ACTION. AND THE GRANDEST ACTION IS SOCIAL ACTION.

All That Humanity Needs is Freedom

—Freedom to create the means of life from the breast of our common mother—the Earth. And only when that Freedom is attained can other Freedoms become possible.

A friend of mine visiting Ireland some years ago was pained and shocked by the filthy and drunken condition of the peasantry. At that time the peasantry had no land of their own, but were compelled to work for wretched wages, for the great landlords. They lived in hovels with the pigs and chickens, they seldom washed and took no pride in themselves or their surroundings. My friend tried to help them, tried to get them to make their hovels at least clean, tried to teach them more sanitary living, but without the least success. Ten years later she revisited the same district and was struck by the marvellous change. Everywhere neat, clean

(Continued on Page 12)

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from April Number.)

URGENT and imperative the doorbell continued to ring. Trella, my darling first born, wise beyond her seven years of life, spoke to the intruder, who handed a neatly sealed envelope bearing my name in a round bold style, usual with a young collegian—to his credit it must be said the author of the letter was a graduate of an eastern college of renown. It read:

"Madam: I have no intention of disputing with you as to who is at fault for the misfortune that has fallen upon my life, but I must insist as a man should, upon my right to see my wife and speak with her about this sad affair. Through her father, I learn that 'his daughter will abide by her lawyer's advice.'

"Now I appeal to you to advise her to see me, and if you are as amiable as you are clever, you will grant this favor. Respectfully, I await your answer. X———"

"P. S.—I beg to apologize to you for my unjust criticism of my wife. She deserves a better husband than I have been. However, your kind service to me and mine in this matter will never be forgotten."

Half asleep, half awake, I read and re-read the letter. I confess to a quandary which almost discredited me in my own opinion. Subconsciously I resolved to comply with the request. "Surely," I argued, "no harm can come to my client in merely speaking to her own husband, and—perhaps after all, there may be two sides to this case." And striving for the ideal while I struggled against the insufferable reality of cold hard facts, I continued my consideration of the case somewhat as follows:

"Has not this man without the slightest provocation, inflicted upon his young wife great and grievous mental anguish, and has he not at all times been cold, unsympathetic, neglectful and cruel, while she, sensitive and refined, has conscientiously and faithfully performed her every obligation as his wife? I shall take every word he says with a grain of salt. Indeed, he must be a very bold, coarse man who dares to approach ME, a lawyer, sworn to be true to my client at every peril of my own interest."

This and much more of the ordinary ran through my mind as I hurried to the tasks of the hour. I was terribly distraught. How I longed for a quiet place where I might meditate for a moment and decide what was best to do in the premises.

General confusion reigned throughout the house. The early and prolonged ringing of the doorbell had aroused all the youngsters who, with their overplus of health and vitality, were running here, there and everywhere, rollicking in their nightclothes, indulging in all the pranks of childhood, including jackstones, marbles and pillow-fighting.

Above the din and uproarious laughter of the young ones, there came another vigorous ring at my doorbell and another letter—this time by special delivery. In girlish script it ran:

"Dearest and best friend: I appeal to you for advice. My poor husband sat on the porch of my

father's house all the night long, and peeping through the lace curtains of my room I saw that he was without his overcoat. I fear he must have been cold, for it rained, too. O please advise me what I should do in this sad hour. Your heart-broken client, A———"

Hastily I wrote as follows while the messenger waited.

"Dear ——: Meet me at my office at nine this morning. Your husband will be there. I advise you to see him and hear what he has to say in his behalf. Faithfully yours, C. S. F."

In the rush of domestic duties incident to a populous nursery, and the ever recurring conflict with pots and kettles, I had almost forgotten the forlorn husband who sat alone in my modestly furnished little parlor, waiting for some word of comfort from that hard-hearted woman lawyer.

By this time my faithful, dear mother had come from her pretty home a few blocks distant, and as usual, carried my baby away for the day and until



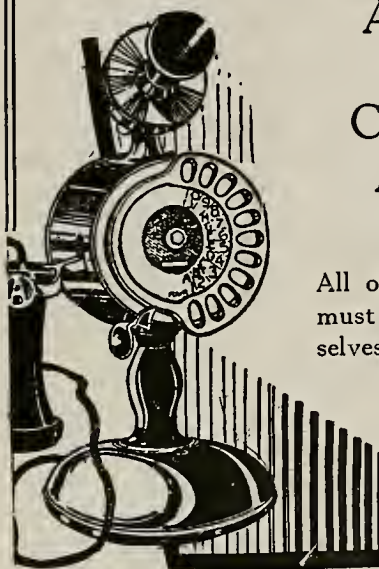
after office hours, when she would bring her back to me as sweet as a new-blown rose. The larger children had undergone the usual routine of the morning; they had been washed, dressed and fed. Each shining little face with pouting mouth reached up for a good-bye kiss, and then away they flew down the steps in single file. Through the gate and up the street they scampered away to school, while my proud heart beat audibly. In retrospect they seem to me like baby birds, spilled from their nest. Ah me! I sigh as I think of that bevy of pretty ones, and I seem to feel each little hand in mine, each warm little body pressed against my tired heart as I sit here in my study, watching the shadows fall eastward.

Never mind, Mr. Critic—I will not confess just now what I think is "woman's proper sphere." Later, you and I, sir, may have a heart-to-heart talk. But for the present, it is enough to arouse your curiosity as to "what the New Woman really thinks" when you find me quoting old Palonius to his son Laertes, warning him to be true to himself, and incidentally mentioning something about the unwise

(Continued on Page 8)

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"REVERIES"

Out in the garden evening shades are falling,
Roses wet with dew—their fragrance shed abroad,
Some night bird softly to his mate is calling,
Alone at peace with God.

While here I sit and dream—see things and places,
All dimly wistful through a mist of tears,
Dear homeland spots, and old familiar faces
I have not seen for years.

A wealth of purple violets in a dingle,
A river winding onward calmly free,
Bright autumn tints, sea shells and glistening
shingle,
And one fair night at sea.

Spring sowings and the harvests of September,
The tender seedlings of the garnered grain,
The dear old home that I so well remember,
But shall not see again.

Still in the garden where the shadows linger,
The flowers lift wet faces to the sky,
Still in some leafy nook the small brown singer
Warbles his lullaby.

Why dream? I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And He shall wipe all tears from eyes that weep,
When in the twilight hour of life He giveth
His own beloved sleep.

MRS. H. A. COOPER,

JOHN B. REEVES FOR THE CITY COUNCIL STRAIGHT FORWARD AND SQUARE

The time has come when the City Council, the legislative body of Los Angeles, should be composed of practical and successful business men, who have made good in the management of their own affairs. The electorate should choose only those candidates for the Council who have demonstrated their qualifications to hear and pass upon large financial and civic problems such as necessarily must confront a city of the size of Los Angeles.



Such a man is John B. Reeves, a resident and a tax payer of Los Angeles, a working man himself, and a friend of labor, as also a practical business man of large experience. Mr. Reeves is the President of the Merchant-Plumbers' Association, and he is generally endorsed by his associates, and also by the Master-Builders' Association and the Los Angeles Builders' Exchange, representing merchants, manufacturers and contractors, embracing within their number firms that employ all classes of help, both Union and non-Union.

Fearless and impartial, Mr. Reeves stands for a square deal for all men at all times, irrespective of whatever political opinions they may entertain or in whatever class or department of labor they may be engaged. It is conceded by all that Mr. Reeves is a man of courage and that he will spare no honest effort to carry to success his highest convictions.

He has no use nor patience for political grafters, nor for parasites who infest public service and prey upon the common people. He stands for clean government and for the strictest enforcement of the liquor laws, nor will he compromise his vote upon that question. He would rather go down to defeat in the righteous cause of temperance than to win a seat in the Council under the slightest misunderstanding as to his views upon the subject of prohibition.

Mr. Reeves has not taken a very active part in politics but he has kept in close touch with municipal problems and if elected to the Council, he will bring to the consideration of every question a trained and practical mind, and will apply courageous treatment to every subject in the interests of the whole people.

Cast your vote for Mr. Reeves on the fifth of June and insure to the City of Los Angeles a true and representative member of the City Council.

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from Page 6)

dom of being "wise in retrospect, but ignorant in forethought."

Hastily I prepared for my office, and as I passed the parlor door I halted just long enough to say to the intruder in a most patronizing manner, "I will see you, sir, at my office at nine-thirty." Instantly he rose and followed after me. I lengthened my stride, for I was determined to have no conversation with the young man, whose drawn face and tear-swollen eyes invoked my sympathy, professional ethics to the contrary. Arriving at my office in the old Knox building on the corner of First and Santa Clara streets, I began at once the routine of business already grown to such proportions as to tax both my time and my learning. (My readers will note a becoming modesty in this admission quite unusual with law students of the present day.)

At nine o'clock to the minute the same pretty bit of Dresden who had stormed in upon me less than a week before, leading her child (the very miniature of his father) stood before me. How sorrow speaks! How heart-aches cut furrows! How the roses fade from dimpled cheeks! These were my thoughts as I greeted the girl-wife who looked fully ten years older than when she waved me goodbye at the court house steps as the sheriff cracked his whip and left for The Willows to serve the divorce papers upon the defendant.

She sat opposite me. I folded my arms and silently looked her over. A sense of guilt continued to haunt me. What had I done to justify my unhappy thoughts? Nothing, absolutely nothing, save that which is usual under our system of pleading the facts of a case; I had followed the rules of pleading and put into legal form the heart-breaking statements of my injured client, which she had again and again voluntarily made. There she sat, her mild gazelle eyes fixed upon me, her rich brown hair knotted loosely at the nape of her shapely neck, her firm pretty mouth drawn with just a suspicion of tenderness, but evidencing great determination. The little boy, perfectly happy, played upon the office floor, unconscious of the strife and discord that had risen between his young parents.

At nine-thirty, just as I was struggling to find the right word to say at the right time, to advise my client for her present welfare and her future happiness, the defendant walked into the office. Scornfully ignoring my presence, he crossed the room and knelt at his wife's feet, clasped her hands, and kissing them repeatedly, he begged her to forgive him, saying he had wronged the dearest little wife God had ever given to a man.

Half resisting, half yielding, she looked into his streaming eyes. Her graceful hand was lifted to his moist forehead, and sweeping back his tangled hair, she sobbed: "Dear, I love you. I forgive you."

Calmly I sat at my desk and almost breathlessly watched Love struggle back to life. I tried hard to maintain some semblance of professional dignity. I took refuge in a cough or two, but this ruse proved unavailing for my pent-up feelings. I decided that neither law nor lawyer had any proper place in that presence, and so—well, I forgot that I was a lawyer,

and did what any other woman would have done—I cried.

Without further hesitation I rose from my desk, walked over to the window where they stood weeping, locked in each others embrace, and folding my arms about them I said: "Come, let us go to the court house and dismiss this case."

With this announcement the charged waters of grief and joy mingled in riotous fellowship. Together we walked arm in arm down the stairs, direct to the office of the County Clerk, John J. Sonthiemer. I immediately stated to him that I desired to dismiss the case of Blank vs. Blank. "For whom do you appear, madam?" addressing me with the lofty official air usual at that time toward the one woman lawyer in the whole State of California.

"I—I—appear for the defendant," I stammered forth. The Clerk looked me straight in the eyes, pityingly if not contemptuously, and blurted out, "You can't do it, madam. Your name appears here as attorney for the plaintiff," he said, as he examined the record. "You'll get yourself into trouble yet."

Quickly I recovered my wits and began again, saying, "I—excuse me, Mr. Clerk, I mean I appear for both parties." Again the Clerk glared at me and emphatically demanded, "Don't you know that a lawyer can't appear for both parties in an action? I suppose you are some kind of a lawyer, anyhow, and you ought to know better than to—"

"Now see here, Mr. Clerk," pointing my index finger, "we, myself, my client, the plaintiff, and the defendant, each of whom is standing here in your presence, request you to dismiss this case, and if you don't do it right now, I will apply to Judge Belden who will order you to do so without delay, and without any back talk!"

This gentle hint was sufficient. The case was dismissed and with light hearts we left the Clerk's office. Triumphant I had won my second case—or rather I should say, Love had won it for me.

Some good angel had carried the news of the reconciliation to the plaintiff's parents, and there just before the big court house stood the family carriage, with the father and mother waiting for their reunited happy children. Together they received loving greetings and reassurances of the joy of their parents over the outcome of what after all was but "sweet bells jangled and out of tune."

Again I stood watching my little client as the carriage drove away, this time not as a would-be divorcee, but as a dearly loved wife, reclining by her husband's side, where she belonged.

We parted with much reluctance, for each of us had learned to love the other. One year later I attended the christening of their baby daughter—Clara, in honor of the lawyer who forgot which party she represented.

(Continued in June Number.)

The Rosemary Beauty Shop

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ECONOMIC NECESSITY

Professor Brown of the University of California is authority for the statement that men have themselves to blame for woman's foolish extravagance in dress. He says the origin of change, variety and extravagance in attire dates back to the time when women were regarded merely as property and the more magnificently they were attired and the more lavishly they were clothed, the more credit it reflected on their "owners."

"When the economic necessity of securing a husband," said Professor Brown, "is eliminated and when the feminist era is completely realized, one motive for extravagant and quickly shifting styles will lose its force. In that enlightened age the feminine sex may perhaps adopt a uniform dress, the Chinese costume or some other form of modified trousers."

DOCTOR A. D. HOUGHTON, FORMER COUNCILMAN, CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION

Original and constructive in mind and methods, Doctor A. D. Houghton is an exceedingly interesting candidate for the Council. He has a host of friends among all classes, including the most practical men and women of large affairs, all of whom are supporting him as an ideal representative in the City's legislative body.

Doctor Houghton is in active practice as a surgeon, with a large clientele, but notwithstanding that fact he devotes a great portion of his time to the work of the Red Cross and he is always rendering some service to civic problems.

Doctor Houghton is Lieutenant Colonel of the Home Guards, Medical Department. He sponsored and secured the passage of the law providing for the annual regulation of corporation rates. Progressive, yet withal conservative, Doctor Houghton is a staunch supporter of the women electorate of California, and upholds them in every worthy public enterprise. As a member of the Council it is safe to say that the women of Los Angeles may depend upon him at all times for a hearing and a proper disposition of whatever vexing problems they may undertake to solve.

The Los Angeles News Company is the distributor for the New American Woman.

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Break a Hot Biscuit just out of the oven. Note the Aroma. Any Alum Baking Powder has a strong unpleasant odor, especially when used to excess.

Bread made with MISSION BAKING POWDER has a sweet delicious flavor, a pleasant odor, and no matter how much you use, you only add to the food value of the baked product.

Try it NOW. A Home Product, A Superior Product.

Ask your Grocer

MISSION BAKING POWDER CO.
Los Angeles

"WE AS WOMEN"

There's a cry in the air about us—
We hear it before, behind—
Of the way in which "We, as women,"
Are going to lift mankind!

With our white frocks starched and ruffled,
And our soft hair brushed and curled—
Hats off! for "We, as women,"
Are coming to save the world.

Fair sisters, listen one moment—
And perhaps you'll pause for ten:
The business of women as women
Is only with men as men!

What we do, "We, as women,"
We have done all through our life;
The work that is ours as women
Is the work of mother and wife.

But to elevate public opinion,
And to lift up erring man,
Is the work of the Human Being;
Let us do it—if we can.

But wait, warm-hearted sisters—
Not quite so fast, so far.
Tell me how we are going to lift a thing
Any higher than we are!

We are going to "purify politics,"
And to "elevate the press,"
We enter the foul paths of the world
To sweeten and cleanse and bless.

To hear the high things we are going to do,
And the horrors of man we tell,
One would think, "We as women," were angels,
And our brothers were fiends of hell.

We, that were born of one mother,
And reared in the self-same place,
In the school and the church together,
We of one blood, one race!

Now then, all forward together!
But remember, every one,
That 'tis not by feminine innocence
The work of the world is done.

The world needs strength and courage,
And wisdom to help and feed—
When, "We, as women" bring these to man,
We shall lift the world indeed.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Fair-Minded

Ralph L. Criswell is sure of election to the Council if half of his host of friends stay away from the polls on the forthcoming fifth day of June, or for any other reason fail to vote.

Mr. Criswell is well known as a splendid representative of organized labor, and this fact is supplemented by an equally worthy qualification—that he is not the enemy of the employer of labor.

He is conceded to be fair-minded and square in all his dealings. Success to him.



THE REPUBLIC

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all its hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flappings of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—Henry W. Longfellow

DON'T WORRY

Why shadow the beauty of sea or of land
 With a doubt or a fear?
 God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in His hand,
 And sees what no man can as yet understand,
 That out of life here,
 With its smile and its tear,
 Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,
 The soul of Good Cheer,
 Don't worry,—
 The end shall appear.

—Elizabeth Porter Could.

Curt Comment

"I take off my hat to Boston," said Billy Sunday.
 Yes, and he passed it around.—Wall Street Journal.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

BRACK SHOPS
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WOMEN AND PREPAREDNESS

By General Johnstone Jones

(Written for THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN)

Woman is more deeply interested in the right solution of the problem of Preparedness than man; because war, with its bloodshed, cruelties, horrors, abominations and heart-breaking agonies, brings upon her greater hardship, suffering and sorrow than upon man.

Brave, patriotic men, responding to the inspiring "Call to the colors" go light-hearted to the battle line. They serve amid wild excitement—camping, singing, marching, fighting—perhaps falling, wounded or dying, beneath the folds of the flag they adore; and, perchance, meeting with a smile the death a soldier prefers.

But, Woman! What of her when thunders of war shall shake the land? She must part with her loved ones; must see husband, father, brother, son, sweetheart go to the front to fight, perhaps to die; while she must stay at home to keep the hearth-stone fires burning; to bear the burdens of domestic life; to care for the children, the aged, the crippled; to nurse the wounded, the sick, the dying; and to spend her days in praying, waiting and anxious watching for news from the fields of battle.

And then, when the end comes, victory cannot bring back to life her slaughtered loved ones; while defeat subjects her to such unspeakable atrocities as have overtaken the ill-fated women of Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Armenia.

Woman, by reason of her sex and subordinated position in government affairs, is defenseless. She must rely upon the stout-hearted, red-blooded men who are ever ready to lay down their lives in their country's defense, and not upon the pacific, "pussy-footed" gentlemen who whine for "peace at any price."

Woman, standing as "the supreme symbol of what, being dependent, must be protected, and, being mother of the race, must be conserved" (to quote the words of Mrs. Lincoln W. Bates), demands that the men who enact our laws and hold the purse-strings of the Nation, SHALL MAKE AMERICA SAFE against foreign aggression; SHALL build around their homes an impregnable wall of protection; and SHALL, at any cost, make the Stars and Stripes the sacred emblem of safety to every American citizen, in every land and upon every sea under the sun.

JOHNSTONE JONES.

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN has adopted a new and unique policy which will mark a new era in the superb art of advertising. We shall personally select only those concerns and enterprises that represent the very highest degree of merit, and at the same time we shall appeal to our readers to show their appreciation of this magazine by patronizing our advertisers to the exclusion of all others. In this way our advertizers will be assured in advance that the readers of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN will constitute a large body of customers who will find their way promptly to their respective places of business, guaranteed as they are in advance, of the quality and the price of the article they desire to purchase, and thus co-operation becomes THE LIFE OF TRADE.

Each reader of THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN who patronizes our advertisers and lets the fact be known that he or she is a reader of this magazine, adds strength to the publication and enables us to go on with greatly increased power to yet larger fields of activity.

Let us know how you like the idea.

THE CONSTITUTION NOT SUSPENDED IN
WAR TIME—CERTAIN FUNDAMENTAL
RIGHTS CANNOT BE ABRIDGED

Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are fundamental rights inherent in freedom itself, guaranteed to the people by the very first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or ABRIDGIG FREEDOM OF SPEECH, or OF THE PRESS; or of the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The framers of this amendment meant what they said. FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS are rights that Congress cannot take from the people any more than they can legislate upon the subject of religion or the right of the people to assemble and petition the government for redress of grievances.

The Constitution of the United States is for all time; it is not suspended in time of war. The "Espionage Bill," so far as the freedom of the press is concerned, is unconstitutional. It is also a reflection upon the intelligence of a great body of the wisest and best among men, who may be trusted to properly censor the tragic news of the world.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS relates not alone to newspapers and magazines, but effects the people themselves, who are guaranteed the fundamental right to know of the world's affairs.

This privilege of the people at large cannot be taken from them by an act of Congress. The fundamental rights in time of war are as impregnable as they are at any other time.

The population of California was on January 1, 1917, 2,983,843. Judging from the reports of our railroad and steamship companies, we have increased more than enough to insure us at least a population of 3,000,000.



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IDEALS AND ACTIONS NEW THINKING—AND—NEW DOING

(Continued from Page 5)

little homes, the pigs and chickens housed apart, the women neat and clean, the men upstanding, cheerful and sober. What was it, wrought this spiritual miracle? It was the New Doing. Threatened with insurrection, and shamed at last into giving the Irish peasant some measure of justice, the English government had bought out the large landlords and divided the land among the peasants. Gave them freedom to produce their own living—that was all. And that will work a spiritual miracle anywhere. It was only a patch-work reform, but even that, you see, was an Angel of Heaven to the souls of those people.

Those who have investigated the workings of the Henry Ford plan, of cutting the work-day to eight hours and paying no man less than \$5 a day, have been struck with the vast moral improvement in the men, the cheerfulness, industry, sobriety, kindness of these men delivered from the fear of want and made to feel that the door of opportunity was really open to them. Another merely patch-work reform and yet again a delivering Angel to the souls of 10,000 workmen.

This is the New Doing. We need a New Doing on the part of the people themselves for themselves. We need a new, inspired Democracy which will hold it to be an unspeakable shame that there should be within the borders of these States, a single heart, anxious about bread, a single jobless, landless, homeless man, a single mother desperate amid the hungry cries of her children, or a single pauper.

Humanity lives by Bread—first. And all humanity needs is freedom to secure bread for the body. That once attained, and the grim ghosts of Want and Fear and Greed driven from society, then humanity's soul will flower in glorious beauty, as spontaneously as the flowers open in the breath of Spring.

For Humanity is not evil. Humanity is essentially glorious. Only evil social conditions have crusted that glory with a shell of Selfishness, born of that great fear of Want which actuates rich and poor alike. Remove those evil social conditions, and you remove that fear of Want which now hides humanity's glory. There is the field of the New Doing.

Today we face the most terrible world-wide catastrophe of War and Famine, of mangled human bodies and bleeding human hearts, of starving children and crazed mothers, of food-riots, strikes, insurrections. Why? Because, while there has been plenty and to spare of New Thinking, there has been not enough New Doing—not enough of GREAT SOCIAL ACTION, not enough of Democracy Doing For Itself.

The greatest Evil of the time is the People's belief in traditional Lies.

The first and greatest of these is that a man may own Land he does not use.

The second, is that a man may own wealth he has not earned by honest productive effort.

The third is that human butchery can solve any of the world's problems.

As patriots, as lovers of our country, as men and women dedicated to True Thinking, it is our Task

to dispel these untruths from the People's minds.

But such is the power of the Lie grown old and constantly repeated and believed that it will take not only the inspired thinking of a Patrick Henry, of a George Washington, a Lincoln, a John Brown, a Wendell Phillips, to dispel it; but it will need just such inspired Action as these men gave to their country and humanity.

To nail the Lie, and lift the Truth; to refuse our assent to anything which we know to be contrary to the highest human good; to work unceasingly, devotedly, with serene faith and conviction, to remove those social conditions, which, based upon untruth, make our whole social fabric one vast Lie against God. This should be, and must be, the flower and fruit of our New Thinking, of our vision of spiritual truth, unless we are to become, as some hold that many of our churches already have become—the Scorn of that great mass of the common people of this country who today are looking for new and vigorous spiritual and social leadership.

What Will You Do?

We have met here among flowers and music to enjoy a Festival, a fellowship of men and women dedicated to clean, positive, harmonious thinking.

Shall we merely enjoy ourselves, or shall we here and now, catching the thrill of the great World-Call, begin to put our new thinking into Great Social Action?

If my words seem to you to come from a heart of warmth and truth, if they strike a sounding chord in your own heart, I urge you not to let the life of New Doing slip away from you in procrastination. I urge you to begin Now to study these social conditions of our time, and so find out for yourselves how they can be removed; and then to give all you have and are to the work of applying the remedy.

And if you will ask me: "What is the Remedy?" I shall without hesitation urge you to read a book which I believe ranks among the scriptures of the world, a book by a master-spirit, a great religious thinker, a great practical Doer, Henry George, the prophet, the evangel of the modern age. "Progress and Poverty," translated into twenty-five languages. More copies of it have been circulated than any book in the world except the Bible. His remedy for the evils of our time has already found in this country more than 2,000,000 adherents, including seven of the most distinguished and able men in the present democratic administration and over 400 of the country's ablest writers, lecturers, artists, and public men. It is the evangel of the New America that is to be.

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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By May Whitney Emerson, Department of Literature of the Palladium Photo-Players of the World

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The Palladium Photo-Players are now organized to produce feature plays of the highest quality. We have secured exclusive right to stories written by persons of high repute, authors, and artists of international fame. Our superintendent of Scenarios and literary products is well known to the public. A director of varied experience asserts that any one of the great stories we have secured, properly produced, should return at least half a million dollars to the membership. Let us tell you how your membership may share in these profits.

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MAY, 1917

No. 4

VOTES FOR WOMEN NOT AN ISSUE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY LOST WANING ENTHUSIASM

ENTHUSIASM for the cause of woman suffrage wanes as we contemplate the weak, uncertain attitude of Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin in her failure to rise to the occasion and vote—at least vote, even though it subsequently appeared that she would have voted wrong on the most momentous question that statesmen have been called upon to decide since the days of the Civil War.

It is reported, however, that Miss Rankin's vote was recorded, notwithstanding her refusal to respond audibly to the call of her name. Again, enthusiasm in the suffrage cause takes a fall when Miss Rankin states to a half dozen reporters who sought to know her position on various great and vital problems of the hour, which vex the President and the Congress of the United States, that she "had determined to devote her time exclusively to the cause of woman suffrage."

Does not our first Congresswoman know that woman suffrage is not an issue at this hour? That questions involving the very life of the nation are at stake? That Americans are even as we write, lining up upon foreign battlefields? That our sons are called upon to defend democracy and the principles of this American Republic, and to that end they have offered their lives and the sacrifice of those dear to them?

Increasing the electorate of this country is not now the subject of discussion, nor should it be. The women of America will do well to take a broader view of the situation that confronts us. They should understand once and for all, that it is possible for this country to increase the number of its electorate beyond our power to assimilate.

In this tragic hour when the world is aflame, woman's suffrage per se is secondary, and beyond the bounds of present discussion.

Again, let us emphasize that woman suffrage is not now nor can it be an issue while the American nation is calling to arms its defenders against an organized horde of destroyers, who have blown up our ships, murdered our citizens, and who at this

very hour are threatening to invade our unprepared and defenseless country.

She must be blind indeed who cannot realize the necessity of women confining themselves to the work of the Red Cross, to preparedness to meet every demand in the fields and factories and in all places of human activity which will be made vacant in the event our men and boys are called to the front. Doubtless Miss Rankin expressed her own views when she refused to vote to empower the President to take whatever steps he found necessary to defend our country, but her attitude was not representative of the American women throughout the nation, nor was it representative of any respectable number of the women of the State of Montana. And let the fact not be ignored that a woman member of Congress represents men in the very same degree that men members of that body represent women. Miss Rankin's failure to vote on the war question left a vast number of the people of the State of Montana, at least, unrepresented so far as her obligations to them were concerned.

WOMAN MIGHT DO BETTER SHE COULD HARDLY DO WORSE

The Legislature, the 42nd session thereof, has adjourned. Vale, good fellows, one and all! Take you as a whole we shall not look upon your like again—at least we hope we shall never be compelled to witness so much inferiority and all-round unfitness for public office gathered beneath the dome of the State Capitol of California.

You have returned to your constituents and of course you are now engaged in glibly explaining to them just why you ignored certain wise measures for the public weal, and voted for measures that had no merit whatever, served no purpose save and except to scatter the people's money broadcast with no possibility of any adequate or useful return.

It must be admitted that there were among you several worthy men whom the people may well afford to return as Assemblymen or Senators; but that is in truth all that can be said of the now defunct body.

Few of you knew what you were about during any of the time you were sitting as representatives of the people, or meandered forth to your respective eating places and back to the State Capitol. Most of you floundered about stupidly or hysterically as the wisdom of one measure or the vulgarity of another aroused in you what I am pleased to term your minds. You frittered away the public money while you tinkered with the laws. You dickered with each other for the exchange of support for some bill which each had introduced. And the speeches you made! What with bad grammar, wretched diction, Bowery brogue, water-front slang, the scholar, nor the statesman, could be expected to find welcome among you, much less to feel at ease at the State Capitol during the session of the non-descript, now defunct, Legislature of 1917.

It is claimed that the presence of women at the next session two years hence is already a foregone conclusion. Many are brave enough to express a hope that the feminine element introduced into the law-making body of our State would at once transform blatherskites into oracles of wisdom; that the

ungroomed and unwashed would forthwith cultivate the Sultan baths and that each would invite a more intimate acquaintance with the tonsorial artist and the dandruff exterminator.

But whether or not the presence of women in the Legislature of California would improve the situation, it may be safely said—THEY COULD NOT POSSIBLY MAKE IT WORSE!

THE MOTHER—CITIZEN'S DUTY

Her Present Care the Nation's Welfare

EVERY right brings its corresponding duty. No person enjoys a right free from the burden of some obligation arising from the exercise of that right. Woman's sphere of social and civil activity has acquired in late years many added rights, but each has brought its duty. This is necessarily so as the terms are correlative, and we fail in our qualifications unless we recognize the fact and act up to the requirement.

It is not difficult to recall the odium attaching to the expression, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier." We do not now hear it bruited with the former assurance, and it is well we do not.

The manifold duties of citizenship have fallen upon us with the recognition of our newly acquired rights. As a rule the mother cannot be a soldier, but the duty of service can be otherwise performed. The avenue that first opens is that of personal and immediate helpfulness to those who can actively serve; the next is the proper training of those who may in the future be called upon to actively serve, when we shall no longer be here to answer any call. This means the fitting of our children to better qualify for their future duties of citizenship.

Our present unprepared conditions show with painful clearness the inane folly of the narrow, social, selfish life led by most of us. At a time when every citizen should respond to the first and highest call that can be made upon him or her, the call to the nation's service, it is found that very few are qualified, and even in a state of actual war almost every other man recognizing the patriots' first duty, must needs be taught! He must join the kindergarten class to learn the fundamentals—how to stand, to march, to deploy, to carry, and many even to learn which end of the gun is the business end. This kindergarten knowledge should have been acquired by every boy now eighteen years of age as a part of his ordinary school work. Had this been done, months of time and millions of expense would now be saved to the nation.

Our pacifist friends were quite prepared to and did on the first suggestion of education on this neglected point, prophesy all kinds of despotic, dictatorial and militaristic ills as a sequence. This was mere buncomb. The United States in its 140 years as a Nation has demonstrated that it is not a nation prompted by the ambition of political power or territorial greed. We took Cuba, and forthwith returned it. We took the Philippines, and forthwith and voluntarily paid Spain a bonus of \$20,000,000, and yet without reimbursement, we wish to return the islands to their native people as soon as it is safe to do so.

The present conditions demonstrate that for the

past two years the United States has been regarded as a false quantity, in offense or defense, because of its utter and almost criminal lack of preparation. Not so with Switzerland, that at once upon Germany's mobilization called 250,000 of its citizens to its borders. Immediately they were soldiers, as the result of a mild but complete system of education in military fundamentals. Germany did not try or think of trying to reach France through Switzerland!

Scarcely less than the importance to the future of the nation is the benefit to accrue to our boys personally, through military training and discipline. But this is another story. In these respects, we deem the duty of the Citizen-Mother clear. Let us do our share in that preparedness that will be an assurance of future Peace!

HONORABLE ESTELLE LAWTON LINDSEY

First Councilwoman of a First-class City in the United States. Re-Nominated, Certain of Re-Election

BEFORE the couriers of the mind had searched out the new order of things; before woman suffrage had become a fact in California, women flew to their rightful places at an ordinary pitch. When woman had no constituency, no representation and no legal right of expression, the wings of her mind were pinioned and more or less palsied. But with the great American privilege of self-expression, woman—at least ONE woman—in California rose to the occasion, secured the nomination and was elected to a seat in the governing body of a city containing half a million population.

We know it is an aphorism that "one swallow does not make a summer." But certain it is that ESTELLE LAWTON LINDSEY has demonstrated beyond cavil or question her ability and her equality with men in our city's legislative body, and she has established a precedent which will justify many another splendid example of woman's usefulness in civic affairs. She has put to silence every opponent to woman's onward course.

It is a far cry from a modest home, through girlhood and young wifehood, from a desk at a reporter's table to a seat in the council chamber of a municipality second to none in importance. But ESTELLE LAWTON LINDSEY has successfully passed all the old mile-posts of woman's subjection and inferiority; she has rolled away the stone from the tomb of her buried faculties.

Contesting for the high honor of re-election to the Council, Mrs. Lindsey was nominated by the highest number of votes in the Councilmanic list. This is conclusive evidence that her two years of faithful, capable service in the Council justifies her re-election on the 5th day of June, 1917, by the largest vote ever received by any candidate for the Los Angeles City Council.

I meant to do my work today—

But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly fluttered across the field,
And the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land

Tossing the grasses to and fro,

And a rainbow held out its shining hand,

So what could I do but laugh and go.

—RICHARD LA-GALLIENNE.

STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE

"Votes for Women"

"The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!"

TWO girls crusading across the country crying "Votes for Women," present a sorry spectacle, compared with women of the Red Cross, that strong though tender arm of the government, devoting their days and nights and applying their strength and time to preparations necessary for the humane services to brave men who may fall bleeding on the battlefield. The whole subject of woman suffrage in these dreadful days, becomes insignificant and puerile.

Go home, young ladies, or settle down in California, join a local branch of the Red Cross, and get to work in your country's cause. Later, and after the war is over, you may go junketing in search of whatever lawful aims you may have in mind, but "Votes for Women" just now is "stale, flat and unprofitable."

American women should follow the example furnished us by our English sisters. For many years those brave women had fought a civic battle for political liberty such as the world had never witnessed. They had suffered and sacrificed; they had resorted to the most extreme tactics to convince Parliament of the justice of their cause. But when the war broke out and their beloved native land had been drawn into the universal holocaust, did these great women continue to fill the streets and avenues with their suffrage processions? Did they besiege their statesmen, picket their homes, and fling banners in their faces—acts justifiable, perhaps, in times of peace? No. The suffrage leaders in England, together with the rank and file, one and all, halted their propaganda, wheeled into line, and took up the common cause of universal humanity in the most tremendous war in history.

These splendid souls have proven their equality with men, not alone as civilians, but by their loyalty to their country in its time of need they have silenced every objector and put to shame the statesmen who repudiated their cause.

In every avenue of life you will find the English women serving the cause of liberty, just as American women have done.

It is not for the mothers of men to enlist as soldiers and line up in battle, but women the world over have unflinchingly entered the ranks of labor in every department, and as munition workers, as farmers, as bridge builders, as mechanics, railway and street car conductors, and in a thousand other useful occupations, they are now serving capably and patriotically. Without the services of women in these occupations unusual to them, the whole people of the warring nations of Europe would have been left helpless, disorganized and despairing.

Passenger: What makes the train run so slowly?

Irate Conductor: If you don't like it you can get off and walk.

Passenger: I would, only I am not expected until traintime.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING THE WAY TO PEACE AND POWER

The United States, the greatest power on the face of the globe, has joined in a world defense against war and for the peace of the world.

Never will America's sword be used to make war upon any nation, but to make war against war. America demands peace for all mankind throughout the world. Steadfastly and for more than a century the American nation has upheld the principles of liberty, justice and peace, and following the advice of Washington, we have avoided entangling alliances with all nations. As a people we had given but little attention to the important factor of preparation for defense. We, most of us, thought if we thought at all, that with our unlimited resources in both men and money, a call to arms over night would witness a million in the field!

Great military officers and American statesmen of the highest order have warned us from time to time of our utter unpreparedness to defend our rights on land or sea. During the two years titanic conflict in Europe, even while war rumbled near, we refused to prepare until the President himself commanded Congress to come to the rescue of America; to invest him with full and unlimited authority to meet the necessity of the hour made imperative by the unequivocal threats of a dominant war lord and a people rendered desperate by the blood of over a million slain.

But why discuss further a matter now so well understood?

Henceforth we must stand for universal military training, beginning with the public schools of the whole country, and continuing with systematic conscription of all men of military age.

AN AUTOMOBILE IS NOT A WAGON

A recent decision of a Federal Court, that an automobile is not a wagon within Rev. St. U. S. A. § 2140, providing for the forfeiture of wagons used in introducing liquor into Indian country, after stating that motor vehicles were practically unknown in 1864, when the statute was enacted, declares: "Though steam had been experimentally used in road vehicles as early as the last quarter of the eighteenth century, it was not until great improvements in steel making and working and in tools, the invention of the gas engine and its adaptation to liquid fuel, in the 70's and 80's, that motor road vehicles were recognized as practical; and it was yet later that the automobile was developed to a degree that, while it is a tremendous and valuable industry, it is also an incentive to great public and private extravagance and debt, too largely owned more or less conditionally by those not more than six lengths ahead of the wolf, infesting the public streets, contemptuous of the rights of pedestrians, like Jehu driving furiously—a rare combination of luxury, necessity, and waste. In their involved and complicated structure and propulsive force, they are the antipodes of wagons."

One precedent creates another. These soon accumulate and constitute law.

SALOONS MUST GO—EARTH BELTED WITH WHITE RIBBON

"Saloons must go" sounds trite, but never in the history of the world did it mean so much as at this writing. Good women and upright men have belted the earth with white ribbon. Against organized whiskey and its cohorts they have stood their ground, carrying aloft their banner of good will, good order, sobriety and temperance!

The very government itself has during all these years fought the forces of order and sanity and has not only legalized the manufacture of the liquid fire that steals away men's brains, but defended it by the decisions of courts and by armed interference, and it has punished by imprisonment and otherwise those who defied the entrenched evil.

But now, having considered the latest evidence brought to us from Russia, from Italy and France and from the German Empire itself, a bill has been introduced in Congress to prohibit the use of grain in the manufacture of alcohol during the war.

At last temperance is in the saddle and will ride to victory in 1917. The Rominger bill having been defeated in the California Legislature, which at best but temporized with the evil it sought to restrain, now let every man and woman declare against saloons in California and demand national bone-dry prohibition. That is the cure and the only cure not alone for California, but for the whole United States. Women will lead the way to this greatest of all achievements.

MT. LOWE MILE HIGH

DAILY EXCURSION FARE

\$2.00

TRAINS DAILY 8, 9, 10 A.M.-1:30, 4 P.M.

From Main Street Station, Los Angeles

ASK OUR AGENT FOR FOLDER

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY



**For the Sake of the Children
Saloons Must Go.**

Knowledge

I did not know that Love would come this way;
A flash of understanding, and a smile,
The quick outstretching of our quivering hands,
One touch that lasted but a little while.

I thought that Love would come with lips aflame,
Gold wine—red roses—wild, tumultuous things;
But now I find Love's chariot is made
Of trivial things.

I did not know that Love would leave this way;
A lightly given kiss—a parting sigh,
The closing of the garden of desire,
Locked with the key that people call good-by.

I thought that Love would rift the sunset clouds,
And fly from me on passion's purple wings.
Strange that he chose the ordinary road
Of trivial things.

—Town Topics.

A LEADING EDUCATOR, THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN

Melville Dozier is a candidate for the Board of Education, having stood third on the list of candidates for nomination.

Mr. Dozier is a native of South Carolina, having been educated at the State Military Academy and Furman University of that State. He landed in San Francisco in the spring of 1868, and almost immediately went to work as teacher in the public schools of Solano County.

For six years he was principal in the elementary schools, for ten and a half years principal of the high school of Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, from which position he was called to the faculty of the Los Angeles State Normal School.

This position he held for twenty-two years, devoting most of his time to mathematics, during which period many hundreds of the present teachers of California were brought under his instruction and influence.

After his connection with the Normal School ceased, Mr. Dozier was elected to the City Board of Education for two terms, and was then appointed Assistant Superintendent of city schools; serving in this capacity during the six years of Supt. Francis' term of service.

During the past year he has had no official connection with the schools, but his interest in educational work, having been life-long, is as vital as ever, and it is now his ambition to round out a full half century of work in behalf of the children and youth of his adopted State.

He believes in the extreme importance of early impressions, and that the supreme end of public education is to fit the young to discharge with dignity, efficiency and honor the obligations of an industrious and high-minded citizenship, and to live such lives as will bring happiness and contentment both to themselves and to their countrymen. The passion of his life is a love for children.

What We Can Do

We cannot run this old world.

We cannot change a law of the universe nor control the planets as they roll on in their orbits to the end of time. The glory of the sun and the grandeur of the stars are beyond our ken or comprehension. We cannot add to the fragrance of the rose nor detract from the beauty of the inmost tints of the lilac blossom. With nature and nature's God, we poor, weak creatures can little interfere, nor are we of much moment or consideration.

But to the lives of our fellow-men we are all in all. How much love, joy and sunshine, peace, happiness and glory, we could bring to the hearts of those about us if we would but try. If we would displace selfishness by generosity, slander by praise, lies by truth, hatred by love, and tear from our bosoms the demons of greed and jealousy, avarice and ignorance, we could make this old world a fit habitation for God's noblest handiwork; and by lives of righteousness bring tears of joy to the eyes of Him who broke bread with beggars, slept in the bush and sweat blood in the garden of Gethsemane, that the thieves, crooks and grafters of this planet might have a chance for Eternal Life. This is what we can do! Suppose we try.—Egbert C. Misner.

ALL NEW WOMEN ARE INVITED

To acquaint themselves with the service offered by the Salt Lake Route as a desirable way for them to travel when going East. Two limited trains leaving Los Angeles daily for Chicago, run through without change of cars via Salt Lake City and the Union Pacific and afford a journey of less than three days with the utmost of luxurious comfort.

We shall be glad to have a representative call upon you and explain fully. Kindly phone to our City Office at 501 So. Spring. Main 8908 or Home 10031.

F. H. Adams, General Agent.

Progressive Independent Fearless

The New American Woman becomes more popular each issue, and well it should, for it contains the best and most up-to-date articles upon the leading topics of the hour. Read by men and women,

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Advertising Rates on Application*

The New American Woman
MERCHANTS TRUST BLDG.

Los Angeles

California

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

From the shores of the misty Atlantic,
To the sands of the Golden West,
Your songs have swept over the country
And lodged in the nation's breast.

For you dulled the sharp edge of sorrow,
You sounded a note of cheer,
And in the sweet song we felt a great heart
Full of love for humanity near.

To the soul that was sick and weary,
You brought inspiration, relief;
With pity for sins and for failures,
With comfort and solace for grief.

Strike the lyre yet again, sweet singer!
Raise your voice in immortal song.
You brought us a message of courage,
To suffer, to smile, and be strong.
James T. Eagny.

His Opportunity

"Scientists say that blondes will disappear in a few years."

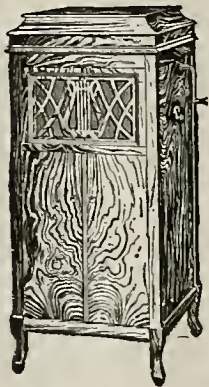
This gave the golden-haired girl her opportunity.

"Well, if you want one," said she sweetly, "you'd better speak up now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Observant Lad

School Teacher (to little boy): If a farmer raised 1700 bushels of wheat and sold it for \$1.17 per bushel, what will he get?

Little Boy: Automobile.—Motordom.



Hear the Starr Phonograph

The Phonograph that is different—and the difference is in the tone.

If you would hear one record played on the Starr Phonograph it would give you a better understanding of its marvelous tone than anything we can possibly say.

We invite you to call at our salesrooms for a demonstration or if this is not entirely convenient, we will be glad to place a Starr Phonograph at your disposal, in your own home, in order that you may submit it to any test you may desire.

Make up your mind Right Now to hear the Starr Phonograph and telephone us for a demonstration.
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Factory Salesrooms

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LOS ANGELES

Manufacturers of Pianos, Playerpianos, Phonographs
and Phonograph Records

DRAKE'S ODE TO THE FLAG

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven.
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke
And bid its blendings shine, afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone.
And the long line comes gleaming on
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn!

And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from thy glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! On ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

WAKE UP, HOUSEKEEPERS—ESPECIALLY COOKS!

Friendly Advice by Aramantha Miller

MADAM Housekeeper, do you know what Mr. Quick, of the Farm Loan Board, says about women? In an address a few days ago before the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association he asserted: "We wasted in food last year a value equivalent to the country's whole wheat crop, and in this waste women have been much to blame."

When the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of Agriculture officially call upon the women of the United States to stop wasting food don't you think it is time for you to wake up, get in line and do your "bit" toward preventing any danger of famine in our country or among our allies? These are the times when the cook and the farmer are to receive the homage properly due them as the factors in the nation's life upon which all else depends.

The reasons for the household waste by women are ignorance, laziness, and the childish, foolish over-emphasis on the looks—prettiness of food instead of on its nutritive qualities. Cooking is an exact scientific process and requires considerable time and care to achieve satisfactory results. Hit-and-miss methods will not pass much longer; but the women who decline to cook at all—their name is legion. Many American women are in danger of getting so lazy that eventually a household pulmotor will undoubtedly be invented to inflate the lungs of our weak sisters, when all further effort on their part can be dispensed with; then will happiness be theirs.

Theirs not to strive or work.

Theirs not to try to cook,

Theirs but to sit and rock.

Few people will eat unaccustomed food unless compelled by circumstances. Children are allowed to growl, "I hate" this, or wail, "I don't like" that, or scream, "I won't eat" the other. This will all have to be changed. When friend husband speaks yearningly of "the pies that mother used to make," just quote to him the dictum of our own Edison: "Every woman who cooks her husband's meals should hold tight to the fact that it is no part of her business to fix up dishes for him to give him pleasure." Upon hearing this the gentleman will wilt, for no American man dare dispute what the great wizard says. But in case he shows any sign of perplexity at this novel idea you can enlighten him with further quotations from the same exalted source—thus: "Eating should not be a pleasure." "Eating is too important an act safely to permit it to become a pleasure." "Food that tastes too good is dangerous."

So with this question authoritatively settled the cook can proceed to the discipline of the family in food economy. (Food economy does not mean "something for nothing," but that the full amount of nutrition available should be used). Take rice: most women prefer to buy, cook and eat the ordinary, polished, talc-coated, pearly rice,—all starch, with the valuable outer coat removed,—because it is prettier, and they are used to the taste of it. Many people do not know that there is any other kind. The white rice is imperfect food. In its unpolished

state it is far superior to the polished variety. But the greatest food value is in the brown (sometimes called hulled) rice, with the mineral salts and protein elements preserved. It does not make such a lovely showy dish it is true, but in nutrition there is no comparison. It takes a long time for it to cook, but the fireless cooker solves this problem as it does so many others. Sisters, you would better learn to like brown rice and teach the children to do so.

Then there are bananas—most housewives buy those with beautiful pale canary-colored skins and pass by the brown ripe ones, which can be bought at a lower price, thinking these latter are decayed, when in fact they are only ripe enough to be eaten raw when beginning to turn brown. It is true, bananas are sometimes sold when over-ripe, as are many other kinds of fruit.

Behind and below all other questions of human sustenance looms the bread problem, old and grim. The percentage of the wheat berry used in standard white flour in the United States is 72 per cent., while 85 per cent. can be utilized, employing the same machinery. So when you insist on having fine white bread you are causing 13 per cent. of the wheat to be fed to cattle, pigs, and poultry. Is that not a heavy sacrifice to make to looks—especially as the darker parts contain elements most necessary to health and perfect nutrition?

Then remember that we do not need to confine ourselves entirely to wheat. With other adjuncts corn is a valuable bread material. The rye and Indian bread of our colonial ancestors would be a desirable addition to our diet. And Southern spoon bread! A composite of ethereal hasty pudding and sublimated Johnny-cake! If the corn crop doesn't fail you will feel perfectly indifferent as to the price of wheat!

Women who understand that in this crisis they can help in other ways than by scraping lint, or knitting socks, or rolling bandages should endeavor to "consider their ways" so that never again can a serious indictment of waste of the country's food be brought against them. They can conserve the food supply itself and the nutritive properties of the portion which they use by a little thought, time, understanding of the problem, and **SOME WORK.**

In all possible cases they will not pour off the water in which vegetables have been cooked, which can be used in purees or sauces.

They will boil potatoes with their jackets on to preserve the valuable potash salts just under the skins—in fact, they will not boil any vegetables when possible to bake them or steam them.

They will not waste vegetables by cutting out rings, stars and other fancy designs, for decoration.

They will not put their money into the so beautifully decorated cartons and bottles containing food instead of into substantial aliments.

They will not serve fish, meat, cheese, and nuts at one meal and rice, macaroni, white bread, Irish potatoes, crackers, at another.

They will not wait for meat to get any cheaper, for it never will, but they will realize that the sea is full of fish in inexhaustible numbers.

In short, they will wake up and **GET OUT OF THE RUT.**

ARAMANTHA MILLER.

THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from April Number.)

HOW their restless spirits must have chafed over the delay in their plans, which calls to mind the old adage, "The best laid plans o' mice and men—" Finally, spring came, and with it renewed vigor and hope. My father and his com-



pany, stocked with a year's provision, mining implements and a camp outfit all packed on their mules, started once more toward the land of their desire. They slowly traveled the length of the beautiful State of Oregon. They traveled through what is known as the Rogue River country, deriving its name from the Indians in that region. My father decided it was the garden spot

for a home for his family after he had made his fortune.

At last they reached Yreka, California. Go with me in imagination as they entered this town. Red shirted, heavy booted miners filled the one street of the town (called Miner's Street to this day.) Great excitement prevailed for fear of not striking the right location for gold; each was telling of his wonderful experiences. Looking out over the Yreka flats and seeing hundreds of men at work, father was undecided where to go; but learning of a place called "Humbug"—(so named by some of the miners who had not succeeded there) he went out to look things over, leaving his sister and her husband in Yreka—she being the first and only woman there.

To show how plentiful gold was, I need but tell you what my sister-in-law accomplished the first summer she was in Yreka. When she left Salem, Oregon, she took with her a cow, a rooster and one hen, and surely it was the hen that laid the golden egg, for sister sold eggs for \$1 apiece. She had a few dried apples left from her trip across the plains. These she made into pies and sold each one quarter for \$1, or \$4 per pie. She had brought with her some tin pans, some holding pints, some quarts. Into these pans night and morning she poured the milk from her cow and set them into the shed at her back door, where the miners would come and take what they needed, leaving gold dust in payment. Sometimes they weighed it, but oftener they just poured it into a little bowl she provided for that purpose. One day she made \$50 on milk alone.

Mrs. Kelly was held in very high esteem by all the miners. She was never too busy to help them. She was an excellent cook and when they fell ill, she prepared many dainty dishes and rendered many kindly services which only a woman knows

how to perform. Later she received a letter from many of them, acknowledging their gratitude, as follows:

"Written by John Lanwick, appointed by the friends of William Bowden, deceased, as a committee to present a gold bracelet to Mrs. Kelly, of Yreka, California, December 25, 1851, for her kindness to the deceased during his last illness. Madam: It has fallen to my lot to discharge a most pleasant and agreeable duty, to bear witness on behalf of myself and companions to those superior and excellent qualities of the heart common to your sex, but which have been manifested in so eminent a degree by yourself to our deceased companion and friend, William Bowden, in his last illness. To die under any circumstances is a solemn thing, but the mind recoils with horror from the idea of dying in a distant land deprived of all those kind attentions which are associated in our minds with our loved ones. The poor, weak invalid who has to depend exclusively upon the rough sympathy and indifferent attention of men alone can justly appreciate what it must have meant to our friend to have a woman smooth his dying pillow. Accept, Lady, this bracelet, as a feeble mark of our respect and esteem. It is made from the virgin gold of our valley and in its purity is only excelled by those purer qualities of your heart. May there still be in store for you many years of happiness and usefulness and may you not want those delicate attentions which you are so ready to bestow upon others.

Signed, John Lanwick, on behalf of the committee."

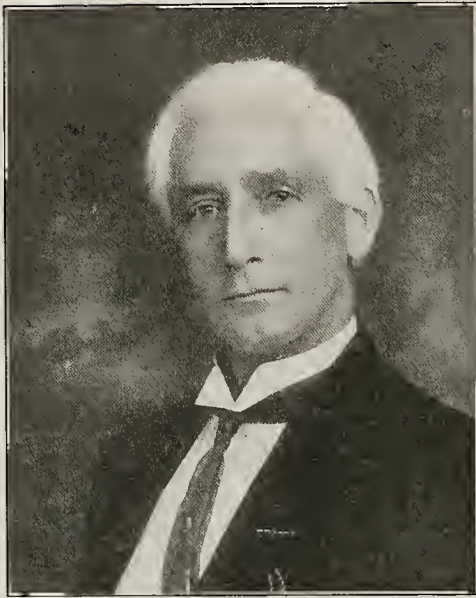
On arriving at "Humbug," my father and brother staked a claim and went to work with a will. They found the place no humbug for them, but struck it very rich, and stayed there taking out gold until late in the fall of the same year.

Father's great desire now was to bring his family out and locate in the beautiful Rogue River Valley in Oregon. So he prepared for his trip with a hundred other men who were going back East by pack mules, riding one and packing the other with their gold and with blankets and provisions enough to last them until they reached Salt Lake, for this time they took the southern route.

Two years before this the Mormons had been driven out of Nauvoo, Missouri, for they had been very free to help themselves to other people's belongings, so the settlers resented such action, and drove the Mormons across the Missouri river. My aunt, who lived at Nauvoo at that time, told us afterwards of an incident that will convey the idea of how the Mormons obtained a livelihood. Her husband had a big beef in the barn ready to be butchered for the winter meat supply. One day two men on horseback approached the barn, opened the door and drove out the beef. When my aunt ran out to question them and remonstrate, they told her the Lord had need of it, and as her husband was away from home, she was powerless to stop the thieves. This band of Mormons went on to Salt Lake and settled a colony there, and from them my father got his second supply of provisions, enough to last until he arrived in Iowa.

Think of the good fellowship and confidence that existed among these men as they journeyed along many months together.

(Continued in June Number.)



**C. C. PIERCE FOR
THE BOARD OF EDUCATION**

Experienced and Qualified

As a candidate for the Board of Education, it would be hard to find another whose qualifications and all-round fitness for service are so eminently apparent as in the person of C. C. Pierce. It required considerable persistence upon the part of many friends to secure his consent to become a candidate for this important position. The splendid family of which Mr. Pierce is an able representative is too well known in the educational and professional world to require any further commendation. He is a brother of Prof. E. T. Pierce, former president of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, and who for many years was a member of the State Board of Education. His brother, W. H. Pierce, served in our State Legislature, and Fred E. Pierce is known as a successful conservative business man. His very gifted sister, Mrs. Catherine Pierce Wheat, is widely known as a club woman, author and social worker.

The Board of Education of our City needs just such material as that found in C. C. Pierce. He is not only an educated man, but he is experienced and seasoned in right thinking, and his whole public career has been one that commends itself for the important position, and if elected to the Board on the fifth day of June he will bring to that office not only exceptionally valuable and efficient service, but a spirit of harmony, a much needed element. He will stand firmly, fearlessly and intelligently for the highest welfare of our public schools and he will faithfully and conscientiously discharge every duty incumbent upon him as a member of the Board of Education.

Never Too Late

It is never too late to be what you might have been.—George Eliot.

Being healthy is next to being beautiful.

**AN ABLE CANDIDATE
FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION
DR. ALFRED J. DOWNS**

Dr. Downs, one of the group of independent candidates for Board of Education, is a native of Los Angeles County and was educated in the Los Angeles public schools. He attended the State Normal School in this city, then spent some time in special studies in the University of Southern California. After three years in the Medical Department of the University of California, he finished his professional course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

For three and a half years he served as house physician and surgeon in Kings County (California) Hospital.

Dr. Downs has always been interested in the public schools and at one time intended to be a teacher. He is now one of the medical instructors in the local Medical College.

The needs of our schools are known to Dr. Downs, and he will give his best efforts, if elected, toward the betterment of conditions. He believes in economy, and would secure a dollar's worth of service for every dollar expended.

He believes in reasonable inspection of school children, such as would discover those with defective sight, hearing, etc., in order that such defects might be corrected while the child was young. However, he does not believe in, nor would he force upon parents or children any examination or treatment they did not desire.

As a successful professional man, Dr. Downs is well qualified and should be elected to a position on the Board where he can serve the interests of all.

**NEAL P. OLSEN
INDEFATIGABLE AND EFFICIENT**

No candidate for the City Council offers greater assurance of qualifications to perform the onerous duties incident to membership in that body than is offered by Neal P. Olsen.

He is not the candidate of any special body or class but he represents the whole community and he may be depended upon to do so intelligently and fearlessly.

Mr. Olsen is the very capable secretary of the Southern California Retail Grocers' Association, and in that capacity he has brought it to such importance as makes it an acknowledged factor in all civic movements for the good of all the people.

ELECT Mr. Olsen to the Council on June fifth.



Get Acquainted Society

717 East Ninth Street

Lectures Sunday evening by
Howard Carleton Tripp, President
Socials Tuesday and Friday Nights.
Organized Seven Years

STRANGERS WELCOME



The thought and execution of a

Genius

Surely the jewelled pieces, the case pieces, the new costume jewelry, the rare bits of craftsmanship shown here, are none other than the productions of a genius---so typically original as to be entirely different from anything shown elsewhere in America. Striking a note in exclusiveness that every visitor to Southern California can well enjoy at the west's most unusual store.

Brock and Company
"THE HOUSE OF PERFECT DIAMONDS"
437-439-441 BROADWAY



Answering correspondents as to the fate of the bill to amend the divorce laws by repealing certain sections of the Civil Code in relation to Interlocutory Decrees, I regret to say it was defeated; nevertheless, the proposed changes would have done more toward upholding the morals of the whole State of California than could have been accomplished by the silly attempt to make public or even private examination of all those who desired to enter into honorable marriage relations.

Senator Scott, of San Francisco, and Hon. Bert L. Farmer, of Los Angeles, were able champions of the bill, but there were too many poor listeners in the late lamented legislature, too many whose private ambitions consumed all their time to the disadvantage of the sincere disinterested citizens who sought only to remedy evils that smell to heaven.

The following letter from Senator Scott will explain more fully the fate of the bill:

California Legislature

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Los Angeles, California.

My Dear Friend:

Before you receive this you will have received my letter informing you of the fate of the bill to amend the law relating to Interlocutory Decrees of Divorce.

I am sorry to say I had no assistance whatever from either the Senators or the Assemblymen from the Southland except Assemblyman Bert L. Farmer. He understands the necessity of such legislation, and if I had succeeded in getting the bill by in the Senate, I am sure he would have made a hard fight for it on the floor of the Assembly. Mr. Farmer is thoroughly a splendid man, and worthy of the confidence of the people of Los Angeles.

While I am very sorry the Interlocutory Divorce Bill did not pass, I am glad we introduced it, and that I had the pleasure of working for its passage, and although the bill was defeated, it was a step in the right direction and has laid the foundation for the ultimate enactment of a law which will relieve a very objectionable situation throughout the entire State.

Thanking you for the interest you have taken in this matter, and with best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

WM. S. SCOTT.

P. S.: I would be pleased to have my name upon the regular mailing list of The New American Woman, so that I may be enlightened by the splendid journal of which you are the editor.—W. S. S.

Dear Mrs. Foltz: I so thoroughly enjoy reading the New American Woman and I have such a high regard for you, dear loyal fearless hard-working champion of Woman, that I feel I must write you a few words of sincere appreciation.

The N. A. W. is a perfect little dynamo for getting at the very heart of things. It—No—SHE is interesting, instructive and teeming with life. I have spent many pleasant moments alone with her, and with all my heart I wish her continued success.

I take pleasure in enclosing my check for another year's subscription.

Sincerely yours,

Pasadena, Cal.

EDITH F. NEIGHBORS.

Mr. O. P. CONAWAY, Candidate for City Council

RESIDENT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

made an excellent run at the May primaries, receiving the nomination with a fine majority.

He wishes to thank his many friends in all sections of the City for their loyal support and ask them to again rally to his standard Tuesday, June 5th, without fail.

Mr. Conaway has resided in Los Angeles for more than twenty-five years, in fact, he has grown up with the City and is in close touch with the City's needs. He is indorsed by the Hollywood Business Men's Club in his home section, and by many other improvement associations throughout the City. His pledges are to the people and he promises to deal squarely with all alike.

He believes in more industries in Los Angeles, where the workers can live in the City and have City advantages; better fire and police protection for all sections of the City, municipal ownership of public utilities and a scale of wages to all workers commensurate with the increased cost of living.



A high compliment from a State Officer has been conferred upon us by the following request, and to which we proudly respond:

California State Library
Sacramento

April 16, 1917.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Editor The New American Woman,
Merchants Trust Building,
Los Angeles.

Dear Madam:

We wish to thank you for the March 1917 copy of the New American Woman, recently received.

We hope this means that you intend donating a file to the State Library, as many California publishers do. The files are kept in the California Department of the Library and preserved in bound volumes as completed. Many publishers are willing to do this, as it insures them of a file carefully preserved in a comparatively fire-proof building.

If you feel that you can extend this courtesy to the State Library, please send us No. 1 of Vol. 2, as the March issue is No. 2. We bind only complete volumes. We should also be glad to have Volume 1, if possible.

Very truly yours,

J. L. GILLIS, Librarian.

Miss Eliza McMeekan, of Alameda, California, a teacher of many years and a philosopher whose friendship to The New American Woman takes a very substantial turn, sends us the following:

Dear Mrs. Foltz: My subscription to The New American Woman does not expire until August next, but my renewal at this time may help the good work along, and show in a practical way my appreciation of your excellent magazine. I believe in "team work" and my observation has been that it counts, as Rudyard Kipling has said:

"It ain't the guns nor armament, nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation that makes them win the day;
It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work of every bloomin' soul."

ELIZA McMEEKAN.

1357 Broadway, Alameda, Cal.

Hand in hand with our newly elected mayor Los Angeles goes forward. The editor of the New American Woman cheerfully eats humble pie as evidenced by the following:

May 5, 1917.

To Hon. Frederick T. Woodman,
Mayor of Los Angeles,
City Hall, City.

Dear Mr. Woodman:—

While I was not among your many splendid supporters I beg to assure you that I heartily congratulate you upon the great success that is yours over the combined votes of your opponents.

While I am not an aspirant for any position I do desire to be helpful in making your administration as great and victorious as was your election.

Re-assuring you of my kindest wishes, and again congratulating you, I am,

Very sincerely,

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ

◆ ◆ ◆

It is gratifying to know that a young business woman, employed for many years in an important Federal position, reads and approves The New American Woman.

Department of the Interior
United States Land Office

Los Angeles, Cal., May 5, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Foltz,

One of the things that has always attracted me to you is your sympathetic understanding of other women's problems. I wish we had more like you in public life.

The New American Woman interests me greatly, and I want to see abundant success attend you and it, and I well know that you cannot realize my wish for you without the support of those for whom you are laboring.

Yours gratefully,

ELIZABETH NAIL.

◆ ◆ ◆

It is gratifying to have met the approval of our readers. The father of Margaret Scott, the distinguished leader of the Red Cross in California, writes as follows:

Dear Mrs. Foltz: When you started your publication I thought that you had begun on so high a plane you would have some difficulty in maintaining your standard of excellence. I find I had no cause for uneasiness as you have continued to improve with each issue. As I am not a politician nor a candidate for any office, you may accept my opinion at its face value.

That there may be no question about my securing your magazine regularly, am enclosing my check for two years in advance.

Cordially yours,

DR. A. J. SCOTT.

◆ ◆ ◆

My Dear Mrs. Foltz: Enclosed please find check for renewal of subscription. We think The New American Woman is fine. Wish you every success. Your friend,

ANNA E. CHASE.

◆ ◆ ◆

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

It gives me pleasure to inclose check for another year's subscription for your very superior magazine, The New American Woman. I read it every month from cover to cover and digest and assimilate its contents—which always disclose clean thinking and the sterling character of its editor, who is giving to the public the very best product of a clear brain and a mature judgment. No library table in the home or elsewhere is complete without a copy of The New American Woman.

May success attend you in your tireless efforts to promote clean thinking and to elevate the standard of our citizenship.

The outside cover of the April number, with a picture of our great President, is an artistic gem. Again wishing you success.

Most sincerely,

R. D. RICHARDS.

2208 Western Ave., Los Angeles.

We acknowledge the following appreciation from one of California's most distinguished club women. Words like these do much toward making smooth a difficult path.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I wish to express my appreciation of your effort to give to the reading world so dignified and high-minded a magazine. The ability to think straight these days that are weighing in the balance all woman's attitude toward life, and taking her measure as to her physical and moral strength, is a gift to be thankful for. And I am sure you can lead out along these lines in the way all women can afford to follow. With cordial greetings, I am,

Sincerely yours,

CLARA B. BURDETTE.

(Mrs. Robert J. Burdette).

◆ ◆ ◆

We are grateful to Mrs. Riegel for the following graceful compliment:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed please find check for two years' subscription in advance. The New American Woman is indeed a magazine for the busy woman. It deals with the questions that women should and must know to be useful in public life.

Very truly yours,

MARIE LOUISE RIEGEL.

(Mrs. Andrew Riegel).

Rampart Apartments, Los Angeles.

◆ ◆ ◆

Hon. Eugene Daney, ex-president of the California State Bar Association, and a leader among men, pays us the following compliment:

San Diego, Cal., May 1st, 1917.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed please find my check in payment of two years' subscription to your splendid magazine The New American Woman. Please accept my congratulations on the tone and appearance of your publication as well as on its aims and purposes.

With renewed assurances of my best wishes, I am,

Very cordially yours,

EUGENE DANEY.

◆ ◆ ◆

The following appreciation from Major Geo. N. Nolan cheers us on:

Los Angeles, Cal., April 24, 1917.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz: Dear Friend: It gives me great pleasure to enclose my check for another year's subscription for your splendid magazine, The New American Woman, thoroughly up to date and brimful of good things, all the way through.

Mrs. Tipton's discussion in the last issue of the much mooted question of birth control, lately so ruthlessly thrust upon us, is most timely, and worth many times the price of the yearly subscription.

With sincerest best wishes,

Heartily yours,

GEO. N. NOLAN.

◆ ◆ ◆

From Judge Orfa Jean Shontz, first woman Referee of our Superior Court.

Dear Mrs. Foltz: Your magazine is a live wire. Enclosed subscription for 1917.

◆ ◆ ◆

It is evident that Dr. Lulu H. Peters, the babies' friend, possesses a vein of humor, as witness the following:

Dear Mrs. Foltz: I do like your magazine. If you will allow levity, I would like to say that it breezes in like Sunny Jim, full of vim, vigor and wit (wit)!

I enclose check for renewal.

Sincerely,

LULU H. PETERS.

◆ ◆ ◆

We proudly acknowledge the following good wishes from an old-time friend.

My dear Mrs. Foltz: Inclosed please find U. S. money order subscription to The New American Woman. I enjoy this splendid publication very much. After I finish reading it I sent it to a friend in San Diego County. Wishing you the greatest financial success, with increased influence and power. I am as ever your friend,

D. O. McCARTHY.

848 So. Berendo St., Los Angeles, Cal.

HOME CROFT

Within - the - House and Out - of - Doors

EVEN THE CENTURY MARK NO TERROR

The present style of dressing which prevails throughout the United States makes it difficult now-a-days to ascertain the age of a woman between 16 and 100.

"Twere vain to ponder woman's age,
Attired in clothes of modern rage.
No more the line is clearly drawn
'Twixt charm of youth and age forlorn.
Back in the golden years of yore,
One could be sure of forty-four,
Or any age of less than that,
By length of dress, complexion, hat;
But nowadays, alas, alack!
This simple means does not keep track
Of when a maid saw light of dawn,
Or when of girlish grace she's shorn.
Now all the ladies gown the same;
Old age holds naught that's staid or tame.
Time is brief, but so are clothes;
Woman to lass much closer grows.
A maid is not so old as she looks,
Despite the poets and dusty books!"

Free Seeds, Not Free

Many persons who have received free seeds from Congressmen have believed that the government grew 'em, perhaps in the botanical gardens in Washington, but not so. It buys 'em, pays money for them.

In the last year—fiscal, not fiscal year—the Department of Agriculture bought 907,471½ pounds of vegetable seeds for \$98,528.57. It may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the odd half pound was used with successful results. Flower seeds—you remember the Eschscholtzia and the Gypsophila and the Schizanthus that you got by mail—cost the government \$19,528.

Lettuce was the big plunge in vegetables. 135,215 pounds of seed, bought in California, cost \$24,985. Onion seed, also from California, ran up to \$15,149. The Rocky Ford growers sold about 30,000 bushels of muskmelon seed to Uncle Sam at about 14 cents a bushel. Most of the beet seed distributed among the people came from England and France. Connecticut and Michigan contributed the peas at about \$2.35 a bushel. Nothing was bought in New York and New Jersey except tomato seed. The seeds of the tall nasturtium, the flowers of which make delightful sandwiches, come from Enkhuizen, Eng.—New York Sun.

◆ ◆ ◆

Do You Know?

That every bit of meat and fish can be combined with cereals or vegetables for making meat cakes, meat or fish pies, and so on, and to add flavor and food value to made dishes?

That every spoonful of left-over gravy can be used in soups and sauces or as flavoring for meat pies, croquettes, and vegetables?

That every bit of clean fat trimmed from meat and every spoonful of drippings and every bit of grease that rises when meat is boiled can be clarified, if need be, and is valuable in cookery? Don't fatten your garbage pail at the expense of your bank account.—L. A. Times.

SALMON CROQUETTES

Salmon croquettes can easily be made of canned salmon. Remove bits of skin and bones and shred the salmon into small pieces. Beat 2 eggs until very light, mix with the salmon and stir in 1 shredded wheat biscuit crumbled fine. Add milk enough to moisten sufficiently and mold into small pear-shaped croquettes. Roll in shredded wheat crumbs. Sometimes a piece of macaroni is stuck into the narrow end, after the croquettes are fried, thus making them resemble lollypops.

Public Fruit Trees

Fruit trees in place of shade trees in our parks, is the suggestion of a reader. "Would not apple, pear, cherry or other fruit trees make a finer display in the spring," he asks, "than the shade trees commonly used, besides furnishing fruit later in the season?" "Formerly," he adds, "there were plenty of apples on the market; now only a few are to be had. These are so high in price that only the rich man can afford them; similar conditions exist in regard to other fruit." The suggestion is worthy of consideration and has been carried out in Germany, we believe, although if we hark back to boyhood days the memory of the zest with which we enjoyed pilfered fruit may suggest practical difficulties in the way of the plan for America.

◆ ◆ ◆

SANDWICHES EASY TO MAKE

Anchovy Sandwiches—Mince truffles and olives fine, mash them with anchovies, and spread on a slice of white bread; butter another slice and put the sandwich together with a leaf of lettuce dipped in French dressing.

Pearl Onion Sandwiches—Butter white bread, cover with minced pearl onion pickles, then a lettuce leaf spread with mayonnaise, and top with a plain slice of bread. Slightly press together, trim and cut in any desired shape.

Peanut Sandwiches—Mix peanut butter with mayonnaise, spread on thin slices of white bread, dot over with small pieces of endive, and cover with pieces of buttered bread. Roll and wrap separately in oiled paper. When ready to serve, unwrap and slip each sandwich into a green pepper ring. Select small, long green peppers, to cut into rings.

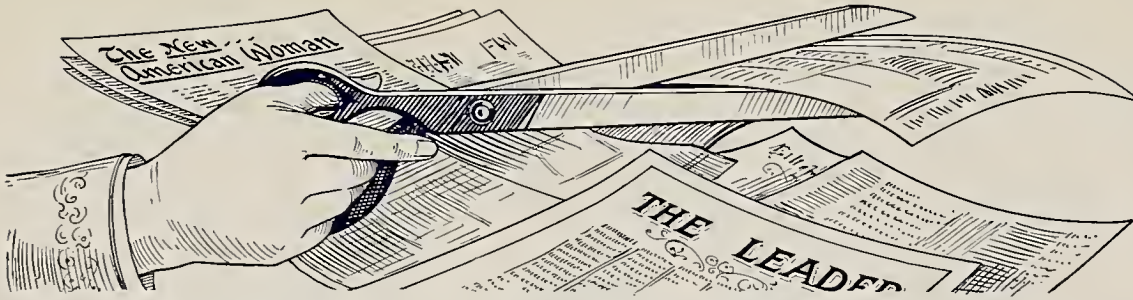
Ham Salad Sandwiches—Mix potato salad with a little mayonnaise and finely chopped chowchow pickle; mash all together and spread on a thin slice of cold boiled ham. Butter a thin slice of white bread, lay the slice of ham on it, cover with a lettuce leaf, trim, and roll. Wrap each separately in oiled paper until ready to serve; then unwrap, and tie with white baby ribbon. These have to be made very carefully, to be rolled successfully. Slice the ham very thin and mash the salad smooth, using very little.

Ham and Egg Sandwich—Mince cold boiled ham, mix with cold boiled eggs mashed through a sieve, and season with mustard dressing. Spread on a slice of white bread, and cover with another buttered slice, with a lettuce leaf between.

Cold Club Sandwiches—Spread a rather thick slice of white bread with butter; on this put a thin slice of cold boiled ham, next a thin slice of a large, firm tomato spread with mayonnaise; then a thin slice of chicken or turkey, cover with a buttered slice of bread. Serve on lettuce.

Salad Rolls—Cut off one end of Vienna rolls, and with a fork carefully remove the crumb without breaking the crust. Butter the inside while the rolls are warm, and, when cold fill with chicken salad mixed with mayonnaise. Roll a small white lettuce leaf and stick in the end of each.

Salad Loaf—Peel a large loaf of fresh white bread, and with a long thin sharp knife blade cut it lengthways, making three pieces the full length and width of the loaf. Mince 2 stalks of celery, 6 large tomatoes, and ½ cup of pimientos. Mix all with mayonnaise, spread on bread, and put the loaf back together as you would a sandwich. Place on a large platter or salad dish, and spread mayonnaise all over the loaf—top, sides, and ends. Garnish with strips of pimiento and slices or rings of olive. Around the loaf on the edge of the dish put small white lettuce leaves. This is delicious as well as pretty for a buffet luncheon. It is sliced as it is served, being placed on small plates with a bit of salad green. Of course, it is eaten with a fork.



SCISSORS

Under the above heading *The New American Woman* will print from newspapers and magazines the world over or at least from those good enough to exchange with us, giving full credit whenever possible. We cordially invite our exchanges to continue their good services to this publication by reproducing whatever may be found useful or interesting to their readers.



From the Peking Gazette we quote the following editorial. We would be glad to publish replies from the Christian ministry. Surely there is some need of a defense against so severe an arraignment.

"Was Nietzsche right after all in his conception of nature as red-clawed and cruel? He opposed charity and benevolence and held it decay, not progress to keep alive millions who in the free play of the struggle for life would die. Was the mad thought indeed a prophet's far gaze into the heart of an inscrutable reality? The idea hurts although western science seems to lend countenance to it in the theory of life as a building up and a breaking down of matter and force. And it must be remembered that not a few of the men whose will is the will of Europe, believe in war as a ritual of national purgation, cleansing and bracing the tired strength and listless purpose of a people grown to ways of peace. To the mind of Asia, however, the inherent cruelty of the conception frightens belief; and one is tempted to question the logical basis of such western reasoning. Indeed, is not the situation of European affairs at the moment the result of the astounding and fatal fallacy which has fooled the nations into thinking that preparation for war was a condition of European peace? This miscarriage of the western intellect will assuredly be a matter of wonder to the future historian who records the course of these fateful days in Europe; and just as the modern European marvels at the beliefs and strange things of the Middle Ages so will his successor of later times stand in gaping surprise at this "Great Illusion" of an age whose civilization rests—so it is claimed—on Christian foundations. The sight of eighteen to twenty million men engaged in the brutish work of slaughter—in the filth of blood—is indeed a terrible commentary upon the influence of Christianity in Europe during the past 1900 years. The situation is so startling in the contrast presented between theory and practice that a mere pagan is surely permitted to ask—the words are a textual quotation from a letter received while this is being written down—"What can our Missionary readers urge in defense of events now happening in "Christian" Europe? Is blood a cult?"

"The grave state of Europe today is likely to rouse deep misgiving in the mind of Asia as to the ultimate value of western life and culture. And the doubt, uneasiness, is not the humor of a startled fancy. In our contact with the West, we of the East have felt the touch of strong men's hands, and the ancient pride of peoples,—great when the white man roamed a hapless being in the forests of Europe,—has lain long since on ground strewn with the wreckage of captive nations. It has been preached to us that our plight is born of methods of life inferior in end and purpose and means to the civilization founded on

'the glory that was Greece and the splendor that was Rome.' We believed; and here in China the teaching has moved a people of immemorial ways to look with eyes of favor on an order of life alien to the vital things of its history and its traditions. Priests and teachers tell us that the new order is well because it makes for development and progress on the basis of ideas and standards sanctioned by the Christian's cultus. They point to the West and bid us gaze 'in wild surprise' on the kingdoms and principalities of great Europe, the pomp and pageantry of its varied life, its cities, its wealth, industry and commerce, its magical inventions and discoveries, its science and the vast generalization of a people resolved to wrest all her secrets from Nature and thus—presumptuous thought—to conquer God.

"But even so, what do all these things profit if the harvest is war and slaughter of men and broken hearts of women and pain and suffering?"



The World Not Yet a Stock Farm

In the course of a lecture at a university summer school the other day, Dr. Maximilian Grossmann told the students that he believed love to be a better guide than scientific selection in choosing a mate.

That there is a foundation of good sense in eugenics goes without saying. But the most sensible theory may be pressed to ridiculous extremes. Marriages are not merely breeding experiments. Men and women will never consent to be mated as if the world were a demonstration stock farm. The true marriage is a union of affection—a happy comradeship of two congenial chums. Either party to the contract may lack physical perfection and both be entirely content.

Milton was blind, Pope a hunchback, William of Orange an asthmatic and dyspeptic, Heine a lifelong invalid, Stevenson a consumptive. The world could spare a million physically perfect athletes much better than it could spare the immortal works dedicated by those sick and crippled sons of genius to the happiness and gain of the ages.

Let Something Good Be Said

When over the fame of friend or foe
The shadow of the grave shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, try the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows that wind is best.

by the Big Clock on 7th Street



—there is the up-town office of the Road of a Thousand Wonders—between Spring and Broadway.

—with our Four Routes East and our Seven Trains Daily to San Francisco, we feel that we are in position to take care, in good shape, of the exceptionally heavy traffic now moving. We are watching this closely, and when our normal service is not ample, it is our aim to provide for you with extra sections or extra cars.

—it is well to make
y o u r reservations
early.

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of Arizona*

JUNE

1917

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Los Angeles, Cal.

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AMERICAN WOMAN for one year beginning _____, 1917.

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1917

NO. 5

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Autocracy and Democracy in a Death Struggle

LIKE an advancing storm, suddenly a crisis has come upon our beloved country. Over against the democracy of the free peoples, with their manufacturing life, stands the autocracy of Germany with her military life. In this terrible war we behold a nation using every power of the intellect, every secret of science, every form of organized efficiency, not to build up and better the Germans, but to strike down and ruin peaceful Belgians, and the French peasants. Over against the free peoples, emphasizing industry, stands autocratic Germany, that has turned the land into a military machine, and for years prepared for a calculated and remorseless use of steel, fiery gas, dynamite, torpedoes, for killing any people whose industrial prosperity either exceeds theirs, or stands in the way of their ambitious schemes.

Civilization in the Balance

"Civilization belongs to the noble dead, the living and the unborn." At great price our fathers bought our liberties. Five wars, many battlefields, won our freedom on the land, expelling an invading army. One war gave us freedom on the seas in 1812. Another sanctity on frontier lines in 1846; liberty for races and nations other than our own in 1861; the rights of little lands like Cuba and Belgium, in 1898. The builder of some great castle or noble mansion erects the house and stores, the hall and library and gallery, but makes it beautiful and strong, not for himself alone, nor even for his children; but that the sound of laughter, friendship, peace and prosperity may fill the halls in far-off centuries. Think you that a great man has no stake in his life work? John Milton lives in the liberty of the press; Shakespeare lives in his Hamlet and Macbeth; Dante in his Paradise, the Pilgrim Fathers in our schools; Washington in our laws; Webster and Lincoln in our liberties. Is your revered father

dead? Or your noble mother? Is not all good work memorable and immortal forever? Your fathers have a great stake in our liberties, and in free institutions of the England that gave us the seed corn of our social harvests, and of France, whose soldier boys in 1781 under Lafayette, helped Washington win our liberty. Our fathers made vows for us, during the Revolution and during the Civil war they gave solemn pledges. Loyalty to our fathers bids us support the Liberty Loan; not to buy these bonds is for us to be known as the ignoble sons of noble fathers. Self-interest urges support.

Looking Forward to a League of Peace

We will include the German after we have destroyed his autocracy and his militarism, and freed the German people. We all hope much from the gradual progress of brotherly love and the increase of kindness and good will. The world's future is in the school house, the legislative hall, the library, the studio of art, the laboratory of science, the temple of the home and religion. We are in this war to say that there is no room left in this world for a Czar, a Kaiser, or a Sultan. We believe that every man is in the image of God and therefore should be a citizen King. Already a million young men have come forward to defend our allies and our

republic. The government needs two billions of dollars to arm, equip and support them. The failure of this loan and of liberty would be the most grievous failure our earth has ever known. But this loan will not fail! The American people are patriots, loving their native land, willing to live for it, and, if necessary, willing to die for this dear, dear land.

The victory for this Liberty Loan and this war, safe-guarding democracy, is to be the most glorious victory that has ever blessed the human race.

EGBERT C. MISNER.



"Lest I Perish"



Do Your Bit Now

The American Red Cross Needs You and Your Dollar

NOW the world needs the ready response of every man and woman sheltered beneath the flag of freedom, and the sooner we realize that we are each responsible to the other for a full undivided share of co-operation in the defense of democracy against its enemies, the better it will be for all mankind.

The American Red Cross is incorporated by an Act of Congress, with the President of the United States and the Vice President as its chief officers, assisted by a Director General of Military Relief, a Director General of Civil Relief, a Secretary, a Counselor and Treasurer.

There is a Central Committee, composed of eighteen members, five of whom are appointed by the President, representing the Departments of State, War, Navy, Treasury and Justice.

There are three branches of the Red Cross—War Relief, National Relief, and International Relief.

This magnificent organization, composed of the noblest and best men and women of all races, has its branches throughout the world. Their basis is geographical and their names indicate their location.

Wherever disaster is, or whatever its cause, whether it is found in flood, or fire or earthquake, or in war and pestilence, there you will meet the Red Cross, with its red badge of sympathy and service, of courage and confidence. It is indeed the civilian and humanitarian arm of the government.

Branches and Auxiliaries

A Branch is not limited, like the Auxiliary, as to the kinds of work it may do, or the term of its existence.

Auxiliaries are temporary local organizations, formed for the purpose of doing one or more specific kinds of work and composed of members of the American Red Cross. An Auxiliary may be formed among the members of a Church or Sunday School, among the students of a High School or College, within a Woman's Club or a given district of a city. The name of the Auxiliary should indicate the part of the community represented by it.

Suggestions for Organizing Branches & Auxiliaries

An application to organize a Branch or Auxiliary should be sent to the Chairman of Outside Organizations Committee, of the Los Angeles Chapter, Mrs. W. J. Chichester. Application blanks will be furnished on request from headquarters. An application for an auxiliary must be signed by, at least, ten members of the Red Cross. All membership dues, contributions and donations made to it, shall be considered as made to the Chapter and shall be under the control of the Chapter. All money thus

received shall be accounted for by the Chapter Treasurer to National Headquarters.

Steps in Organization

Decide on a time and place for meeting.

Secure a speaker and literature from headquarters. Call a meeting.

Elect a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer.

Secure a permanent place of meeting, preferably a Club House.

Appoint Chairmen of the following Committees: Membership; Instruction: Home Nursing, First Aid and Dietetics. Surgical Garments and Surgical Supplies.

Among the lines of work to undertake are: Securing members, raising funds, making hospital garments, organizing classes of instruction in First Aid, Home Care of the Sick, Home Dietetics and the preparation of Surgical Supplies.

Upon the presentation of a Branch's or Auxiliary's application, and following its approval by the Committee, membership blanks and receipt books will be furnished.

A financial report, accompanied by receipt book, membership blank and money, must be presented to the Bookkeeping Department of the Local Chapter, at least once a month.

Outside communities desiring a speaker, should arrange beforehand for transportation and entertainment.

All Auxiliaries and Circles are requested to make monthly reports to the Chairman of the Outside Organization Committee, Mrs. W. J. Chichester.

Workers in all branches of the organization must be members of the Red Cross.

Suggestions for Schools: Pupils can make comfort bags and pillows, and can be given training in Home Nursing, First Aid and Dietetics.

No excuse, however plausible, can be accepted from any man or woman for not responding promptly to the call of this greatest humanitarian organization.

My Country

Let the whole world be my country
From the whirling arctic snows,
To the sun land's tropic splendor
Of the lily and the rose.
From the desert's sandy surges
To the verdant forest trees,
From the ice fields of the north land
To the shimmering southern seas.

Let the whole world be my country
From the orient's flaming gold,
To the west land's cooling shadows
That about me softly fold;
All the world for one another
Earnest voices clearly call,
While the azure vault is bending
Starry bright above us all.

Brotherhood the song of nations,
Battle flags no more unfurled;
Peace uplifting all her beacons
From the highlands of the world.
Love her snowy chalice filling
For the stricken souls of earth,
And the dark world slowly waking
To a new and wondrous birth.
—Clarence Hawks in Coming Nation.

Life in Marble—Speech in Silence

Adelaide Johnson and Her Work

An Appreciation by Jean B. Cook Smith

FROM Japan, where Art Ideals are held sacred, as a part of the national religion—ideals based upon principles so true they cannot change—come the words of appreciation of one among our group of artists: "While in Tokio the last time, I



Adelaide Johnson

met Takuma Kuroda, Director of the Council of Connoisseurs of old objects of Art, on his return from America, where he had given lectures in the different museums. In conversation he told me that 'Of all the studios I visited in New York, none appealed to me more than that of Adelaide Johnson, in Twelfth Street. Her art is pure and sincere, and the setting reflects the purity and trueness of her creations.'

Verily a wonderful tribute from such a master critic.

For her art in portraiture, in sculpture, Adelaide Johnson has studied and mastered the problem of making the surroundings a part of the art creation. A master in her art, and a seer as well—she has studied the classics until she has wrested from them the secret of their creator: repose, life in perfect stillness, activity motionless, speech in silence.

This is why a great classic grows upon the eye, or the consciousness, and this is the secret of a satisfying portrait, harmony and repose. To breathe the breath of life into marble, has been the aim of the sculptor of these portraits. To view the sitter as a spiritual being, to embody this spiritual being into marble form, and retain, or even bring to view spiritual qualities perhaps hidden by the flesh.

We have in marble a pure white substance, which in quality is somewhat transparent, and reflects light from far under the surface. Too much light from one direction penetrates too deeply, making the shadows dense by contrast; shadows that we never see in life, unless in a prison cell with a small light aperture. Suffusing the light through soft, white textures, giving the background the tone she desires, reflected in the shadows a soft blue-grey, ethereal in tone, the color of morning air at dawn, before the first tinge of rose appears. Portraits in this background—I say "in" because the walls and air are the same color—melt into the soft grey air of

the room, and the transparent marble seems ethereal enough, embodying the very identity of the great souls who might even find in this temple dedicated to their memory, a fitting place—to perhaps rest again in the world of matter. And, who knows—but the little woman of great spirit and iron will is right when she says "Ah! but they do live." As Bernard Shaw in viewing the work of Adelaide Johnson said—"Those are people, those are't masks."

Her art is not to be viewed from the standpoint of comparison. She stands alone in the present era. Her art is the reflection of her character; to find the basic principle—truth, to strip off all disguise and to give back what she finds. But her genius could compile truth with that divine breath which we do not often find in the modern schools.

Adelaide Johnson's life work is the portrayal in marble of great women, and the noble characters whom she "Builted True" for love of their truth, stand in silent witness of her power, in that shrine to their worship, her beautiful studio gallery, awaiting the day when their truth becomes the world's truth, and they its idol for having brought the truth to manifestation.

Her slogan of life is: "Perfection at any cost or sacrifice." She cannot do the trickery of the day, in art, nor in life. No detail or duty of life is too small to fulfill perfectly, no world problem too great to try to grasp and understand. The relation of events, one to another, is weighed and balanced to a nicety, her relation to people and things judged justly and righteously. Her art is a reflection of her own lofty soul, and must be judged in a later day of reckoning, when the smoke of battle for supremacy clears and art standards once more are discerned.

Mrs. Johnson's student days were spent in Rome, under the inspiration of the great master, Monteverde, now a Roman Senator. She has not been swerved from these ideals by the evanescent movement of art activities.

Quietly, and may we say, sadly, she has watched the passing tragedies, the throes of birth and death of the various schools of art; the violent struggle of the artist to keep pace with the modern madness for gain and glory, the vain attempts to strike into new paths, to startle or shock themselves into recognition. The effort to use symbolism without understanding, or to express humanity by portrayal of misery; and the crudely breaking down of all traditions, picturing only the spirit of disintegration, as the so-called Futurist movement.

In the midst of the incertitude, she stands aloof, disclaiming any vain effort. In aspiration she soars to the highest expression of the beautiful, disdaining the noise of the crowds, and the criticisms of the adversaries, satisfied with that intoxication which a great dream can give.

"Baffled and beaten back
 She works on still—
 Weary and sick of heart
 She works the more—
 Sustained by her indomitable will
 Her hands shall fashion
 And her brain shall pore,
 And all sorrow shall be turned to Labour."

Speaking for herself, in reply to a request from The New American Woman for some word of encouragement for others of her sex who may strive in a field she has herself illumined, Mrs. Johnson said: The chief function of Art is that of recorder of all human achievement, which it does at epochal



periods after a great wave of spiritual impulsion has impressed itself in some vital form upon humanity.

At this moment of transition the time has not yet arrived for such record in any symbolic form—nor yet the master artists to make it—of the old that is passing or the new at hand; as yet the confusion is too great.

Therefore the most important record that can be made, the greatest thing in Art that can be done, is that of making masterly portraits of the stupendous personalities who have as leaders of humanity been appointed to usher in the new age.

My life has been devoted to this idea. My greatest achievement has been to provide a nucleus for such an imperishable and priceless record for the future peoples of the world in time to come. The equipment for such a task has of itself included the undertaking the knowledge of and relations with the mighty spirits chosen for such importance. Whatever else may or may not have been accomplished rich has my experience been. I regard

Lucretia Mott

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Susan B. Anthony

The three great destiny characters of the world, whose spiritual import and historical significance transcend that of all others, of any country or any age.

Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the call of that first "Woman's Rights Convention"—

1848—initiated, while Susan B. Anthony in marshalling the forces through three generations, down more than a half century of time, guided the one and only universal uprising upon our planet.

In that call was demanded everything that makes for the emancipation of womanhood, with the political enfranchisement of man as but one, though a fundamental and most important essential.

That call signalled and inaugurated a revolution without tradition or precedent from which to draw courage, to which to make appeal for support; or to offer for recognition and support.

Historically these three stand unique and peerless.

Spiritually the woman movement is, and manifestly has become the all enfolding one, and may be likened to a lone figure out on the ramparts of the world, receiving from beyond, preparing, while but waiting to rescue torn and struggling humanity from its savage self.

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The sixth season of that magnificent train, the Santa Fe De Luxe, has just come to a successful conclusion.

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The Special Objects of Our Care

Dr. Elizabeth F. Kearney

Feeble-mindedness is an inherited taint handed from generation to generation, and every feeble-minded person who is a free and unrestrained agent may become a parent, transmit the taint and thus affect the future generations. The condition is truly hereditary and we are dealing not with a condition of disease or injury, but with a defective protoplasm which transmits its own limitations. We now realize the fundamental importance of the heredity of each particular case.

The term feeble-minded is now defined in a somewhat broad and practical way. It is not confined to the idiot and imbecile, so well known and recognized by their external appearance, but includes that much larger group of people who because of incomplete development of brain and mind are unable to take their place in the world and live a normal life; who are unable to compete with their fellows in the struggle for life; who are unable to manage their own affairs with ordinary prudence, or exercise that self control that is necessary to live a normal life. These children exist in a distinct class, and they differ both from the normal and imbecile children in their treatment. They are classed as morons,—feeble-minded. Morons are often normal looking with few or no obvious stigmata of degeneration. Some of these children are of a high grade. Some few are particularly bright in some special direction, but just as deficient in others, and finally some are deficient in everything. Some not so deficient have no sense of right and wrong, being of the usual "defective type."

Morons are often normal looking with few or no obvious stigmata of degeneration, frequently able to talk fluently. If it is discovered that they can not learn, they are thought to be slow and dull, but not actually defective and incapable of learning. So strong is their resemblance to the normal child that although they are so well understood by those who have studied them, and dealt with them in institutions—yet there are many people today who refuse to admit that they can not be treated like normal children. We know that these people can not compete with normal people; that they can not manage their own affairs. They are the people who make our social problems. A defective delinquent is a boy or girl who seems to be normal, so far as intelligence is concerned; to have plenty of ability and shrewdness and cunning, but who lacks moral sense; who lacks the ability to adapt himself to his environment and live a decent life. This group comprises the wayward girl and incorrigible boy—the ne'er-do-wells. The feeble-minded react more readily to alcohol than do normal persons. Many chronic inebriates are mentally defective. A lazy boy is a diseased boy, or a defective boy. A child is not naturally lazy.

Fundamentally the child is active. The moral imbecile is a person who by reason of an innate defect displays at an early age vicious or criminal

By Hon. John S. Chambers, State Controller

IT would depend very largely upon one's point of view as to whether or not the women of California succeeded in getting through the recent Legislature very many laws, or rather laws worth while, in their favor. One would have to take into consideration past conditions, past prejudices and then the general trend of matters relating to the status of women. Personally, I think the women of the state are to be congratulated upon the advance made during the recent Legislature. They did better than I had anticipated.

Of course, I was mainly concerned in securing the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, and placing the wife in this respect upon an equality with the husband. This particular amendment I had included in S. B. 992 which Senator Kehoe was kind enough to introduce for me. The bill passed both houses without a great deal of opposition. There was a little delay due to questions asked by various legislators, but I can not say that any real objection developed. Nor did the Governor show any hostility to the measure. He talked with me about it a number of times and seemed a little concerned in the loss of revenue the State would suffer should he sign the bill. In answer to this particular objection I told him that the State was not entitled to this particular revenue, that it was an unjust burden and an unjust tax upon women, and therefore should be abandoned whether or not the State suffered materially. It is to be assumed, of course, that he agreed with my view inasmuch as he finally signed the bill.

The Women's Legislative Council had six bills relating to the rights of women introduced by Senator Luce. One of these bills related to the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, but it was not pushed because it was clearly understood that this particular exemption would get through in my bill, which was a revision of the general inheritance tax act of the State and where such an amendment properly belonged, or that it would not get through at all. Of the other five Luce bills 359 was the only one passed by both houses and signed by the Governor. It amends Section 172 of the Civil Code and provides that both husband and wife shall have the management and control of the community property. Under the law as it stood, the husband had the management and control. The amended section also takes away from the husband the absolute power of testamentary disposition, and presumably it is the intention to leave this particular matter to other sections of the Code.

S. B. 32, introduced by Senator Benson, gives women the right and privilege of jury service. Heretofore under the wording of Section 190 of the Code of Civil Procedure, juries were composed of men.

S. B. 143, by Senator Jones, was signed by the Governor, and its purpose is to amend Section 164 of the Civil Code by adding the following to indicate what shall be considered as community property: "Including real property situated in this state and

personal property wherever situated, acquired while domiciled elsewhere." This law is designed to overcome decisions of the courts which have held that where the husband and wife during the marriage have acquired property in another state which does not have a community law, and subsequently have come to California, then the title of such property that said persons shall bring with them shall remain as it was when they entered the State. The fact of their becoming residents of California does not change the property from a separate estate of the husband to community property merely because said married couple have subjected themselves to the jurisdiction of this State.

A. B. 65, by Assemblyman Bartlett, is, or will be on July 27th, a law of the land, and relates to temporary alimony and the permanent support and maintenance of the wife.

Thus briefly I have reviewed the legislation achieved in behalf of women during the 1917 Legislature. It may be that I have overlooked some measures, but I think not.

Owing to the demands upon this office because of war conditions, and the fact that I am greatly interested in Red Cross matters which take a great deal of my time, I have not been able to go into the new legislation as thoroughly as I shall a little later on. But I think I have covered the bills affecting women, certainly the most important bills, and I wish to reiterate that in my judgment they have made substantial progress.

It may be recalled that in former articles of mine and speeches upon this subject, I warned the women not to ask too much, that whether they liked it or not I feared they would have to advance trench by trench rather than by one big drive, and the result has borne me out. But I see no reason why women should feel other than encouraged, and I believe with the progress made in 1917 that like progress will be made two years hence, if not even greater progress.

Frances C. Wright

Author of

Woman's Divine Rights

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THE LADY AND THE LAW

"Women Ramp and Roar for Justice"

By Marion F. Rittenhouse



"DON'T talk of 'Women's Suffrage' to me," quoth the oldest inhabitant bitterly, as he elevated his feet, in their cozy blue yarn envelopes, to a commanding position on the porch railing, "fur sich foolish prattle stirs my gall. It's been the teetotal demolition of this ere town. Some twenty odd years ago, we, the leadin' citizens, sold out our holdin's in a shoe factory in Massachusetts, and come out here in a colony to raise oranges, milluns an' tomattuses. We made this town, then along comes Woman's Suffrage an' destroys it, placin' us in the crooel position of leadin' citizens with nothin' to lead."

With the remark concerning the Massachusetts shoe factory came enlightenment. I had often marveled at the prim, old-maidish houses clustered austere together in the cuplike Western valley. The town had seemed as incongruous in its surroundings as would a New England spinster at a Western barn dance. Now I knew why. "So this is really a New England town," I mused aloud.

"Was a New England town," amended the patriarch, gloomily, "it's a sort of sooburb of Tophet now."

"Dear me," I sympathized, eager for further revelations, "Now one would suppose that you would have grown accustomed to women voting by this time. More than five years in this state."

"'Tis a newer, fresher sorer to we citizens of New Salem," replied the oldest inhabitant sadly. "Why ain't you never ever hearn as how until some six months ago, we was the onliest town in the whole state where not one female person had mixed herself with politics, or voted? But now—" here the remark terminated in a groan which bravely strove to personate a cough.

"It was Emily Bassett that done it," he resumed after a period of sombre retrospection. "A child of our raisin', too. Well hath the Scriptures said 'sharp is the bite of a viper-toothed, ongrateful child.' Emily was born to make trouble. She kept her ma an' her step pa in hot water whilst she was a growin' up. First, she made her step pa waste a good chunk of her own pa's estate a edicatin' her, then she turned around an' used that same edication to law him out'n his share of her pa's estate. Jest took it spang away from him.

"Then she goes to a uncle's in Colorado, where she messes an' prods eagerly into politics, an' pries her way into the Legislatur, an' gets 'Hon.' tacked befront of her name. She raly did, an' the papers writ of her, 'The Hon. Emily Bassett'—just like that." (The ancient one pronounced the abbreviation of the forthputting Emily's title much as if it were the first syllable of Honduras.) "Her step pa an' we other leadin' citizens felt it was a turrible smudge on New Salem, but worse was to come. Whilst she was here on a visit, our own Hon. Cephas Wilkins, with purest, innocentest intentions, unwitting hustled along the catsaster that was our

undoin' an' our ruin. He done it when makin' his maiden speech before the House. He innocently boasted that the women of New Salem had kept their garments pure an' unspotted from politics. That innocent boast was like unto a cigaroot-smokin' tramp in a haybarn. That Hon. Emily rented our town hall, without our knowin' it was her that wanted it, an' billed the town fur a speech. She come, she spoke, an' she wrought ruin and sedition in this town. You couldn't call it nothin' less.

"Was her speech so very dreadful?" I queried, in an agony of apprehension lest the recital cease.

The third oldest inhabitant rolled up his eyes, until only a portion of their whites was visible, and the blue socks vibrated to their utmost tips with the intensity of the groan he uttered in reply to my probings. "It was ruin, rebellion, an' likewise rum," said he.

"Did the women go to hear her speak?" I demanded.

"I allus will say," he replied animatedly, "that the women showed out the streak of underhandedness in 'em, just that way. They went, but they never once cheeped about intendin' to go, so's their lawful gardeens would be reminded to tell 'em to keep to home. Why, when we men got there, we found all the best seats took up by our wives an' darters, an' before any of us could summon up presence of mind an' adjourn the metin' fur a few minutes, to excoose the women an' send 'em home, the Hon. Emily waded right into her speech.

"She begun ca'mly by quoting Cephas's speech before the House. She didn't change his words, but she managed to throw suthin' offensive in their atmosphere that give them misguided women the feelin' that Cephas had showed 'em off to the legislatur' as a passel of feeble-minded ninnies, and they didn't relish it one mite.

"I think, however," the Hon. Emily glided along smoothly, "that the real reason that you havn't availed yourselves of the privilege of the ballot this past year, has been because you have been too busy to realize just how much that privilege means to you and to your children. It means more—much more than the mere casting of a ballot to help elect some man, or even another woman, to an office. It means that you are given the right and power to say how and by whom you shall be governed. It gives you a voice in making the laws by which you are governed. These are rights which heretofore have belonged to men alone. It means just what it says, Equal Rights. Don't you like the sound? Equal Rights."

"Jist then Barnabas Haines, who had happened to set down by his wife, nudged her vilently an' meanin'ly, much as to say, 'Woman, defend your husband's honor.' An' Mrs. Haines she done her best. She pipes up rale shrill: 'Us ladies of New Salem has all the rights we want.'

"Hon. Emily turned a pityin' smile on her full blast, an' let it soak in fur quite a spell, before she said: 'You must be very easily satisfied, then. How many of the women present have a foot of land, or a cent of money in your own name? How many have the blessed privilege of spending, unquestioned, one dollar of the money which you have helped earn, or which you have inherited? Is there a woman here, who if she were to die tomorrow,

has the property which is hers by the right of inheritance, so arranged that even a portion of it would be set aside for your children, or is it entirely at the disposal of your husbands, to be used for the maintenance of a second wife and second family, if your husbands are so disposed, and they usually are?'

"Or, is there a woman present,' perceeds the Hon. Emily, lookin' every individooal woman in the hall spang in the eye, 'who, if her husband were to die tomorrow, is protected in her property rights, and who would not be compelled by law to divide the very property which she has inherited, and which her husband has selfishly absorbed as his own, as well as the money which she has helped to earn, with her children, even though such a division strips her to a bare pittance and makes her an unwelcome dependent upon those same children?'

"Of course, if she has no children,' the Hon. Emily went on in a chilled steel voice, 'she may then have the exquisite pleasure of sharing her inherited property, and the property she has helped acquire, with her husband's people.'

"Would you a believed she'd a been measly enough to a said that there last?" the third oldest inhabitant interrupted his narrative to inquire, "when she knew good and well that there was women settin' in that hall that that very identicle thing had happened to 'em. Wasn't she a sower of discord an' rebellion? Wa'nt she takin' a unfair advantage of the men of New Salem doin' thusly?'

"Women of New Salem, think of this,' she perceeds. 'Since neither men, nor men-made laws, safeguard and protect you, why not grasp this opportunity to protect your own and your children's interests? Why not use your own common sense for your own good? You women of New Salem have plenty of that commodity, I happen to know.'

"Then, the women begin to squirm and rustle in their seats, a remindin' one of a passel of hens a settin' in strange nests.

"Why have you refused your privilege?' goes on the disturber.

"By that time, all we men had our eyes deespairin'ly glued on Ephrum Baits, the most eloquential man in New Salem. Ephrum is also justice of the peace, an' he knows that in times of stress we look to him, so as the serpent-tongued female paused to git her wind, he riz up, slow an' deliberate, an' graceful, an' addressed her thus:

"Hon. Emily,' says he, mighty careful to give her her full rights an' titles, 'Hon. Emily, I think too much of my wife's health an' comfort, to have her enjure the strain an' discomfort of doin' a man's work, sich as settin' on a jury, which she would perforce have to do, if she strove to take a man's place in the world. Why, I've set up a hull night on a jury,' says he, 'which would have shorely a strained my delicate female wife.'

"I remember when your son had typhoid,' answered Hon. Emily, an' her every word peared like a razor a takin' a slice out of Eph, 'that you permitted your wife to wait upon him night and day. Some times for thirty-six hours at a stretch. You neither sat up with him yourself, or sent for a trained nurse, as the doctor wanted you to do. Do you think if your wife were to even spend an entire night in a

comfortable chair in a jury room, it would be greater tax on her strength? Do you really think so?"

"An' then again," continues Ephrum, hastily skatin' away from the thin ice of the Hon. Emily's searchin' remark, 'suppose the power of gov'ment was to fall into the hands of unscrup'lous members of the softer sex--present company excepted, of course,' he hastens to add, with a betwitchin' smile at the ladies, 'why they could compel an' doubtless would compel you shrinkin' timid females to shoulder arms an' fight our country's foes. Now, wouldn't they be apt to do so, Hon. Emily? Come now, ain't it likely?"

"They would be just about as likely," answers Hon. Emily, 'as they would be to take you men in hand, in case of war, an' make you men stay at home an' have the babies an' suckle 'em. Quite as apt, sir.' Whereupon, Ephrum, overpowered by this indelicacy, gasped once or twice, an' then set down, amidst great applause—from the women.

"After demolishin' Ephrum, the Hon. Emily turns her batteries upon the laws of these United States. She called 'em man-made laws, an' when she pecked our laws to rags an' tatters, she lit in an' said meaner, spittier things about English laws. She called 'em man-made laws an' said they differentiated between the sexts.

"Well, you know they are more favorable to men. They do make a difference," I suggested deprecatingly.

"Well, an' ain't men an' women different?" demanded the third oldest inhabitant, aggressively.

"But the differences are all to the men's advantages," I protested, "What about that?"

"Nothin' about it," defended the ancient one, doughtily, "them laws was made by men, an' women should keep their pesterin' maraudin' hands off of 'em, an' mind their business.

"But, to go back to Hon. Emily," he resumed in calmer tones, "why, she even told how in some of our states, a widder can't collect damages fur the injuries, or death of a child that has been her support, an' how a widowman can collect 'em. She said women didn't have ekal guarden rights over their children, as they think they ort. She said there was one state that had a law where a man could will away from his wife the children he's got, an' likewise them he expects to have. An' that it has been done."

"That's Tennessee," I said, recognizing his version of the absurd law which gives a man the power to will away his unborn child.

"Hon. Emily's a turrible blabmouth," he said, sighing heavily, "I'd hate fur her to know anything on me. She'd run an' tell it. My, oh! But she was sassy an' spiteful. Why, you'd a thought to heard her that all them laws was jist made to spite women, when the rale fact is, when men made them laws, they had somethin' to bother their heads about, besides women."

"That is quite true," I said, with wasted irony, "the men were not bothering themselves about women, when they made the laws."

"Of course not, an' why should they?" agreed the patriarch.

"How did the meeting terminate?" I asked.

"Oh, it didn't do anything like that," replied the third oldest inhabitant, "it jist broke up in a reg'lar

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love feast amongst the women, headed by Ardelly Thayer. You see, Ardelly, when she was married first, to Barabas Howard back in Massachusetts, they didn't have nothin' but the farm that had used to belong to Ardelly's pa. An' when they come West with the rest of us, they sold the farm for four-thousand dollars an' bought land here. Then Barnabas died, leavin' one son, an' in four years, when the boy was five years old, Ardelly married Simeon Thayer. Well, Simeon died in five or six years, leavin' Ardelly with two Thayer children. Jist previous to the Hon. Emily's meetin', Ardelly's oldest child, Lewis Howard, had come of age, an' was takin' steps to compel his mother to give him his share of the estate."

"Do you mean the land bought with money his mother had inherited from her own father?" I demanded heatedly. "Was it in Barnabas Howard's name?"

"Of course," replied the ancient, "didn't he buy it, while he was married to Ardelly? But Ardelly, right at the time of the meetin', had been makin' a turrible fuss about him dividin' it. Said her share wouldn't be enough to raise her two Thayer's on. She said it was as much her duty to raise them as it had been to raise Lewis.

"Of course, she was ripe fur the mischief Hon. Emily had brewed. She jist walked up to Hon. Emily, an' kissed her, an' called her the women of New Salem's torchbearer, an' their leader, an' other foolish, messy names. When Hon. Emily left the hall, them misguided females was clusterin' around her like bees around the queen. As she passed out, Ephrum, he rallied in our defense, an' made his last desprit stand. 'I s'pose,' says he, casual, 'you look upon the leadin' citizens of New Salem as vilyins?'

"'No,' was the reply she tossed carelessly back at him, 'merely ignoramuses.' An' it don't 'pear to me,' continued the third oldest inhabitant, eyeing the toe of the left blue sock with pensive sadness, 'that Ephrum has ever raly been himself, since.'

"Then them women begun a turrible heavin' an' strainin' fur their property rights. They was bound to have 'em. They perceeded on the what's-sauce-for-the-goose-is-sauce-for-the-gander plan. If a man had fixed his stuff, so's his wife only got dower rights, if he died first, his wife would either make him change it so's she'd fare as well as he would, if she was tuck first—not have things divided up, you know. When the pore harried men remonstrated, an' said dower rights was enough, why the wives would say he could tie it up by deeds an' sich, so he'd have dower rights, if dower rights was enough. So no man, in his sense bein' willin' to resk his welfare to his children that away, they was jest pecked an' flustered into fixin' their propputty up fur their wives jest as safe an' librul as if 'twas fur their own selves. We was all browbeat turrible. We've been druv to treat our wives same if they was men business podners. They don't reckernize sex in propputty. Why, Ardelly Howard, she ups an' refuses to let her son Lewis take his share of her estate, when his father died, an' when Lewis lawed her, she beat him in court."

"Well, you know, it was her own property," I reminded him, "inherited from her father, though her husband had used it."

"Even so," returned the graybeard, "neither cir-

cumstances, nor sermons can make it seem right fur a woman to stand up to a man an' browbeat him fur her rights like that.

"How women do ramp an' roar fur justice. They're even willin' fur others to share the precious titbit. Why, Mrs. Caleb Staines, who had Delilahed Caleb into insurin' his life fur her when they was fust married, actooly divided his insurance with her stepdarter, of her own free will, which proves women ain't fitten to handle money. What man would have been fool enough to a done that, do you s'pose?"

"There's been oodles of insubordination in New Salem, since that Hon. Emily serpent pertruded herself into our affairs. It's the Gospel truth that until then, me an' my son-in-law could subdue my darter Sairy by starin' stiddy at her over our specs whilst we counted up to thirty-seven, but she stares us down now."

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

(Continued from Page 7)

propensities which are of an incorrigible or unusual nature, and are generally associated with some slight limitations of intellect.

A feeble-minded child often has a degrading influence on the rest of the family, and is really very much happier in a home with similar children. Feeble-minded young girls are subject to overwhelming temptations and pressure toward immorality. Many of them have illegitimate children at a very early age. We should treat these children, not according to any preconceived notion—nor insist upon giving them training that some day will lift them into society at a level for which they have no capacity, but we must recognize their limitations and give them such training as will make them happy. Play is an important topic and many things may be learned when taught in games. We are realizing the importance of the psychological study of the child, although it has been only imperfectly developed thus far. The study of eugenics is very important. We are finding that we have to take care of the older girl, even more than younger children. We have found whole colonies of feeble-minded. While taking care of all the insane, we are caring for only one-eighth of the feeble-minded. The latter are three times as dangerous to society as are the insane. The most dangerous of the feeble-minded are those who are most highly developed. They have sufficient intelligence to be made use of in wrong ways. Segregation of the feeble-minded is the only logical way to solve the difficulty. We do believe in institutions for the feeble-minded, but not for the normal.

They must be segregated. A proper place must be secured, and a home built where all such children in a community may be placed, thus protecting the public from many crimes, for sooner or later these children become criminals. The teachers in the public schools should have certain lectures given by a competent physician, teaching them along lines that will enable them to keep under observation dull or backward children—a backward child is not a defective child. Later these children are turned over to the psychological department of the public

schools where their mental capabilities may be determined and a record kept of each child.

Later when this child comes up before the juvenile judge for some misdemeanor, as he surely will, he may be properly placed at once and if sent to the reform school there classed as feeble-minded. The authorities of the reform school should not be expected to put brains where there is a vacuum.

The feeble-minded child should be separated from the ordinary public school children in order that it may receive special instruction. There are children who are on one hand too feeble-minded to be properly taught in ordinary elementary schools by ordinary methods, and on the other hand these children exist as a distinct class, and require special care. They can develop within the limits of their defective or retarded brain power, and need a supervision that may extend for a long time, sometimes for life. Beginning with very simple tasks, mental defectives are usually able to turn to useful work—even though they can not make the least progress in school.

If much is to be done for the feeble-minded, and if they are to be made self-supporting in any degree, they should come under control early. If taken as children they are more amenable to discipline, more able to learn useful occupations. Good, instead of bad habits can be taught, and they can be guarded from temptation, which only degrades them to the lowest level of society. The feeble-minded never become anything else but mentally deficient children.

Really Dry

[Kansas City Star:] Does prohibition actually prohibit in this region?

Does it? answered Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Why podner, the frogs have quit holering anything but 'Jug o' grapejuice.'"

A CLOUD

John E. Richards

A cloud across the sunset sky,
A single cloud swims slowly by;
So distant, yet so bright, it seems
A ship upon the azure deep—
A sail upon the sea of sleep—
The fancy freighted barque of dreams.
Oh silver boat on shoreless blue,
My soul would passage take with you
And sail and seek through sunlit air,
Its Paradise of Peace, somewhere!

But even as I gaze a change,
By some aerial influence strange,
Transforms the cloud until it seems
An island beautiful and bright—
A vision of that realm of light
Which mortals only reach in dreams.
Oh blessed isle, beside thy gates
My weary spirit lies and waits,
For sweet admittance and surcease
Within thy Paradise of Peace!

Behold again unrest pervade
The cloud until with wide facade
And sculptured architrave it seems
The door through which departing day
Shall pass to waken far away
The lands which now lie lapped in dreams.
Oh Glorious Gateway to the West!
Through you my soul pursues its quest,
Where Golden sunsets never cease,
For its lost Paradise of Peace!

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from May Number)

As the dawn seems to falter at the boundaries of a dark sky, so I hesitate to lift from oblivion the memory of the hurts and wounds which women inflicted upon me as I struggled to overcome the opposition they manifested at every turn against women in the legal profession. My whole life was an open book; they had no honors to confer upon me—quite the contrary—and yet, without one audible word of censure or criticism from any one of them, I soon found myself and mine ostracised and ignored by the so-called "best people" with whom my father's family had always moved.

Personally I cared nothing whatever for the stupidity of the ignorant women who could not if they would, understand why a woman lawyer, why bills for the enlargement of their privileges, giving opportunities for the exercise of their talents, were introduced into the Legislature from year to year, argued, pressed to vote, and passed. They knew nothing of the toil, hardship, poverty, and even hunger involved in these efforts to make conditions better for them.

But the men! "God bless them!" So I have said aloud a thousand time as I emerged from committee rooms and Legislative chambers where I had been accorded a respectful hearing and a rising vote of thanks together with their approval of the measures I advocated.

In retrospect, I think I must have felt somewhat as our great President Wilson expressed it—I was so right in my advocacy of woman's cause that I was "too proud to fight," in other words, to talk back to women who hindered my progress and who even refused friendly recognition of my efforts.

But once my success began to be heralded by the gallant knights of the free and generous press of San Francisco, doors swung open to me, plates were laid at every function, and I was made the toast of the most conservative.

By this time, however, I was very much occupied with the demands of my profession and the increased cares of my large family of growing children. I loved women—all women, of every race and color, and I would gladly have been one among them in their conventions and public assemblies, but I simply had not the time to spare, and for the same reason I have never attended a woman's convention, nor a Mothers' Congress, nor any other large assembly of women, a fact which I sincerely regret—for I realize the loss of sweet comradeship which must exist among so many earnest women united in a common purpose.

The Lure of San Francisco

One year of successful practice in the courts of Santa Clara County had encouraged me to believe in myself. I had overcome much of the timidity usual to young lawyers—even to those of the privileged persuasion—and I looked hopefully toward a more cosmopolitan field. My young brother, Samuel M. Shortridge, had just graduated from the Reed Street School, of which Hon. James G. Kennedy was the principal. "Sammy" was then barely sixteen

years of age, but his valedictory address on the occasion of his graduation was conceded to be the most remarkable for its research and logic and the purity of its diction that had ever been delivered in the city of San Jose. His only sister sat in the audience with our proud mother, in the most obscure corner of the assembly hall, lest our presence might disconcert the fine lad who proved himself a most worthy representative of his class—the ablest valedictorian public schools of Santa Clara County had ever produced—and that is saying a great deal, for “Johnny” Richards, now Judge of our First District Court of Appeal, and Justice Lorigan of our Supreme Court,—representatives of our public schools,—had each given a good account of himself.

Almost immediately following my brother's graduation Judge S. Clinton Hastings, founder of the Hastings Law School, sent for him to call at his law office in San Francisco. Sam was always a modest, diffident boy with an inordinate love of books and solitude. He could hardly be convinced that he should comply with Judge Hastings's request, but after much persuasion from mother and myself he consented to leave on the early train for the big noisy city, to the office of the man whose generosity to our State University in donating one hundred thousand dollars in perpetuity, has contributed largely to the efficiency of the California bar.

Early in the afternoon of the same day we received a telegram from Sammy saying, “Have been engaged to teach school at Judge Hastings' country seat in Napa County—Hurrah!”

My young brother's first experience in the law, which he had already begun to study, was when, after creditably passing the examination before the County Board of School Trustees, he was asked to state his age. Imagine the situation. Poor boy! There he sat in the full glory of his sixteen years of youth, almost six feet tall, slim and straight as a redwood pine—a veritable Abraham Lincoln in appearance.

“I am sixteen, but I shall be seventeen on the third of August next”—which would be two months later.

“Young man,” said the County Superintendent, “We would like to issue a certificate to you, but we cannot do so until you have attained your eighteenth year. We will arrange with Judge Hastings to allow you to teach as a substitute and to honor your warrants for your salary upon Napa County.” And this small opening was the poor beginning of one whose proud life and scholarly attainments have been the source of many happy hours to his relatives and his many friends.

While there yet remained in San Jose much for me to do, my first cases having proven good advertising, I decided not to defer going to the larger field. It happened that aboard the seven o'clock train, on which I traveled with my noisy brood of five en route to my new scene of activity, there was a passenger by the name of De Witt, from Monterey County, on his way to the United States Land Office to defend a contest which a malicious neighbor had instituted against him. He chanced to mention to the conductor of the train the reason for his mission to the Land Office and his desire to obtain a lawyer to represent him. Whereupon the accommodating conductor informed him of the “young lady lawyer sitting in the rear of the car.”

Evidently Mr. De Witt was a brave man; he was also just—as I learned later to my great satisfaction. With the aid of the conductor he courageously addressed me and at once stated his case, most of which was next to Greek to me. Of course I could not have had any experience in the United States Land Office. I had never been more than fifty miles from home, knew nothing of the ways of Federal procedure in any of its departments, nor did I conceal the facts from my would-be client.

To my suggestion that possibly some other lawyer (a man of course) might be more able to render him the services he required, he replied, “No, I'd rather trust you than any of them.” And he went on to explain,—“After I have paid my expenses and the expenses of my witnesses to and from the city, I shall have about three hundred dollars left over. I will give you that amount if you will take my case and help me through the Land Office.”

I almost fell from my seat at the bare mention of so enormous a fee!

Three hundred dollars seemed to me altogether too much to pay, and I told him so then and there. But when he explained that he had tried to get a lawyer in Santa Cruz for that amount and that he had refused it and demanded one thousand dollars, I weakened, my conscientious scruples disappeared and I reluctantly agreed to accept the fee and promised to do my best.

Arriving in San Francisco I deposited the youngsters in a suite of rooms at the Lick House on Montgomery street and with my client went at once to the office of the Registrar in the old Federal building on Washington Street. I obtained a copy of the latest Rules and Regulations of the United States Land Office, and after I had consulted thoroughly with my client and carefully examined his witnesses we parted to meet at nine o'clock the following morning, the hour set for the hearing of the contest.

I studied the Rules and Regulations and hardly slept the whole night through, so determined was I to earn the three hundred dollar fee paid in advance, and which I still but half believed myself entitled to. I kept my wits fairly well, though I trembled, and certainly was dreadfully scared lest I should fail to serve my trusting client as capably as a man lawyer might have done. No one, not even the astute experienced Registrar himself—as he told me later—regarded me as a novice in his department—so intelligently and effectively did I guard the interests of my client by the skillful manner in which I handled the contestant and his witnesses.

(Continued in July Number)

DEAD LOVE

By Madge Morris

There is no dead thing in this world so dead
As love that has been slain.

Think not that you
Can lightly toy with it, and set your foot
Upon its heart for pleasure, and wound
The ground with its red blood, and then bid it rise
And stand all blushing new again
Beside you.

Nay, though from the mouldy grave
Your power could take the skeleton, and all
Its mildewed joints habituate with living flesh,
You, yet, could not bring dead love back to life.

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No. 5

MISTAKE OF HON. JOHN D. WORKS

WAR OUR ONLY RESORT—COURTS CAN- NOT HELP US

WHEN war has been declared there is no appeal to the courts. The wisdom or unwisdom of the war may not now be discussed. It is too late to argue whether or not we should have joined the Allies and undertaken the defense of universal humanity threatened as it is by a mighty giant gone mad. We have united our forces with the Allies and we will fight and conquer the poor disordered Emperor whose loving subjects deserve a better fate.

Free speech and a free press are great constitutional guarantees in times of peace, but in times of war no anarchistic or seditious utterances should be tolerated, whether conscientiously or otherwise spoken. Silence now will certainly prove golden. Oil and water cannot mix; treason and patriotism cannot exist beneath the same flag of freedom. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

A Conference of Democracy, such as that held in New York last week, should have worked out a message of peace and good will to all the world, but instead treasonable speeches went unchallenged. "We will appeal to the courts against conscription," declared one of the speakers and this diabolical example of "free speech" was followed by "rounds of applause."

And to add to this tragedy in public utterance ex-United States Senator John D. Works, than whom few men have received more honors at the hands of his countrymen, telegraphed to that body of malfeasors assembled in New York to denounce President Wilson and the Government, that "we had dishonored ourselves by declaring war."

What other course, pray, could this government have taken unless, forsooth, we had consented to bite the dust, clear the oceans of our ships and forego the right of travel and commerce upon the sea?

Will not Senator Works deal justly with President Wilson and the administration at Washington? Will he not re-read the President's message

and his many written communications and note his many patient, intelligent efforts to maintain the peace of America through the intricate channel of the diplomatic service, and after having carefully weighed all the evidence render to a patriotic people a better and a more just opinion?

The exercise of that splendid mental poise which has distinguished Senator Works through his useful and brilliant career was never so sadly needed as at this hour. His countrymen call to him for a reversal of an opinion which could not possibly have been deduced from all of the evidence in the case.

The New American Woman hopes that such an opinion will be forthcoming and thus remove the stain upon a hitherto spotless career.

PAROLE THE PRISONERS

Give Every Patriot Liberty to Fight

WITHIN the forty-eight States of America and behind the walls of State penitentiaries and other places of detention are thousands of men and boys, many of whom are eligible to conscription and capable of passing military examinations.

These men now serving time in prison should be given an opportunity to change their place of present detention to the front of the armies battling for the freedom of the world. Eligible ones should be required to register. Give convicts a chance to prove themselves worthy of a government whose laws they have disobeyed.

The State Board of Prison Commissioners has the power to parole prisoners. A paroled prisoner once enlisted and accepted should be paroled to pass out of the State to the front, wherever that might be, subject to recall at the close of the war or upon conviction of any breach of any discipline.

Of course there are objections easily to be raised to the idea of paroling convicts and other prisoners for service in the army, but the objections to this utility of men can hardly outnumber the reasons in favor of it.

In California alone there are two penitentiaries over-full with men most of whom are of military age. They are, usually, in the very best physical condition due to the excellent discipline and the absence of liquor. The sentences which many of these prisoners are serving may already be nearing their close. Parole to such as these would serve two great ends—it would stimulate each man to live a better life, and the army would find in him a brave and efficient soldier.

Will not some organization of men—or why should not the Federation of Women's Clubs move in the matter?

In the world wide conflict which threatens to engulf the most peaceful of nations, mothers, wives and sisters of America are sending forth their sons, husbands and brothers with songs of triumph and voices of cheer. They are lined up solidly with the Red Cross, and in obedience to orders from the heads of this great army of mercy and service and peace they are preparing for the hospital and the field every known scientific first aid and every relief to pain or wound that the conflict of battle can

inflict, and comforts of every conceivable character for the ill or injured while convalescing.

It can never be that women may participate at the front in battle, but who shall declare them wanting in any other qualification of freedom against slavery, of American liberty against Prussian tyranny?

There may be found here and there an American woman so depraved, so lost to decency and so bereft of morality as to proclaim herself opposed to the wisdom of defense against murder and confiscation, who cares nothing and knows less of the atrocities of Germany upon a peaceful, defenseless people.

But with such women as these the government will deal without delay. They are not entitled to further consideration than a dark, clean cell in a strong well-guarded prison where they may reflect upon the value of freedom and a government that protects its people in the enjoyment of every liberty consistent with the rights of all mankind.

THE WOMAN'S PART

Vera Hearthman Cole

Our brothers are fighting for peace, freedom,
Democracy and for humanity!

These things our fathers have dreamed and have
prayed

Might be to the world their sacred bequest;
These things our fathers have fought and have died
To gain for their children—an untainted gift;
These things our fathers have struggled and bled
To give the humblest who sought our fair shores;
These things our fathers have carried as high
As the flag of the nation, stars and stripes!
And, while our fathers so bravely fared forth
Our first mothers, though soul-tortured by war,
Stood back of them, united through the years
In one great line of sweet maternal strength.
The same call of truth, of right and justice,
To which our forbears answered "We are here,"
America has heard! Women shall we
Less freely give than our first mothers gave?
Shall we refuse to stand in freedom's cause?
Our part to aid and care, to feed and share
Until democracy and peace shall be
Triumphant through the vast eternity!
Then, in this age-long struggle shall be writ
In letters gold, as first in faith and love,
As first in courage and in sacrifice,
Our one name—The Womanhood of the World!

VACATION

It is entrancing—the idea of vacation. In these early days of spring who has not formed some idea of a change of habitat—just away from the city's din, out where the poppies spread their cloth of gold and the bobolink chirrup his welcome to the intruder, knowing that his wings will lift and carry him out of harm's way.

But vacation to the writer is an unknown quantity, for I may say truly I have never had a vacation, if it is to mean nothing to do, with no service to perform—just traveling about, or lying around in the house or out of doors, dressing and eating, etc.

For myself I want no better place for a vacation than at my home where I shall be free to live uninterrupted by any single one of the torments of the usual drifting about.

POPULAR IF NOT POLITE—RAISING H—

A member of the Los Angeles City Council, commenting upon the newspapers interfering with his prerogatives, inadvertently told them "to go to hell." A few days following this burst of blazing oratory a staid and popular pastor of a church in Pasadena remarked in a sermon on war—presumably thinking of Shakespeare's warning, "Beware of a quarrel, but once," etc.,—advised his hearers that if we (meaning America) had to get into this war, "let us fight like hell."

And even Eugene Brown, that paragon of English subtlety, in the Los Angeles Times, commenting upon the objections to billboards and placing the public disapproval upon the grounds of public policy, morals and civic beauty, could not "put it over" without indulging in a subterfuge of the slightest merit, when he charged his tourist friend with saying that God had made Los Angeles beautiful, but the billboard men had raised hell with it.

And the short word once delicately abbreviated has come boldly forth into its own and we may freely use it without fear of pastor or Councilman. Nor is this freedom of expression an unmixed evil. For instance, the would-be fair divorcee when relating hubby's delinquencies to her lawyer may no longer hope to succeed in her charge of "grievous mental anguish" because her liege lord and master had upon divers and many occasions told her to go to h— or said he wished she (meaning plaintiff) was in h—.

To the lawyer this is a real loss, for now that the word h— has become popular in polite assemblies he can no longer advise his client that the use of the once despised word now necessarily nor otherwise inflicts upon her "grievous mental suffering."

We offer the foregoing as a gentle reminder to overworked divorce lawyers.

An eastern correspondent has sent the following which it is said has made a hit:

Question: "If hell should be turned upside down what would be found on the bottom?"

Answer: "Made in Germany."

Francis C. Wright, author of *Woman's Divine Rights*, says, "A woman cannot be universal and faithful to all humanity except she has first been a faithful mother in her own little home circle."

THE SONG OF THE WEST

By Minnie Hoover Linton

This is the song that the siren West
Sings all the seasons long, -
Stop but a bit and listen today,
Hear its enticing song.

"Shimmer of sun on the ocean blue,
Shimmer of gold in the sand,
Bountiful wealth of golden fruit,"
This is the song of the land.

"Summery sunshine all of the year,
Gardens a bower of bloom,
Storehouses full of garnered sheaves,"
List the enchanting tune!

"Come from New England's rocky coast,
Come from a foreign strand,
Come seek a home in the golden West,
Here in the promised land."

PROMPT RECOGNITION OF MERIT

California's New Congressman

Hon. Henry Z. Osborne has won the approval of experienced statesmen within the brief three months of his service by his intelligent forceful speech upon the Emergency Military Bill and against the bill to establish a zone system on second class mail matter.

"Our postal system," said Congressman Osborne, "has been built up on the correct theory that information and intelligence should be widespread throughout the nation; that all portions of the nation should be on an equal footing as to its mail facilities and costs. A contrary system could not fail to encourage and produce provincialism and a tendency to denationalization.

"The difference between the parcel post, letter and newspaper mail rates is the difference between carrying freight and carrying thought and intelligence. A zone system applied to freight is proper and reasonable; a zone system applied to national thought and intelligence is inappropriate and stupid. The enormous additional expense that is put on publishers is absolutely unjust and in case of hundreds of publications will be destructive."

The Cow "Let Down"

One of our farmers went into his cow stable the other night and by mistake mixed her up a nice mash in a box full of sawdust instead of bran, says an Iowa liar. The cow, merely supposing that the hard times had come and that they were all going to economize, meekly ate her supper and the man never discovered his mistake until the next morning when he milked the cow and she let down a half gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe pegs and a bundle of laths.

Vacation Trips at Reduced Fares

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE OFFERS VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE TRIPS AT GREATLY REDUCED FARES:

EAST AND BACK. To many Eastern cities on various dates in June, July and August: Chicago \$80.00, New York \$118.20, Boston \$120.20, St. Louis \$77.50, Missouri River Points \$67.50, and many others.

YELLOWSTONE & GLACIER PARKS. Favorite places for vacation trips, and more popular every year as they become better known. Truly Wonderlands of Geysers, Waterfalls, Glaciers and Mountain Scenery.

ZION CANYON—UTAH'S NEW WONDERLAND. A new resort, just opened in Southwestern Utah, and one of the most magnificent scenic regions of America.

Camp under "Wylie Way" management, same that made Yellowstone Park popular.

Full particulars of all of these, together with illustrated folders, at all offices of the

Salt Lake Route

LOS ANGELES OFFICE
501 South Spring Street

AFRAID

I am afraid—afraid!
This thing across the sea,
This dreadful War!
This holocaust beyond all horrors
Man has wrought!
It dazes me, I dare not think nor see,
But like a child who, left alone
In darkness, hides its face,
Back to the wall, and shrinking, shivering, chilled,
Presses a sheltering arm across its eyes,
So I refuse to read,
Or think, lest madness follow fast.
For sometimes even in my dreams
A river runs, close at my feet,
A dread, red river, thick and dark, whose sound
Is like the moaning of a soul unshriven,
That, hopeless, beats its dragged broken wings
Outside a doorless Heaven.
What force within, without, is urging on
The men whose will this is—
I know not, nor did they,
Those countless legions who lie shorn of all
Their likeness to the God who bid them live,
Trampled and torn and sightless—glad, maybe,
To rest from War's dark hell,
Though Death be theirs.
To rest—no more to hear the thundering guns,
The bomb's weird shriek,
The dumb brute's ghastly scream.
No more to see, through blinding tears,
The poor scarred land that once was Home;
The wife's dazed eyes, whence guiltless shame looks
out;
The thousand nameless children War hath bred!
If this be Life, then Death indeed were rest.
But this is not my fear, all this—
Through weary day on day I have grown used to
this—
But what the end shall be—that is my fear!
What God will do at last.
When He no longer holds His hand—what then?
What then? I am afraid!

Kate Laffitte.

A Cattish Remark

"He wore my photograph over his heart, and it stopped the bullet."

"I'm not surprised, darling. It would stop a clock."—
London Answers.

MISSION BAKING POWDER

"Goes a little further—Costs about the same"

A Pure Phosphate Baking Powder, NOT Alum in any of its forms.

READ THE LABEL.

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TEST THE PRODUCT.

Break a Hot Biscuit just out of the oven. Note the Aroma. Any Alum Baking Powder has a strong unpleasant odor, especially when used to excess.

Bread made with MISSION BAKING POWDER has a sweet delicious flavor, a pleasant odor, and no matter how much you use, you only add to the food value of the baked product.

Try it NOW. A Home Product, A Superior Product.

Ask your Grocer

MISSION BAKING POWDER CO.
Los Angeles

The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from May Number)

THE pioneers had thousands of dollars in gold dust in their possession; their fear was not of robbery, but of the Indians that infested the country. And perhaps the only thing that saved them was the fear the Indians had of the guns



carried by our travelers, as they could "speak" a greater distance than could the bow and arrow. My father arrived safely in Keokuk, Iowa, rested a few days with his sister Mrs. Duty, then pushed on to St. Louis to take his gold dust to the United States mint. While in St. Louis, he ordered his wagons made for his return trip with his family. He also had long distance guns

made that were a wonder to all who saw them. Instead of bullets, he used slugs, which went with such force that they would pass clear through one animal and kill another within range. I remember one day after we had started to this country my sisters and I were walking ahead of the wagon when we saw a herd of antelope grazing on a hill about 300 yards away. We had been told that antelope would not take flight if we would stand still, so we remained motionless while one of my sisters returned to the wagon for father who came with his gun and killed two with one shot. I insert this incident simply to show the power and range of the guns.

The wagons were built for great comfort and convenience. In the bed of the wagon he arranged boxes that fitted tight together and were flat on top. These contained bacon, hams, syrup, flour, a keg each of pickles, brandy and lard, also a medicine chest, in fact enough of everything to last for the entire trip across the plains. This was necessary as there was no chance to obtain food after leaving the Missouri River until we reached Oregon City, Oregon, the only inhabitants of this vast domain were wild Indians and herds of buffalo.

My father upon his return home was called upon many times to relate his experiences of his wonderful trip, he being very well known among the people of the South. His father, Caleb Hill, was a noted Baptist minister of Tennessee. His mother came from the well known family of Lanes. My mother's people were the Finds of Sweetwater, Tennessee, and were among the first people of the South. The word of a Find was considered as good as a bank note. They were of English descent. My grandmother on my mother's side was a Lee, the great Fitzhugh Lee of Southern fame was of the same family. She was one of the heirs of the great Jennings estate of London, England. About the year of 1843, all the Jennings of the United States

were called to Washington, D. C., to decide who were the legal heirs of this vast estate, and my grandmother's family were given full right to the property. Grandmother's brother, who was a Jennings, was chosen to go back and claim the estate, so he sailed from New York on a sail boat, there being no steam boats at that time. We think nothing of crossing the ocean now, but in those days it took months of slow, hard travel. The boat on which he sailed encountered so many storms and was so long delayed that Mr. Jennings sickened and died, which so dampened the enthusiasm of the ones left behind that no other attempt was made to gain possession of the estate until about 25 or 30 years ago when some of the Jennings relatives who still retain their coat of arms, living in Portland, Oregon, sent a lawyer back to investigate the matter. About this time a friend of ours by the name of Pratt was sent to England as an Ambassador from this country. While there he looked into the estate on our behalf and found a flourishing bank and a beautiful castle, but all were in the Chancery Court of England. This court was never opened at any stipulated time and some one had to be there to put in their claim when it was in session so we have never been able to secure it.

To return to our plans for our long journey across the plains. On the 15th day of April, 1852, we were all packed ready to move forward. I will never forget the last night we spent in old Tennessee. Our friends gathered at our home for miles around to bid us good-bye. In those days one room in my father's house was as large as the whole floor space of a modern bungalow. In this room was built an immense fire place, in which on this particular night great crackling fires threw a warm glow all over the room and made the light from the tallow candles, which was our only means of lighting, dim by comparison. In one of the rooms, the old folks were visiting, while in another were gathered the young folks playing such games as drop the handkerchief, and hunt the goose. Our guests did not depart until after midnight—a very unusual thing. There was not much sleeping done that night as we had to be up early the next morning to catch a boat on the Tennessee River. This boat took us up to Kingston on the Ohio River where we were transferred to the old boat Kate Kerney, bound for St. Louis.

One of the interesting events that took place along the Mississippi as we entered St. Louis, was a boat race between Kate Kerney and a rival boat. A bet was on as to who would get into the harbor first. Naturally all the spectators on the shore took sides and the excitement ran high as we began to gain. In order to create a hotter fire in the furnace they threw on bacon. I remember there was one woman on board who was noted for her stinginess, but she became so excited that she forgot the cost of bacon and cried, "Throw on my bacon, throw on my bacon." It is needless to say that old Kate Kerney won the race.

At last about the first of May, all things were

ready. We started from the northern part of Iowa with 500 head of cattle, 3 wagons, each drawn by 4 oxen. As my father had made the trip before, hundreds of people from Iowa and Missouri wanted to join his train and promised to meet him at the Missouri River. When we arrived at the river great excitement prevailed, as every one wanted to cross first, but my father had registered with the ferryman before, so he was served at once, which caused much anger among the others. I remember one Dutchman was going to kill my father because his wagon was removed from the ferry. The only means of crossing the river was by two flat row boats, one long enough to carry two wagons and about 30 people. The other was made with railings around it and used for the stock. We had the great misfortune here to lose a dear brother. He had charge of loading the stock. He had made several successful trips across the river and had the boat loaded for another one. It being about the noon hour so many men wanted to cross the river to get their dinner they jumped on the stock boat already loaded to its capacity and down went men, stock and all. The river was a very swift, muddy stream and one had to be an expert swimmer to keep from going down. As there were no skiffs or small boats of any kind to send to their assistance, the only help that could be given them was throwing ropes from the shore as they were only a short distance out when they sunk. All were saved but my brother. Imagine if you can our grief and helplessness as he disappeared from view never to be seen again by our mortal eyes. We felt we could not leave the place without him. Men were sent for many miles down the river, but after many days of anxious watching and waiting we were compelled to move on and leave our dear brother to his fate. Father left his address with the ferry man, also sent notices to all the Iowa papers regarding my brother's untimely end. After more than a year (for all mail had to come around the Horn in sailing vessels) we heard from friends that his body had been found almost 20 miles from the place he went down, and he had been laid to rest among their loved ones. We were consoled in the belief that he had gone to his reward in heaven.

After leaving the Missouri River we traveled through the country where now are the states of Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and about 300 miles into the state of Oregon without meeting any white person, nor seeing one house. We travelled for miles without seeing a tree. Sage brush was plentiful and there were many wild animals. Everywhere we encountered friendly Indians. I would like to say something about the little prairie dogs. They lived in little dog villages about 100 together. They had sentinels out watching and as some one approached these sentinels stood up on their hind legs and barked very much like a dog, and all the little fellows would scamper to cover. Many times my sisters and I have tried to slip up on them, but without success. I think the sentinel must have had eyes all around his head as he always seemed to see us.

Speaking of Indians, I must tell you how frightened I was the first one I ever saw. During the night a little calf had strayed away from the rest of the cattle, and next morning my cousin and I

volunteered to go back and find it, as we rode on horse back. After riding for about an hour we found the missing calf, and in starting back came to a bridge across a small gulch. At the end of the bridge stood an Indian and demanded the calf as toll. I was so frightened that I would gladly have given up the calf, but not so my cousin. She told the Indian that toll had been paid once by our wagons, and she struck the calf with her whip, and we dashed across the bridge before the astonished Indian could stop us. I soon lost all fear of them as we never made camp without a few of them around. I remember one night after we struck the Platte river, and had stopped for the night, my uncle was pitching his tent and an old Indian stood directly in the way. Uncle asked him to move but he only gave a big grunt, so as he was delaying things, my uncle pushed him aside. The Indian and his followers jumped on their ponies and dashed away and were promptly forgotten by my uncle, until later in the evening when he saw about 100 of them coming at full speed across the plains.

Uncle called to father and told him of the incident with the Indian and father told him the only way to appease them was by gifts. At first the Indians wanted cattle as a peace offering, but at last went away happy with a few strings of bright beads brought along for that purpose.

We traveled up the Platte River about 300 miles, and the only things of interest we saw were Chimney Rock and an Indian graveyard. Holes had been dug in the side of the hill large enough to hold the dead body and all his belongings. The body was placed at the back of the hole in a sitting position, and the one I remember in particular even had his hat on, and in front of him were placed his blankets, cooking utensils, bow and arrows, and everything he owned.

About this time the cholera broke out on the west side of Platte River, and to escape it great companies came across to the east side of the river where we were, which almost caused a panic in our train. Many begging father to push on without delay, but at that time it was very warm weather and our ox teams were worked to their limit each day, but many who were not encumbered with cattle left us and went on. My father had cholera medicine, and sent word throughout his train, for all those who had the first symptoms to come to him for help, so he saved many lives. Great difficulty was encountered by those who crossed the Platte, on account of the treacherous quicksands. I remember seeing one family fording across, who had their wagon blocked upon about 3 feet high, and when in the middle of the stream the oxen struck the quicksands, and if it had not been for the ready aid of the men on horse back, the wagon and the family in it would have been pulled into the quicksand from which it is almost impossible to escape. My mother was the first one in our train to succumb to the cholera. Father took entire charge of her and warned us to keep away from the wagon where she lay. (No one thought of stopping for sickness), but after a few days my mother was well again, for with the cholera sickness you were either well or dead in a few days. One such sad case came to our notice—that of a young man burying his bride of a few months. He came within calling distance

of our camp, and told father he was leaving behind his wagon well provisioned, also his wife's trunk filled with beautiful clothes, and would father give the things to his girls. Such a longing went up from our hearts for the beautiful things, but my father soon squelched them when he asked us which we wanted, fine clothes or the cholera. Such an experience as that young man went through must have left scars that a whole life time could not efface. Another case was a woman dying lying on some boards in the wagon, and about a mile ahead we saw men digging her grave. I am sure she could not have been dead but a short time when she too was left behind in an unmarked grave. Another time we saw a man lying under some willow trees. Father called to him asking if he could help him and the poor fellow plead so to be taken along that our hearts were wrung in pity for him, but we could not take him as it would endanger the whole train, so he was left there to die alone. I am telling these few cases to show the extreme need of pushing on, as the train must stay together for fear of Indian attacks, but the cholera proved a protection to us, as we saw no more Indians while we stayed on the Platte River.

(Continued in July Number)

THROUGH THIRTEEN STATES AND MORE

Large sums of money will be spent by the Santa Fe, beginning this summer, on construction of new branch lines in the Southwest.

The Osage County & Santa Fe Railroad will be 65 miles long from Owen to Ralston, Oklahoma, via Pawhuska, through the rich oil fields. It will shorten distance from Oklahoma City to Kansas City and Chicago. Steel bridges have been ordered. This line will be expensive to build because of the broken territory traversed, but it taps a rich country.

The Barton County & Santa Fe is a thirty-five-mile branch to reach the heart of the wheat belt in Central Kansas. It will connect Holyrood and Galicia. Running over a level prairie its costs will be low, as railroads figure construction—about \$20,000 a mile or \$700,000—to which must be added the cost of equipment needed.

A third new line is being surveyed from Satanta, Kansas, 75 miles west to the state line. Right of way is being secured.

The Minkler Southern, nearing completion here in California, from Lindsay to Porterville, traverses the center of a rich orange district. The track cuts through groves valued at \$3,000 an acre, to afford outlet for carload shipments direct to the new Santa Fe fruit terminals in Chicago.

Work also is being pushed rapidly on the new Santa Fe branches from Shattuck to Spearman, and from Lubbock to Seagraves, in northwest Texas. The building of the new mileage on proposed Santa Fe extension from Kansas City to St. Louis is the next item that will be taken care of.

Nearly twelve hundred miles of heavy steel rails have been ordered by the Santa Fe for use during 1917 and 1918. Other important improvements are being made in the thirteen states served by this company.

WINGS

A mystic worm, one summer day,
A worm that dream'd mid creeping things,
Was known to stop upon its way
And say, "I wish that I had wings."

Then all the worms that nearby lay
Laughed long and loud—poor silly things!—
And cried, "Put all such dreams away;
You're but a worm—you'll ne'er have wings."

And one grave worm more wise than all,
(Doctor of Worm Philosophy,)
Shook his wise head and said, "I call
This talk of wings rank heresy."

But still the dreamer dreamed his dreams;
Whene'er he looked at flying things
He crept more fast, and said, "It seems
I'll fly like that when I have wings."

One day he felt so chill and numb,
His body pierced with deadly stings;
But dreaming still, e'er death was come,
Said, "Maybe this will bring me wings."

Today I saw on wings of fire
This occult dreamer of the dust,
And as it circled glad in air
There came to me this living trust:

That every dream and fond desire,
These longings strange for better things,
Are not in vain: sometime, somewhere
These dreams of ours will end in wings.
—Henry Victor Morgan, Tacoma, Wash.

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE

First came the forward darlings of the Spring,
Snowdrops, and violets, and daisies white,
And hanging cowslips and each pageant thing
Whose waking wakes the season of delight,—
The year's faint smiles before its burst of mirth,
The soft sweet breathing babies of the earth,
Close to her warm brown bosom nestling in,
That the wild winds take laughing by the chin;
Then flush'd the silver glory of the May, . . .
Summer's lithe daughters followed flaunting gay,
Mingling their odors with the newmown hay.
The rosy eglantine, smooth, silken-cheek'd,
And amber honeysuckle, crimson-streaked;
Then the prim privet with her ivory bloom,
Like a pale maiden sister filled their room
With blue-green leaves, and almond bitter breath,
Thrusting her dainty spices up underneath.
Brown, thorny arches sprinkled with the rose,
Whiter than chalk that on the wild briar grows,
And the cream-color'd crumbling elder-flower,
Garlanded o'er with starry virgin's bow'r,
Piled the green hedgerows with their heaps of bloom,
And buried the deep lanes in pageant gloom. . . .
—Frances Anne Kemble.

Pussy-footed women and weak-kneed men are an abomination.

We recommend to the weaklings of both sexes the following brave utterance by that courageous statesman and soldier who puts his deeds into his word.

"The American people," asserted Col Roosevelt, "are united behind the President in the determination to wage effective, aggressive war for our rights and for the rights of humanity and civilization. I believe that our people now realize that the system of universal military service is the only effective and the only absolutely democratic system. I most earnestly hope for the passage of legislation establishing the principle of universal, obligatory, military service and training."

"My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage; I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way." "Oh, professor! Now you're bragging."—Life.



IN MEMORIAM

The New American Woman was the open door to hope—hope that its editor might be able through greater activity to forego her grief suffered in the death of her gifted and beloved daughter, Bertha, on the Fourteenth day of June, 1915.

Christus Consolator

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed,
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead."

"Asleep then, as thyself didst say;
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, tho' haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide in me."

—Rossiter W. Raymond.

The New American Woman Approved by Federal Officer

We gratefully appreciate the following letter from the Collector of Customs:

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Editorials in the "New American Woman," on the subject of the duty of American women in the present war, have been called to my attention, and I feel like writing you this brief letter and commending you for the logic of your position and the strength and clearness of your editorial statements.

Your position seems particularly strong to me where you point out the great desirability of women devoting themselves "to the work of the Red Cross and preparedness to meet every demand in the fields and factories and all places of human activity which will be made vacant in the event our men and boys are called to the front."

More power to your able pen.

Sincerely,

JOHN B. ELLIOTT, Collector.

From one of Los Angeles County's Supervisors:
Los Angeles, Cal., April 21, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

I am enclosing herewith check for two years' subscription to The New American Woman.

I have read it and enjoyed it very much; I think it is a good live magazine.

Very sincerely yours,

F. T. WOODLEY.

We are especially proud of the following compliment from Judge Paul J. McCormick of our Superior Court, whose splendid rulings have assured him permanency upon the bench:

My dear Mrs. Foltz:—I assure you that we value your splendid magazine very much and we are as enthusiastic in our support of it as when first issued. Its contents are always interesting, instructive and useful, and reflect the potent and pure character of its distinguished publisher. . . . We sincerely appreciate your noble and efficient work.

Enclosed please find my check for two years' subscription in advance for the New American Woman, a magazine which is always welcome in the home of your

Very sincere friend,

PAUL J. MCCORMICK.

From Hon. James M. Troutt, whose faithful services upon the Superior Bench of San Francisco have endeared him to the people of California, comes the following tribute:

My dear Mrs. Foltz: Permit me to send the enclosed for two years' subscription to your admirable magazine. If I could afford it, I would send a check for a million years, in advance, with the hope that your influential and inspiring efforts might be continued by your successors during that period of time and longer, in advocating equal rights for women, without alluding (because unnecessary) to their superior worth.

Ever with esteem and very best wishes,

Cordially your friend,

JAS. M. TROUTT.

Hon. Grant Jackson, bachelor and bon vivant, whose approval of the New American Woman is in accord with his rulings from the bench, writes encouragingly:

Dear Mrs. Foltz:—Yes, I like the New American Woman. It is well printed and well edited, and is worthy of a place in any home. I wish you continued success in the venture.

Sincerely,

GRANT JACKSON.

Answers to Questions

No. A white woman and a Japanese can not legally marry in California. Yes, they may possibly marry elsewhere and return here and stay.

Fatal Symptoms

The pretty restaurant cashier had applied for a holiday. "I must recuperate," she said. "My beauty is beginning to fade."

"That so?" said the proprietor. "What makes you think so?"

"The men are beginning to count their change."

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Nomination in Fun by Women "In Convention Assembled"

The passing of Belva A. Lockwood releases a true story which, though often told to special friends able to enjoy a good joke, has never been published. Mrs. Lockwood was made acquainted with the real facts later, but bound us not to reveal the particulars of the nomination, lest it work a breach in her contract with a lecture bureau at One Hundred Dollars per night for a long season.

It all happened this way: In 1884 the writer had prepared a lecture on "Colonel E. D. Baker, His Heroic Life and Tragic Death," which was one of a repertoire the first time delivered under the auspices of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, at Metropolitan Temple in San Francisco. A large and most enthusiastic audience was present, among them ex-United States Senator George C. Perkins, whose letter of appreciation referring to the lecture was published in a previous number of this magazine.

The morning following the lecture a fine-looking, large woman dressed in a divided skirt (the joke of everybody at that time), wearing a fedora hat adorned with a single straight feather entered my office. "My name," said she, "is Marietta L. B. Stow. I am the author of 'Probate Confiscation,' so named because the lawyers who handled my estate which my husband left me stole it from me," etc., etc. "I sold ten thousand copies of my book and could sell ten thousand more but for the lawyers who have bought up all the printing presses in San Francisco and Oakland," etc., etc.

This was a "new woman"—with a vengeance! She certainly had a message to give, and if she had but waited patiently a little while longer the world would have listened. She was far—too far—ahead of her time. However, it is due to Marietta L. B. Stow, author of "Probate Confiscation," that Belva Lockwood became a candidate for President of the United States.

After relating briefly her grievance at lawyers generally she proceeded to express her appreciation of my lecture, which she had attended the night before, and rising to her full six feet in height she exclaimed, "Clara Foltz, I nominate you for President of the United States."

"Oh no, don't nominate me, nominate Belva Lockwood."

"All right," she replied, "let's send her a telegram that the Equal Rights Party of the United States in convention assembled at San Francisco nominated her for President of the United States. Wire acceptance."

I wrote the telegram and we each put up one dollar to pay for its transmission, laughing merrily the while.

"Now," said I, "Mrs. Stow, I nominate you for Vice President of the United States."

And she and I together alone there "in convention assembled" started something that broke the record. Before midnight of the day on which the unusual telegram was sent reporters clamored at the door of my residence for information concerning the "Equal Rights Party of the United States" con-

vention which had nominated Mrs. Belva Lockwood for President, saying that the dispatches from New York and other cities and the Associated Press wanted to know the particulars and the names of the chairman and other officers of the convention.

For once I confess a dilemma which threatened to wreck my usually dependable equilibrium. I hedged in my replies, hoping for reinforcements from some unknown source.

(Continued in July number)

California Legislature,
Forty-second Session, 1917
Assembly

Editor New American Woman:

Being your friend in the good cause, which you so ably represent, I dare to take the liberty to enter my heartfelt protest against your scathing arraignment of our Legislature which I found in the marked copy for the month of May with which I was favored.

The members of the Assembly are truly representatives of the people—the Common People—no more, no less. I shall retain as one of the happiest memories of my life the fact that I have been one of the members of the California Legislature, 42nd session, consisting of good men and true, each working according to his light for the common good of our State.

I have had the advantage of being reared and educated in the finest aristocratic surroundings in my old home in Sweden. I have visited the legislative bodies of several European countries and I can assure you the democratic personnel of the late Legislature compares favorably with any law-making body I have known.

Let us hope, however, that next time our Legislature meets we will have the advantage of the good improving influence of many women members. This is my sincere wish—but why should you denounce that honorable body of men? Is it because we are—mere men?

With the highest esteem,

Very sincerely yours,

DR. H. KYLBERG.

Our Mayor—The Right Man in the Right Place

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

I wish to acknowledge receipt of and thank you for your congratulatory letter upon my election. I sincerely appreciate your good wishes and am gratified to know that I can count on your co-operation in all things for the betterment of Los Angeles.

Very truly yours,

F. T. WOODMAN, Mayor.

From Wartrace, Tenn., Madame Nordi, the gifted and popular singer, writes:

Enclosed find renewal subscription for the New American Woman, to whose coming I look forward with fond anticipation, reading regularly every line and word printed therein.

I trust to see you and all of my dear friends in Los Angeles in the early fall, as I am planning to return to California. "Home is where the heart is," and mine is there.

Ever loyally,

MADAME NORDI.

Are you in earnest?

Seize this very minute!

What you can do, or think you can,

BEGIN IT!

She—A lesson in gallantry might improve some of you.

He—Strange that a woman never gets too old to hand us men nice compliments.

Historic Words

Gentlemen cry Peace, Peace, but there is no Peace. The war is actually begun.

—Patrick Henry.

The Haven of Happiness * * * By Don Marlin

THROUGH the San Fernando valley runs the ancient road of El Camino Real, twisting like a snake in its contortions. Now and then losing itself amongst the foot-hills only to re-appear through some unlooked for cut to take up the thread-like trail again that ultimately slopes into the wonderful glories of Moonstone Canon.

Here, in the canon snugly sheltered by the imposing sycamores stands a house so queer in its architecture that it doesn't seem to be a house at all. The first impression on viewing it is of profound astonishment, which gradually gives way to a sort of ironical humor.

It was quite evident that the father of the location had an artist's eye for scenery and knew ideal

him a great, big, brown St. Bernard dog that lies stretched full length a foot or so away.

Not a word breaks the stillness that is almost holy. For words are mostly used to voice discontent and here there is no use for them because here happiness and contentment battle with each other for supremacy.

Five years ago a freight train pulled into Los Angeles bearing as its sole passenger a certain young man who traveled under the name of William Stanford Bentz. Mr. Bentz sad to relate was very much embarrassed—financially. Happily for him the brakeman was entirely ignorant of his existence.

To make sure that his progress would not be im-



Winding Like a Snake in Its Contortions

climatic conditions but his attempt at construction was grotesque. And yet the longer you look at this rough structure the more it dawns on you that it is just the way you would have built it.

Unwillingly you concede that the unknown architect carried out your dream plans to perfection. Even the unfinished veranda that unevenly circles the house was as you imagined it. The fence too was just in that right stage of neglect to lend added charm to the general appearance of the place.

During the day this dwelling is deserted. But at sun-down when the day joins the night and the sun flushed and weary from the hot journey across the sky bids the world adieu and slowly sinks behind the distant hills leaving a fiery trail in its wake—then it is that you will see on the same veranda a man, woman and a child who with one hand clings to the woman's skirt and with the other hand endeavors with his puny strength to draw towards

ped by a stray finger of the law he looked cautiously out of his improvised Pullman. No one in sight he dropped lightly from the box-car and proceeded to brush his clothes from the hay which gave away his mode of travel. Then he started out to hunt a job. Not a position. Chance and an empty stomach directed his footsteps along north Main Street until he came to the establishment of "The Larsen Feed Co." where his attention was arrested by the sign of "Feed Salesmen Wanted" that was displayed in the window. Mr. Bentz, who was commonly called by his friends "Bill," pondered a moment and decided to apply for the position. "Feeding chickens has always been my long suit," he muttered to himself as he entered the store.

"The boss in?" he asked of a peroxide blonde who sat under a sign marked "information."

"You mean Mr. Larsen? He's that old gentleman over there leaning against the counter."

Bill thanked her and approached the old man.

"Mr. Larsen I believe."

"That's me."

"My name is Bentz. I would like to apply for one of the positions you have advertised in your window."

"Had any experience in the feed line?"

"No sir."

"Got any references?"

"No sir."

"Do you know the outlying districts?"

"Why n-o."

"I'm afraid we can't use you. We are looking for men who have a working knowledge of the business," and Mr. Larsen began to turn away.

"Just a moment Mr. Larsen. This is, I understand a purely commission proposition. If I sell your merchandise I get paid. If I don't nobody loses but myself."

"Exactly."

"Then why not let me try it. I feel sure that I will meet with some measure of success."

Mr. Larsen eyed Bill over for a moment then said curtly, "Step into the office where they will give you full particulars and a price list."

"Thank you."

So it came about that the name of Bentz went on the books of the Larsen Feed Co. Bill did not meet with all the success he would have liked, but the firm had given him several leads and he had made good to a certain extent. His thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. Every moment of his spare time was spent studying the different phases of the business.

As time drifted by he came under the notice of the heads of the various new departments that were constantly being opened. On several occasions his foresight had saved the firm from serious losses.

One morning the chief of the selling staff was taken seriously ill. Mr. Larsen was out of town and on being wired for instructions, directed that Bill be put in charge. This caused Bill as much a surprise as did the earthquake in Frisco. His knowledge of the business stood him in good stead now. Then came word that the former chief would never be in condition to actively engage again in his old capacity.

Bill received the permanent appointment and with it came a salary far exceeding his fondest hopes. When his elation wore off he conceived the idea of opening a department to advance loans to small poultry raisers to tide them over a bad year. Mr. Larsen fell readily in with the plan and Bill undertook to personally conduct the affairs of this branch.

This necessitated frequent trips to distant farms to value their stock as security. Invariably he rode horseback and always managed his route along the picturesque Camino Real trail. He loved to imagine the cowl-robed padre plodding along this same road from mission to mission—healing, giving solace and guiding with a gentle hand the needy. Or to dream of those wonderful señoritas and their gay vaquero lovers strolling along this ideal lover's lane. The atmosphere was pregnant with a subtle sensuous breath of love. The flowers spoke of it. And no wonder—the trail was built on it.

It was while in one of these reveries returning home from a distant inspection that he heard a

woman's voice call "Billy, Oh, Billy," and presently a child's answering prattle was heard.

Here Bentz' mind underwent a lightning change. He too had been called that name and by that same voice. In his excitement he unconsciously dug his spurs viciously into his mount and was nearly bucked off as a reward. It took all his skill and faculties to calm the beast again.

From that instant he became another man. No more was he the care-free individual who always sang of the joy of life. That voice! Continually it rang in his ears. Cold reason told him it was absurd. He had left her in a small town in Utah. And for all he knew she was still there. They had quarrelled over some trifle as lovers are wont to do. She was teaching school at the time. Both were stubborn and they had never made up.

He left town to seek a larger field for his activities. And she had married one of the town boys. How ridiculous it was to imagine that it was her voice. But still the thought persisted in coming back. He caught himself conjuring up her image. Everywhere he saw that same winsome smile—that peculiar look of gladness that came into her eyes and voice when he called on her. He began to haunt cafes and restaurants for diversion, but they only tended to increase his longing. Other fellows had their girls, and he alone was lonely. No more did he dream about señoritas on his rides. Now it was he and Mary. Yes that was her name. He kept repeating it to himself as one does when trying to memorize a difficult passage.

A thousand times he cursed himself for a fool. She was married and probably the happy mother of a family. His business associates began to chide him on his dreamy appearance. One day in a casual talk with Mr. Larsen the full weight of his distraction came home to him when the old gentleman said, "Bentz, I have been worried about you lately. You don't seem to be up to your usual mark. Is there anything wrong?"

"No sir."

"You know we are beginning to rely too much on you to have you go the same way as the man whose position you are filling. I don't believe you have had a vacation since you have been with us."

"No sir."

"Then take a couple of weeks off. It will do you good. A trip back east perhaps," the old man finished kindly.

For a time after this conversation he succeeded in banishing her from his thoughts. It was a warning note that the old man had sounded and he fully realized it. But not for long did he keep from thinking of her. Against his better judgment he spent his spare time at that part of the road where he had first heard her call, hoping against hope that he would again hear it and trace it to its owner. But only the disappointment that he had anticipated came. Then it occurred to him. Mr. Larsen had suggested a trip back east. That's it. Why not go and ascertain for himself? He could well afford it. What a fool he was not to have thought of it sooner.

The idea became deep-rooted. He urged his mount along at break neck speed. In his rooms he began to pack with feverish haste throwing his things pell-mell into a trunk. With impatient eyes he consulted a time-table and found that he had some three hours to wait. The delay chafed him and

with a bitter tirade against the world in general he flung himself on a couch and prepared to while the time away.

Having a definite course in view his brain became more composed and he could think sanely again. It was as if he was just recovering from some strange malady. With lucid thought came the realization that he could not run off so suddenly. There were several important matters to clear up before he was at liberty to go. His mind had become freed from the chaos of conflicting emotions now that he had decided upon drastic action.

A week at the utmost and then he was free. That night, for the first time since his awakened infatuation he enjoyed the theatre.

The next day at noon he was sent for by Mr. Larsen. "Bentz, how is the loan department showing up?" he was asked.

"Better than we expected."

"I'm glad to hear that. Here is a little matter I wish you would go into. This letter is from a party who wishes us to advance enough money to carry them through. Run out and see what you can do."

"I'll attend to it this afternoon."

"No hurry."

Nevertheless Bill found that he had to run out to Moonstone Canon to see this party. And as he was anxious to clear all matters up before his departure he ordered his horse saddled and set out. Arriving there late in the afternoon he was struck by the unusual splendor of the site on which the house was situated. Surrounded by immense trees it loomed up more like some fantastic shadow in the wan light than an abode built by man.

From a little knoll he looked for some sign of life, but no one seemed in evidence. Everywhere a death like silence prevailed. The night was fast cloaking the world in darkness. What a haven of peace, he thought, just for two. He could not help but think of her again. The stillness soothed his over wrought senses, and almost lulled him into a trance.

A child's merry laugh followed by the deep bark of a dog brought him out of his abstraction. Dismounting he picketed his horse and made his way down the narrow path that led to the gate. Lifting the latch he entered what apparently was private property. The youngster, a chubby urchin of four years or thereabouts attired in blue overalls and a sleeveless jersey which exposed a pair of nut brown, sunburnt arms, stopped frolicking with his dog as Bill advanced towards him.

"Hello Golden Locks," Bill called.

"'Lo," was the prompt reply.

"Where's your Daddy?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"To heaven."

"Oh,— and your Mamma?"

"Gone."

"Not to heaven I hope."

"No— She gone to Mr. Derring's place. Said anybody come to wait. She be back soon."

"Well bless your little heart you're quite a man."

"My Mamy say so."

Bill was curious to know what sort of a woman would live all alone so far apart from other women. He became conscious that someone was tugging at his arm.

"What is it little man?"

"You know any stories? Mamma always tells me stories when I go to sleep and I sleepy now," the child said knuckling his eyes.

"Of course I do and I'll tell you one the Sandman told me when I was a little boy."

Bill seated himself on the stoop and gathered the youngster in his arms. Leaning his back against one of the honeysuckled posts he began to relate the story of "The Three Little Bears," while the youngster snuggled himself into a ball. When the story was ended Bill asked, "What's your name?"

For some time he received no reply and thought the little fellow asleep. But presently he felt a small hand draw his head down and a drowsy voice said, "My—name's—Billy—an'—das—my—dog's— name too."

The lids closed and with a sigh the youngster was asleep. It was dark now and everywhere ominous shadows were to be seen. Bill, moved by the nearness of the child in his arms, began to croon very softly an old time lullaby. And the trees, moved by some phantom spirit, swayed to the rhythm of his song, caressing each other lovingly and whispering strange secrets of the long ago to one another.

Gradually the air became filled with eerie night noises.* Once a horse whinied and the dog curled up beside them lifted his head and growled his resentment at these disturbances. Faintly from a great distance came the clatter of hoof-beats, which grew louder as they approached. A twig snapped and Bill knew someone was coming up the path.

"Billy, Oh, Bil-ly," a voice called breathlessly from the darkness. Then he knew—instinctively he knew that it was she. When she was nearly upon them he cautioned, "Sh-h, you'll wake him."

With a startled cry she drew back. And again she cried, "Billy, Oh, Bil-ly, is it really, really you?" and in her voice was the old time note of gladness.

"Yes dear," he answered softly. Coming close to him she put her hand on his arm to assure herself that he was no apparition. "But how?" she asked, laboring under great stress, and further speech failed. Gently he drew her trembling down beside him and told her how he first heard her call, of the awakened memories it brought him and the agonizing mental anguish he suffered; how he haunted the road for some sign of her; and lastly his determination to go back east. Through the entire recital she touched him several times to reassure herself that he was flesh and blood.

He recounted his experience with the sleeping child and asked of her, "What brought you out here all alone? Your husband, what of him?" and a thousand such like questions.

In a low voice she answered, "After that silly little quarrel we had you left town. For a long time I waited for some word from you but none came. My mother was very ill and I could barely support the two of us on my meager earnings. Judge Walker's son John was continually urging me to marry him. For a while I refused. But he was very strong and about six months after our marriage he took cold on a fishing trip. It went into his lungs and as he grew worse the doctors advised a trip west. This place had been willed to John by his uncle who built it. We came here and started a chicken farm.

"During the first months John improved but suddenly he took a turn for the worse and died," her voice broke a sob.

"Don't dear," Bill said, sympathetically slipping his free arm around her shoulder. Gaining control over herself she continued, "I struggled along and managed with the help of the neighbors to eke out a living.

"Then the baby came and I named him—William—Stanford. With the help of Mr. Derring, who has a place a little way down the road, I have managed to get along. But lately I have been very unfortunate. First, I lost nearly all my chickens from some disease with a long name. Next my incubator went wrong. And the high price of feed put me miserably behind. I talked my position over with Mr. Derring and he advised me to appeal to your firm for aid."

"And it brought me," he murmured.

"Billy I'm so tired," she whispered as her head sunk on his shoulder. For a time neither of them spoke. Presently he asked, "Mary,—when?"

"Tomorrow," she said, "if you wish it. And you'll let me keep up my farm. I've tried so hard to make a success of it."

"Of course dear if you wish to."

"And we'll live out here?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she raised her head and disengaged his arm. "What's the matter dear?" he asked in a troubled tone.

"I,—I have no right to do this," she sobbed, "in my happiness I had almost forgotten the baby."

"Bless your heart," he laughed, "you named him William Stanford which is a tolerable reliable moniker, but not very high sounding unless you add the Bentz to it."

"You mean, you'll take us both," she said in a surprised sort of way.

For answer he drew her toward him and their lips met again for the first time since ever so long ago. The child stirred uneasily in his arms as if troubled by some dream. And the dog raised his head and surveyed them growling his approval to the half-grinning moon.

MAJOR GENERAL PERSHING

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:]

Gen. J. J. Pershing, who commanded the punitive expedition into Mexico, is one of the army's strongest advocates of prohibition. It was by his orders that part of New Mexico enjoyed a brief spell of enforced prohibition during the chase after Villa.

I happened to be in Columbus, N. M., the base of the expedition, when the emergency arose. A private soldier, crazed with border whisky, tried to break into a house on the edge of the town during the night. A woman stepped to the door and shot him through the head.

Bright and early the next morning the major in command of the base rode into town. He did not take the trouble of consulting the town officials. He called together three of the most substantial citizens.

"By 4 o'clock today every place where liquor is sold must be closed," said the major. "Also every drop of liquor in this place must be shipped out by

that time. A provost sergeant with a detail will patrol the town after that time and see that the orders have been carried out."

One of the citizens mentioned the law of the State of New Mexico, and another mumbled something about constitutional rights and personal liberty.

"I am familiar with the law and also with the Constitution," replied the major. "As for the matter of personal liberty, I will say this: That somebody's personal liberty cost us one private soldier and that is too high a price to pay for such a trivial thing. Anybody disobeying this will be sent to the corral."

"But General Pershing has no authority to put a citizen of New Mexico in the stockade," protested one of the citizens.

"Maybe not," said the most philosophical of the trio. "But I have a notion that he sure will do it. Let's tell the boys to close up."

Columbus was dry by 4 o'clock, and remained in that condition until the expedition was withdrawn.

Pershing's expedition was the driest body of troops that ever marched. It traveled absolutely on the water wagon, and the going was hard. Some of those soldiers went into Mexico soft and moderately rum-soaked. But they came out lean, clear-eyed and hard as nails. The sanitary corps reports on that expedition will show some wonderful results. Despite the hardships of the first rush, the sick reports were startlingly meager.

Two Hunters

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said;
"The world looks so happy let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun
And proudest be he who counts the most dead."



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Concentrate products so that each jar or can will hold as much food and as little water as possible.

Put up jams, jellies and preserves in glasses sealed with cork or paper and paraffin. Pack fruit juices in ordinary bottles.

Don't can anything that can be kept just as well dried or in other forms. Dry navy and mature lima beans for winter use.

Produce in your garden lots of cabbage, potatoes and root crops that can be kept for the winter without canning.—United States Department of Agriculture.

SWEETEN UP

Make Your Own Candy

Ten-Minute Fudge—Mix together 2 cups of granulated white sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk (a generous measure), and add 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate. Let it cook 6 minutes after it comes to a boil. Remove from the fire, add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon of vanilla and beat 4 minutes. Pour into a buttered pan.

Chocolate Creams—To the white of 1 egg, add an equal measure of water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of extract of vanilla. Blend and work into it 1 pound of confectioner's sugar. Mold this fondant into small round balls and dip them into melted, unsweetened chocolate. Place on buttered paper until hard.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy—Boil together 2 cups of molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon of butter, and 1 tablespoon of vinegar. When a little of it forms a hard ball, on being dropped into cold water, remove from the fire and pour into a buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull it until it is light colored. Cut ropes of it into small pieces and cool on buttered papers or plates.

Fruit and Nut Glace—Heat gradually 2 cups of sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water. Let it boil without stirring, until it snaps easily when a little is poured into cold water. Set the pan into cold water to prevent further cooking, then set it into a pan of hot water to keep it hot. Into the sirup dip pieces of pineapple, figs, dates, walnuts, Brazil nuts,—whatever fruit or nuts one wishes to treat in this way. Lay them, after dipping, on pieces of buttered paper or on buttered platters. It is necessary to work very rapidly. All the fruit, buttered plates, etc., should be quite ready for use before the sirup is made.

Nut Brittle—Butter a pan and sprinkle walnuts or peanuts, broken into small pieces, over it. In a saucepan on the stove, put 1 cup of sugar—or more, according to the quantity of candy desired—and let it melt rather slowly. Be careful not to let it burn. It usually looks as though it were going to just before it finally melts. Pour it quickly over the nuts in the buttered pan and rub the surface over with a piece of lemon.

Another recipe for the same kind of candy and one which is, perhaps, easier to make, calls for 1 cup of sugar and 1 cup of hot water. Boil these together until the sirup is brittle when subjected to the cold water test, then pour it over the buttered pan sprinkled with chopped nuts. Figs may be cut up and used in the same way to good advantage, so may dates and shredded cocoanut.

RHUBARB A HEALTHFUL DELICACY

Now is the time for all good housekeepers to vary the daily menu with rhubarb in various guises. Rhubarb was originally a native plant of Central Asia. Much has been exported from China, also from Siberia; Persia and Turkey have also raised it. It is supposed to have been introduced into Europe somewhere around the Fourteenth Century. In Continental Europe, however, it is grown rather more for foliage than for food. England, though, uses rhubarb for food and makes a most delectable tart of it.

In the United States, particularly in New England, perhaps, where pies are believed to be common articles of diet, rhubarb is known by the name of "pie plant," and rhubarb pie is a delicacy not to be spurned. This same plant also can be used for making an excellent jam. Here are recipes for a few of the dishes to be made of this fresh spring vegetable:

Stewed Rhubarb or Rhubarb Sauce—This is the simplest rhubarb dish to be made, probably. All one has to do is to wash the stalks well, cut them into short pieces and put them on to boil, with a little water and enough sugar to sweeten to taste. Rhubarb requires plenty of sugar, as it is quite acid. Cook until soft, then serve hot or cold, as one prefers.

Stewed Rhubarb de Luxe—Wash the rhubarb, cut it into 1 inch pieces and place in a large saucepan; cover with sugar and cook slowly until soft. This brings out the juice well, but leaves the pieces whole, although soft when done. Enough water adheres to the stalks from the washing to prevent burning, if the pan is not put over too hot a fire. It should cook very slowly over a moderate fire.

Rhubarb Pie—Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with a mixture, made as follows: To 1 cup of stewed rhubarb, add 1 cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon of lemon juice. Beat this together thoroughly and then bake in the one crust. When done, cover with a meringue made of the whites of the 2 eggs.

Rhubarb Mold (An English Recipe)—Wash the rhubarb, but do not peel it. Cut it into small pieces and cook in a saucepan, with just enough water to cover the fruit. Add sugar to taste. When it has simmered long enough to be cooked to a pulp, strain it through a fine sieve. Measure the juice and return it to the saucepan. Add to it gelatine (French leaf), 1 ounce to every pint of the juice. Stir constantly over the fire until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Add a little red coloring matter. Cool a little, then pour into a wet mold and set away to chill. Serve with cream whipped and sweetened.

Rhubarb and Raspberry Jam—To 6 cups of red raspberries, add 3 cups of rhubarb which has been washed and cut into very small pieces. Add white granulated sugar in the proportion of 1 scant cup to each cup of fruit, that is, 9 scant cups of it. Boil until the sirup jellies and then pour into jelly glasses. Seal with paraffin, when cold.

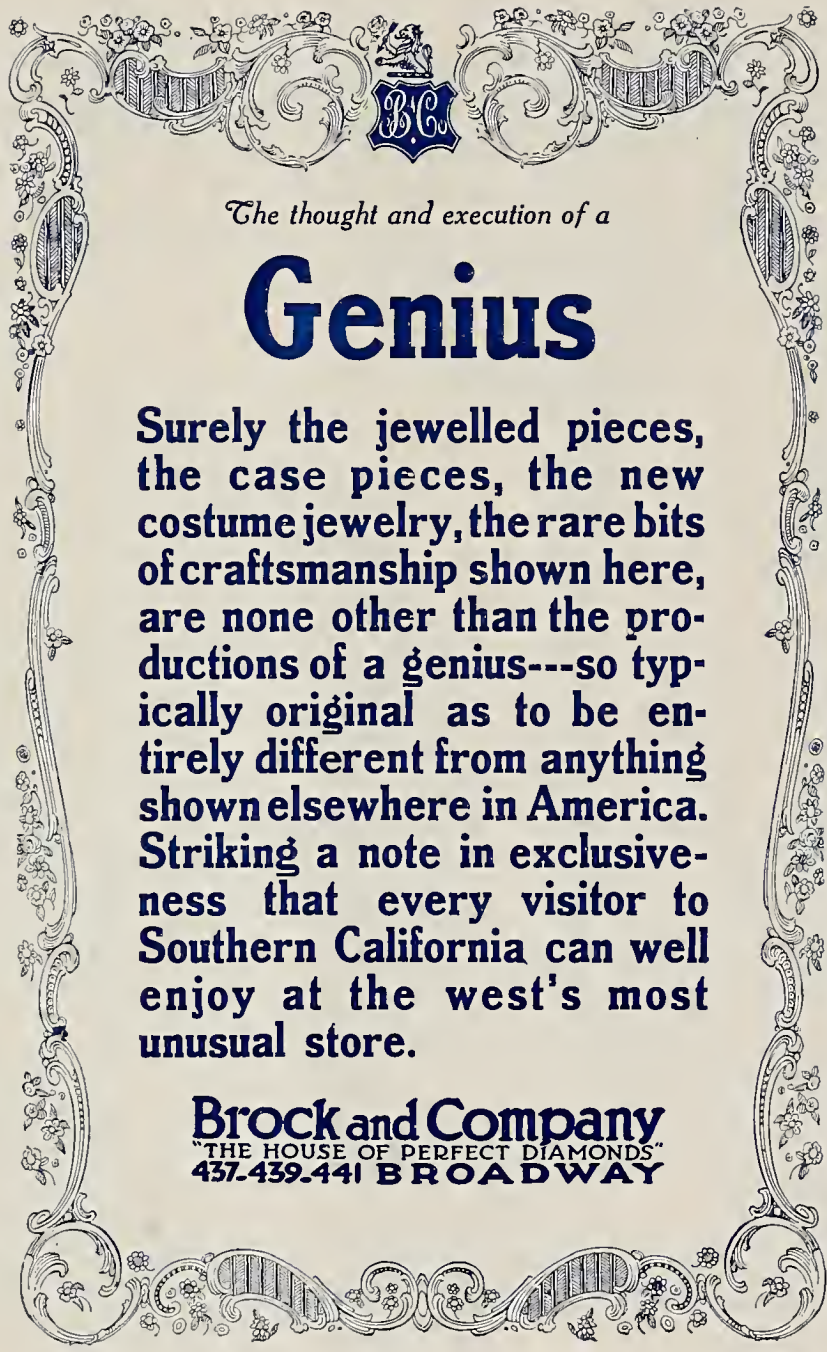
A Lesson In Grammar

Grace's uncle met her on the street one spring day and asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school.

"No," replied his 8-year-old niece, "I ain't going."

"My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that?"

"Sure I can," responded Grace quite heartily. "There ain't nobody going."



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JULY

1917

The New AMERICAN WOMAN



EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN D. WORKS



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“It is the duty of every American citizen to obey the laws of his country even if those laws are objectionable to him and lead his country to war.”

— — — — —
“This is a government of law and order and it can be preserved only by a patient and loyal obedience to its laws constitutionally enacted.”

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1917

NO. 6

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Ex-United States Senator John D. Works Defends His Opinion

WAR OUR ONLY RESORT—COURTS CANNOT HELP US

(Editorial reprinted from the June issue of this magazine)

When war has been declared there is no appeal to the courts. The wisdom or unwisdom of the war may not now be discussed. It is too late to argue whether or not we should have joined the Allies and undertaken the defense of universal humanity threatened as it is by a mighty giant gone mad.

Free speech and a free press are great constitutional guarantees in times of peace, but in times of war no anarchistic or seditious utterances should be tolerated, whether conscientiously or otherwise spoken. Silence now will certainly prove golden. Oil and water cannot mix; treason and patriotism cannot exist beneath the same flag of freedom. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

A Conference of Democracy, such as that held in New York last week, should have worked out a message of peace and good will to all the world, but instead treasonable speeches went unchallenged. "We will appeal to the courts against conscription," declared one of the speakers, and this diabolical example of "free speech" was followed by "rounds of applause."

And to add to this tragedy in public utterance ex-United States Senator John D. Works, than whom few men have received more honors at the hands of his countrymen, telegraphed to that body of malefactors assembled in New York to denounce President Wilson and the Government, that "we had dishonored ourselves by declaring war."

What other course, pray, could this government have taken unless, forsooth, we had consented to bite the dust, clear the oceans of our ships and forego the right of travel and commerce upon the sea?

Will not Senator Works deal justly with President Wilson and the administration at Washington? Will he not re-read the President's war message and his many other written communications and note his patient, intelligent efforts to maintain the peace of America through the intricate channel of the diplomatic service, and after having carefully weighed all the evidence render to a patriotic people a better and a more just opinion?

The exercise of that splendid mental poise which has distinguished Senator Works through his useful and brilliant career was never so sadly needed as at this hour. His countrymen call to him for a reversal of an opinion which could not possibly have been deduced from all of the evidence in the case.

The New American Woman hopes that such an opinion will be forthcoming and thus remove the stain upon a hitherto spotless career.

The following is the reply of Ex-Senator Works to the above editorial:

Editor The New American Woman:

IN the June issue of your valuable magazine was an editorial commending my work at Washington as a United States Senator, in general, but criticising my position in opposition to the war. You say of my opinion that we should not have entered into the European war, "His countrymen call to him for a reversal of an opinion which could not possibly have been deduced from all the evidence in the case."

It is not my custom to reply to newspaper criticisms of my course as a public official, nor to engage in newspaper controversies of any kind. But the tone of your editorial is so kindly and your belief that my views upon the vital question of the war are erroneous is so evidently sincere, that I feel emboldened to respond to your implied call upon me for my opinion on this important subject.

This is a time of grave responsibility not only for the representatives of the people in public office who for the time being rule the destinies of this great nation, but for every American citizen. It is a time that tries the souls of men and women and still graver times are before us. It is a time when the right of every citizen to speak his mind should be sacredly preserved and freely and conscientiously exercised. The attempt that is being made to intimidate and

terrorize into silence the people who do not believe in the war should make them the more ready and determined to speak the truth as they see it and thus stand for the democracy of our own country and the liberty and freedom of its people.

I question the statement in your editorial that my countrymen are calling upon me to reverse my opinion about the war. I believe that not less than seventy-five per cent of the American people are conscientiously and earnestly opposed to the war and that if the question had been submitted to a vote of the people the proposal to go to war would have been voted down by an overwhelming majority. Some of those who were opposed to the war and would have voted against it are now saying, "I do not want war but now that war has been declared by Congress it is too late to protest." I sympathize with this view only in part. Of course it is the duty of every American citizen to obey the laws of his country even if those laws are objectionable to him and lead his country to war. I would be sorry to see any forcible effort to resist the draft or other efforts to resist or evade the laws of the country. This is a government of law and order and it can be preserved only by a patient and loyal obedience to its laws constitutionally enacted.

But on the other hand it is a government of the people in which every citizen has his part. Each citizen, too, must share in part the responsibility for the course of the government in this great crisis in the history of his country. Consequently the

people or a majority of them have the undoubted right, and it is their duty, if they believe a law enacted by Congress to be wrong, to call upon their representatives, who are their servants only and not their masters, to repeal it. If they believe the policy of the government respecting the war to be wrong, it is not only their right but their duty to demand that that policy be changed, and no man can justly criticise, nor can their government justly condemn them for exercising their constitutional right in a matter of such transcendent importance to their country.

Now about the war. As a United States Senator I opposed it to the best of my ability. As a private citizen I am still opposed to it. I look upon our entry into the war between foreign nations involving issues in which our country had, and still has, no concern, as the most colossal mistake the government has ever made and one that will cost us millions of lives and billions of treasure. The consequences of our entry into this bloody war that is a disgrace to civilization and a crime against humanity, will sooner or later come home to every family in this country and spread sorrow and suffering, desolation and want throughout this now prosperous, peaceful and happy nation. The selfish and ambitious men and thoughtless women who have brought this calamity on our country are bearing a fearful responsibility and will live to be execrated by the American people.

Now why has this great misfortune been brought upon a people against their will? Why are boys and young men of this nation being forced against their wills into the bloody trenches on foreign battlefields and their lives sacrificed?

It is primarily because the Congress of the United States has, on the demand of the President, declared war on a foreign nation. But why did Congress declare war? It is now being loudly declared that we entered the war to protect and defend democracy. What democracy? Not the democracy of our own country. It needs no protection against foreign aggression. No, we are proclaiming our intention to protect and extend world-wide democracy,—that is to say, European democracy, in which we have no concern and for which our people should not be called upon to shed their blood on foreign battlefields. Our loyal sons will obey the law and go courageously to the foreign war and as brave soldiers give up their lives because their country has called them to the colors, the emblem of freedom and liberty. The people will bear patiently the heavy burden placed upon them by their country. They will as good citizens obey the law. They as citizens of a free Republic cannot justly do otherwise. But they have the right as a free people to inquire whether or not they have been called upon to bear this burden of war to maintain the great principle of democracy upon which our government is founded, or for other selfish and inadequate reasons, and if the latter, they have the right to insist that the government change its policy and its course, that it repeal the conscription law, withdraw from the European war, and confine its warlike efforts, if any are necessary, to the defense of American democracy and American rights upon American soil.

Did we enter the war in defense of democracy or to uphold any great governmental principle of liberty or justice? Not at all. The President himself

has declared to the contrary more than once in solemn messages to Congress.

But before discussing that let me consider very briefly why the nations of Europe went to war in the first instance. This is important because we have become the ally of one group of foreign nations as against the other and have thereby taken their fight for our own. The issue joined between these foreign nations has now been made our issue and we are fighting to support their pretensions. It was first supposed that the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria by a subject of Servia was the cause of the war, but that idea has long since been abandoned. It was an excuse for and not the cause of the war.

I can speak only in a very general way of the motives and interests that brought the great nations of Europe into the war. I might say that in no single instance were they other than selfish or malicious. England, through Sir Edward Grey, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, asserted, before that country had declared war, that it would intervene whenever British interests appeared to be involved. England's chief interest was to hold the commercial supremacy of the seas which was fast slipping away from her and into the hands of Germany. France, smarting under the humiliating outcome of the previous war with Germany, was willing with the help of the powerful allies she had secured, to venture another war with her long-time enemy, against whom she was full of hatred and hope of revenge, to punish Germany and regain Alsace-Lorraine. Russia was seeking an outlet to the sea and the extension of her empire in the Orient. One of the vital purposes of Germany was to defend the Teutonic civilization of continental Europe against the Oriental Slavic quasi-civilization on the one hand and the decaying Latin civilization on the other. Thus Germany and Russia came in direct conflict because Russia's Pan-Slavic policy was striving to unite the Slavs in the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Turkish Empire under the sway of Russia. In this condition Great Britain, France and Russia formed an alliance which proved to be an offensive one against the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

Out of this hostile alliance of one group of nations against another came this world war. In the beginning Germany's warlike preparations were directed against Russia alone. She appealed to both England and France to remain neutral. But England had her commercial interests to protect and France her revenge to gratify and territory to regain, and these two great nations were willing to join Russia, then a despotic imperial government, and advance her claims and pretensions to which they should have been opposed, in order to gain their own selfish and malicious ends. The question of democracy had nothing whatever to do with the beginning of the European war. It was not one of the issues and never has been.

This leaves yet to be considered the cause of our entry into the war. It was not because democracy or liberty was involved or in danger, but because Germany was interfering with our trade and travel on the high seas and threatening to continue to do so. This could not be borne by the dealers in munitions of war and other war supplies, or the bankers

and money changers who were making billions of dollars out of the war. It was not because American lives were in danger, since the worst and most shocking crime of Germany in sinking the Lusitania had been passed over with a note of protest and not made a cause of war. I assert that if it had not been for the danger of loss of trade in war materials with foreign countries that was threatened by Germany, we would never have gone into the war. American lives could be saved by Americans staying out of the war zone established by Germany, and that without loss, but to allow our trade in war materials and supplies to the belligerent nations to be interfered with would mean an immense loss to the great corporations engaged.

So through their powerful influence we are at war to protect their enormous and exorbitant profits and the people of this peace-loving nation are now called upon "to pour out blood and treasure" for the protection of the trade of such as these. Do you think the American people like it? Do you wonder that the people are not enthusiastic about the war and that conscription is necessary to secure soldiers to fight the battles of foreign nations on foreign soil, or that the people are crying out for an honorable peace?

To show your readers that we did not enter the war for the defense of democracy it is only necessary to quote from some of the messages of President Wilson who now declares that we have gone into the war for that purpose. The issues of the war were joined between the nations of Europe, the original participants in it, in July, 1914. They have not changed in the least since. Bear that in mind while we treat of this subject.

On the 8th day of December, 1914, five months after the war began, the President said in a message to Congress:

"This is a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility."

Here was a solemn declaration in an official document of the most solemn character that the war was one with which we had nothing to do, and whose causes cannot touch us.

Earlier than this, on August 20, 1914, the President issued a patriotic appeal to the country to maintain neutrality, in which he said:

"The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another."

"My thought is of America."

* * *

"Shall we not resolve to put upon ourselves the restraints which will bring to our people the happiness and the great and lasting influences for peace we covet for them?"

If world-wide democracy and liberty were involved in the war and we are ready now to engage in this gigantic war in their defense, how could we consistently remain neutral then?

Again in his message of December 8th, he used this significant language:

"We are at peace with all the world. No one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and

candid interpretation of realities can say that there is any reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. * * * We are champions of peace and of concord. And we should be very jealous of this distinction which we have sought to earn. * * * And especially when half the world is on fire we shall be careful to make our moral insurance against the spread of the conflagration very definite and certain and adequate indeed."

It was such sentiments as these that re-elected Woodrow Wilson President of the United States, and the sentiments expressed by him now if announced then would have defeated him by an overwhelming majority.

But this was not all. In a message to Congress a year later, December 7, 1915, he again announced the policy of our government in these patriotic and unequivocal terms:

"We have stood apart, studiously neutral. It was our manifest duty to do so. Not only did we have no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on; it was necessary, if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided, that a limit should be set to the sweep of destructive war and that some part of the great family of nations should keep the processes of peace alive, if only to prevent collective economic ruin and the breakdown throughout the world of the industries by which its populations are fed and sustained."

Still later, on July 10, 1916, he said, in a public address at Toledo, Ohio:

"I think you will bear me witness, fellow citizens, that in advocating preparedness, I have not been advocating hostility. You will bear me witness that I have been a persistent friend of peace, and that nothing but unmistakable necessity will drive me from that position."

In his speech accepting the nomination for re-election to the Presidency, as late as September 2, 1916, when the war had been raging for over two years, he said:

"We have been neutral not only because it was the fixed and traditional policy of the United States to stand aloof from the politics of Europe and because we had had no part either of action or of policy in the influences which brought on the present war, but also because it was manifestly our duty to prevent, if it were possible, the indefinite extension of the fires of hate and desolation kindled by that terrible conflict and seek to serve mankind by reserving our strength and our resources for the anxious and difficult days of restoration and healing which must follow, when peace will have to build its house anew."

This was long after the Lusitania had been sunk and American lives taken, incidents which had not been regarded as sufficient reason for involving our country in the war. Those peaceful and patriotic views of the President, often repeated, were accepted by the people of the country with satisfaction and approval. When he was a candidate for re-election the slogan, "He kept us out of war," undoubtedly founded on these sentiments, was sounded throughout the country and was admittedly the one thing that made him President for a second term.

So the American people are being deceived and misled by this false cry of democracy and liberty. Like the cry, "He kept us out of war," it is making the war seem justifiable to people who do not know the facts and therefore cannot understand.

Now as we did not go to war to protect or defend democracy, why are we in the war at all at this late day? The answer is easy. It is because

(Continued on Page 10)

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD FIRST WOMAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Nomination in Fun by Women "In Convention Assembled"

(Continued from June number)

OF course I had not the least conception of the possible interest or rather, of what might be the outcome of such a forward movement as the telegram to Mrs. Lockwood sent as a joke merely, announcing that the Equal Rights Party of the United States in convention assembled at San Francisco had nominated her for President, etc.

After the reporters had gone and the door bell and telephone had ceased to ring I found myself in a most thoughtful mood—all the more serious, it seemed, as in vain I tried to recall the merry half hour I had passed with my admiring friend with the divided skirt, the felt hat, with the feminine touch of one funny little feather, her large hands encased in white cotton gloves, her big feet shod in the common sense variety, affected in those days along with other silly no-corset-clothes-hung-from-the-shoulder-Jeanness Miller rage.

But I got small comfort out of the situation. If I could only see Mrs. Stow! She ought to be able to help me out of the unexpected dilemma. It was yet hours before morning; Mrs. Stow lived near the Cliff House, and in those times transportation was slow to that now easily accessible rendezvous for the masses.

At breakfast with my family I sat reading the morning paper. Great headlines—"EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION NOMINATED MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD PRESIDENT"—my own name with Mrs. Stow's tucked in to give it some semblance of a real convention. By this time I realized that I was the innocent victim of an impractical joke. I felt that I deserved censure, still, it was not wholly my fault. Mrs. Stow's enthusiastic approval of women generally and her unqualified dislike of men—especially men lawyers—amused me, and so just by way of emphasis of Mrs. Stow's faith in a woman as president we had merrily prepared the telegram and sent it to Mrs. Lockwood, Washington, D. C., thinking of course she would know it was a joke, pure and simple.

However, Mrs. Lockwood did not see any joke in the announcement of her nomination for the presidency of the United States and she lost no time in notifying us of her acceptance, together with the usual effusive and familiar thanks—for the distinguished though unsought honor, etc.—for Mrs. Lockwood was a real politician as also a good lawyer.

While still at breakfast the night letter from Mrs. Lockwood was handed to me. My mother looked at me querulously. I needed counsel by this time, and badly! As usual, I decided to explain my case to mother, who was always wise and patient. At once she expressed her opinion of the matter in no uncertain tone. "But what should I do, mother?" I asked. "What shall I tell the newspapers?"

"Tell them the truth," mother replied.

I went at once to my office and called up the reporters, who came pell-mell for news of the deliberations of the "Equal Rights Party." I related to

them the facts as to the mythical convention, and showed them Mrs. Lockwood's "letter of acceptance" of her nomination.

The newspaper men, true to their cult, appreciated the situation and the laugh went round. Finally, Mr. Hudson, city editor of the "Examiner," said, "Boys, this is a great joke on the press as well as upon Mrs. Lockwood, but we will say nothing about that part of it. We will treat seriously the nomination of Mrs. Lockwood for President of the United States, saying as little as we can about the convention."

And those fine fellows kept their word; while I, though usually courageous, was scared for once, and solemnly vowed "never again" to perpetrate a practical joke.

(Continued in August Number)

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Marriage or Business, or Both—Should Wives be Wage-Earners?

E. McLain Johnson

IN these days of discussing everybody else's business, and settling all their problems for them, there is much concern expressed in certain quarters over the women who persist in continuing their professional career after marriage. And it is gravely questioned with all seriousness whether they should be permitted to go on in this waywardness or be promptly relegated to their proper sphere of domestic duties. As considerable prominence is given to the views of the conservatives in this matter, a statement of the liberal position may not be amiss.

Whether or not a married woman should work and contribute to the family support is in any individual case a matter for the persons directly interested to decide. Logically there is no more reason why a married woman, provided she has the time, inclination, and ability, should not engage in gainful occupation, than the married man. The right to work and to the kind of work for which one is best suited should be accorded to all, women no less than men. 'Some day we shall revise the Declaration of Independence and say that we hold as unalienable rights of all human beings, (men and women alike), life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the choice of congenial labor.

As a matter of fact a large number of married women are gainfully employed, and the proportion is growing. Federal occupational statistics showing marital condition are not available. The 1905 census of Massachusetts, however, gives one married woman out of every ten as a wage-earner. While many of these are poorly paid, unskilled workers who add the full burden of domestic duties to a long day of factory toil, an increasing number are representatives of the middle class. Women of education and professional training are more and more asking that they be granted the right of normal enjoyment in marriage and the chance to express themselves in their chosen work as teachers, lawyers, artists, business women. It is against this group that criticism is chiefly leveled. The fight that married women teachers are forced to make illustrates the strength of the opposition.

Much of the objection comes from prejudice. There is a popular fallacy that the only foundation for a happy marriage is housework. Yet some of the ugliest of marital tragedies have occurred in homes where death was the only escape from domestic drudgery. On the other hand, some of the most ideal unions have been those in which the wife continued in her vocation after marriage. Few would be found to claim that the married life of the Brownings would have been more nearly perfect had Elizabeth Barrett thrown aside her pen on her wedding day and given herself thenceforth entirely to domestic cares.

It is as illogical to assume that all women are or should be devoted to housekeeping as it would be to postulate that all men are suited for farming. It is perfectly possible for a woman to be an excellent wife and mother and at the same time entertain a cordial dislike for baking bread and darning stock-

ings. Common sense and economy demand that each individual should do the work for which he or she is best fitted. A woman may be an admirable private secretary but an exceedingly poor cook and laundress. By continuing in the work for which she is gifted and trained, she can secure the services of both cook and laundress, assure her home work being more effectively done than she could do it herself, and secure more actual free time to devote to her family than if she left the office and gave her time and strength to the wash tub and cook stove.

The woman who confines herself to her own housework is not apt to get off with a five or seven hour day. In some unfortunate instances her work demands so much of her that she has no opportunity to make the acquaintance of her own family. It was a child from such a home—or habitation rather—who, when asked by the teacher to describe a mother said, "A mother is the one who gets your meals and mends your clothes."

It is frequently objected that the married woman who works is depriving some single woman of employment. She is also depriving some other woman if she remains at home and attends to all of the affairs of her household. And in this latter case she is probably taking employment from the women most in need of it, the seamstress, the charwoman, the laundress, the general domestic. She can work in her chosen field, not in reality depriving any one, but holding her position by reason of superior ability, and at the same time give work to the women among whom competition is sharpest. By doing this she can also contribute to the family income and so make possible a higher standard of living than could otherwise be realized. She can assure for her children a better chance for education and advancement. She can protect herself and them in the event of the illness or death of husband and father. Not the least important, if she happen to have a distaste for housework—and a surprisingly large number of women do—she will certainly be a better companion for her husband and children in her leisure hours, if engaged in an occupation that she enjoys than if confined to one for which she is unsuited.

There comes to mind the case of a woman teacher of exceptional ability. She married a man interested in educational work, and after her marriage continued her studies and vocation. Today she is recognized as an expert in her special field, and commands a higher salary than many a college president. Several years ago her husband's health failed, leaving him a helpless invalid. She has been able to take his place as family financier and play the part successfully. Their mutual interests made their marriage more of a comradeship than is frequently the case, and her work instead of disrupting the family has proved the means of saving it. How different their story might be today if she had accepted the conventional dictum that the wife must with marriage cease to be a wage-earner.

The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from June Issue)

EVERY day about an hour before camping time men were sent on ahead on horseback to select a good spot for our night quarters. Feed for the stock was the main thing to be considered. When we arrived, the cattle were put out to feed



on the grass until dark, then they were brought in and placed in a temporary corral made of the wagons placed close together, the tongue of each wagon was run under the bed of the wagon nearest it until about 100 wagons were placed together, in this way making a round corral. The stove my father had made to cook on was about 4 feet long with tin reflectors for bak-

ing, on each side of it. All the dishes used for the table and for cooking were of tin, as breakable dishes were out of the question. Rough roads soon make short work of crockery. My mother thought she could not drink water from a tin cup, so she started out with a glass, but the wagon wheels ran into deep chuck holes and it was soon broken. I remember one time as camp was being made, I was near another camp, and heard a woman say, as my mother climbed down from the wagon with her glass in her hand: "Just look at Mrs. Hill, she looks as if she had just stepped out of a band box, even to her clean handkerchief tucked in her belt."

The fuel we used for cooking was "buffalo chips" and it was most surprising that there was neither odor nor smoke from them, but they made a very hot fire.

Each of us girls had our regular work to do. My sister Mary always made the biscuits, filling great baking pans made to fit the reflector. My father had a place fixed in the back of the wagon with everything convenient for making bread, but it was no small task to bake bread for 15 people three times a day. I did all the cooking on the stove and tended the fires. Our meals consisted of ham or bacon, rice or beans, bread and butter and fruit. As father had brought with him hundreds of pounds of dried fruit, and each meal I cooked great quantities of it, which was eagerly devoured by the men. Canned goods of any kind at that time were a thing unknown. Father had a churn built in the back of the wagon and each night and morning we placed the richest of the milk from the cows in this churn, and as we jogged along the motion of the wagon made the butter. My youngest sister Hasselton set the tables and brought the water. This routine of work we went through every day for months and months, the only difference was that we had cold biscuits for lunch. And here I would like to say

that not one word of complaint did I hear from one soul, the whole length of the long trip across the plains. When we started from home father had a man hired to do the cooking, but he was so dirty and wasteful that we girls had to take things into our own hands. We had never done such work before as we were just out of school, but it shows what one can do when necessity calls. I think so often what a manager my father must have been. Deprived by drowning of his oldest son, how he and my youngest brother Cicero, worked to keep things moving. No words of praise can overstate his high courage, patience and determination.

After we left the Platte River, we traveled over a beautiful country and it seemed to put new life into the whole train of people. There were little streams of water running everywhere and plenty of grass for the stock. We went through this country of valleys and hills until we came to the Big Horn Mountains where we encountered real hardships. One place we were out of water and had to travel all night. Hundreds of wagons were ahead of us and had worn chuck holes in the bad, narrow road. The only way we could travel this night was for men to go on ahead with lanterns. When they came to a bad place they would call out "chuck hole," when the driver would take hold of the head of the oxen so they would go slowly and let the wagon pass over the bad place as easily as he could. It was with great discomfort that we kept our places in the wagons at all. It would have gone badly with us if we had fallen out, only to roll down the mountain side or be trodden under the feet of the oxen; much of the time it was so dark we could not see ten feet ahead of us. After we left the Big Horn Mountains we traveled up the most beautiful river I have ever seen. It was called Sweetwater. That name sounded particularly good to us, as it was the name of our home river. One of the sights here was what is called the Devil's Gate, rising about 15 feet high on either side of the river. It looked as if the water had cut the rock in two; it was so narrow at the top that it looked as if one might easily step across. Some of our men climbed to the top of the rock and there found in a corked bottle a warning forbidding anyone to try to cross, saying that one of their party who was a good athlete had tried the feat and had lost his life in the waters below, the distance being so much greater than it looked.

Another wonderful sight on this river was the Steamboat Springs. Our father had told us of this sight so as soon as we heard the roar of it we all walked ahead, as the train did not stop. If we wanted to take any side trips we did so at the risk of keeping the wagons in sight. This spring derived its name from sounding like a steam boat; as the water came from a flat rock it would whistle and boom and throw a spray for yards around. We all stood so near the rock that before we knew what had happened we were all baptized. Further up the river the water was so clear that we could see the

(Continued on Page 14)



My Flag

For freedom, liberty and peace,
Through centuries thy name has stood,
While wrapped within each fold and crease,
There lies the pledge of brotherhood.

Thy stars upon the field of blue,
Reveal thy light of constant care;
They kindle fires of faith anew,
They bid me love and work and dare.

Thy crimson stripes—the blood of all
Who died for thee ; brave, noble men—
Bid me be worthy when thy call
In freedom's name, shall come again.

For honor, truth and purity
Thy bars of white forever shine,
Sacred through all eternity—
America ! thy flag is mine !

—Vera Heathman Cole.

EX-SENATOR JOHN D. WORKS DEFENDS HIS OPINION

(Continued from Page 5)

Germany in an effort to blockade English ports in the prosecution of a war not against the United States but against Great Britain, gave notice that she had established a war zone around England and would sink any vessel found in that zone including neutral ships. That was an attack upon our valuable trade in war materials furnished to Germany's enemies. England had already established such a zone around German ports in the effort to starve the German people into submission that deprived us of our trade. Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, in a note to the British government characterized the blockade by that country of German ports, as follows:

"The United States therefore, can not submit to the curtailment of its neutral rights by these measures, which are admittedly retaliatory, and therefore illegal, in conception and in nature, and intended to punish the enemies of great Britain for alleged illegalities on their part,"

and declared the blockade so far as it affected our neutral rights to be "ineffective, illegal and indefensible."

But we submitted gracefully to this illegal and indefensible blockade by England and kept out of the forbidden zone. If we had not, of course the ships carrying our goods and our people would have been sunk. But when Germany just threatened to do the same thing, it was made a cause of war against that country and for this reason and none other we are engaged in this horrible European war and must suffer its fearful consequences, unless the American people who still believe in peace as the President did up to a very late day, can by legitimate means induce our representatives to bring about an honorable peace.

To show the people that we did not go to war to protect democracy but because Germany threatened to sink ships carrying our goods and our people if found in the danger zone, it is only necessary to quote the President again. In a diplomatic note to the Imperial German Government, of date April 18, 1916, he said:

"Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether."

Of course if Germany had declared an intention to abandon its U-boat method of warfare, we would not have severed diplomatic relations with Germany and there would have been no war. Then what would have become of world-wide democracy? Germany did not abandon its course and that is why we are at war today. Democracy or liberty, except the liberty of our people to trade and travel on the high seas, was never thought of as a cause for going to war.

To make this perfectly clear I quote the following language in the President's message to Congress of February 3, 1917, announcing the fact that he had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany:

"I think that you will agree with me that, in view

of this declaration, which suddenly and without prior intimation of any kind deliberately withdraws the solemn assurance given in the Imperial Government's note of the fourth of May, 1916, this Government has no other alternative consistent with the dignity and honor of the United States but to take the course which, in its note of the eighteenth of April, 1916, it announced that it would take in the event that the German Government did not declare and effect an abandonment of the methods of submarine warfare which it was then employing and to which it now purposes again to resort.

"I have, therefore, directed the Secretary of State to announce to his Excellency the German Ambassador, that all diplomatic relations between the United States and the German Empire are severed, and that the American Ambassador at Berlin will immediately be withdrawn; and in accordance with this decision, to hand to his Excellency his passports."

Still again, in his final message of April 2, 1917, asking Congress to declare war against Germany, he said:

"The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it."

And Congress declared war for the specific reason that Germany had made war on us by her submarine warfare affecting our rights on the sea.

There we have the issues squarely made up. The specious soul-moving slogan that we are in the war to preserve and extend democracy and human liberty is a pure myth. It has no foundation in truth. This being so the sole issue is whether it was wise or just to the American people that we should be brought into this dreadful war, in the issues of which we have no concern, by our representatives in Congress, without consulting the wishes of the people who compose the government.

I maintain that the great majority of the people are opposed to the war and that this will be overwhelmingly demonstrated whenever they have the opportunity to express themselves through the ballot box.

As the action of Germany in threatening to sink neutral ships found in the danger zone was not directed as a war measure against the United States but as a part of her warfare against England, the honor of our country was not involved. We had the undoubted right to the freedom of the seas, but it was a right beneficial to only a favored few of our people and might have been waived with honor, and this nation saved from the dreadful consequences of war. Germany had struck us because we had got in her way in her fight with England. We might strike back and we have been foolish enough to do so, thus involving us in the European war and foreign politics. The man who resents an insult to his honor by a blow or a challenge to a duel may thus show his physical brute courage but he thereby proves his moral cowardice and lack of good sense. The same is equally true of nations. I had hoped America, boasting of its learning, Christianity and civilization, had passed beyond that time. But we are enacting the humiliating role of the swashbuckler of the dark ages whose only way

of vindicating his honor was by shedding human blood.

Is it an evidence of courage for public officials to declare a war for such a cause as this, knowing that some one else must do the fighting while they remain at home in perfect security?

When we look back over the steps that have brought the nation into the war we may well wonder what influences have brought this calamity upon us. Some of them are not far to seek. The great and powerful moneyed interests that have invested millions of dollars in the securities of the Allies, and the immense corporations that are making billions of dollars out of the trade with these countries, with their connecting corporations and branches throughout the United States, are at the bottom of it all. Theirs is a power and influence that has become almost irresistible in government affairs at Washington and they have spent millions in the campaign to get us into the war.

To this may be added the pro-British element and British subjects in this country who have advocated the war to help England, the believers in militarism and the adventurers who want war for the excitement, adventure and glory they think they see in it. And the ambitious or cowardly politician must not be overlooked. The other potent influences I have mentioned have made him believe the war movement is a popular one and that is enough for him.

And not the least of the influences that have brought on the war are some of the good but misguided women of the country whom one would expect above all others, to range themselves on the side of peace. The war propaganda has made them believe that this is a righteous and justifiable war prosecuted in defense of democracy, liberty and human rights. Their sympathies and emotions are appealed to through the Red Cross, a worthy and commendable cause when rightly directed, but a specious evil when used to encourage war. One of the most pitiful, as well as inexplicable spectacles of the war, at this stage of it, is that of the women of this civilized liberty-loving nation advocating an unnecessary and ill-advised war that is destined to bring sorrow, anguish and suffering beyond their conception to the women of the country in greater degree than to any other class.

But what are the great masses of the so-called common people who have no selfish interests to serve, but who must do the fighting and suffer the most if the war goes on, saying about it? They are not saying much now publicly or out loud. They are being terrorized and intimidated into silence by the newspapers and secret agents of the government; but this will not last. This is a government of the people and sooner or later the people will be heard and their voice will be for peace.

Having, by our own voluntary act, made this inhuman European war our war, it will be more difficult now to make peace on honorable terms, but a way will be found if our people seek it in the right way and in the right spirit. It is our duty, as good citizens, to obey the laws of our country and to support our soldiers in the field so long as we are at war, but it is also the sacred duty of every citizen to endeavor to bring about a change of policies on the part of the government that will insure a

speedy and honorable peace, the return of our American boys and young men to their homes, and the severance of all entangling alliances with any and all foreign nations.

Let us defend and protect our democracy and our liberties at home and leave the politics and forms of government of other nations to their own choice and settlement. The people of this country should not be called upon to "pour out their blood and treasure" to reform the politics of Europe or to force upon any country the kind of government we think they should have.

John D. Works

In the August number will appear an article by Hon. Estelle Lawton Lindsey, ex-Councilwoman, entitled, "The Women and the Recent Election," which has been crowded out of this issue.

The Worm

Editha was admiring her new summer frock.
 "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm!"
 "Editha, is it necessary to refer to your father in that way?" her mother inquired reproachfully.

"I hold it true whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all."

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NOT "MARTYRS FOR THE CAUSE" BUT A GREAT CAUSE THEIR MARTYR

Forcing an Issue Not in Issue

THIS is not the hour nor the year when the sub-
ject of woman suffrage should take prece-
dence—nor indeed, occupy the minds of wom-
en at all. War, grim and horrible, is upon us. Dis-
cussions incident to war are everywhere carried on
—in public and in private, at the fireside, the dinner
table, upon the streets, in the hotels and corridors,
even in the elevators, war is the one all-absorbing,
all-consuming subject, paramount to all others. The
newspapers with their extra editions come hourly
to our distracted gaze, and the whole world is filled
with wail and woe.

In times of peace the arguments and heated con-
versations upon the subject of woman suffrage have
kept whole neighborhoods aflame. Just now, the
same arguments which were endured with com-
mendable patience in times of peace are useless for
any purpose save to further inflict the troubled
people, and rob the private homes of our dear
country of all semblance of peace or harmony.

It is difficult to understand how intelligent

American women can forego the work of the Red
Cross and the millions of sacrifices called for by
the Government, to engage in the puerile business
of suffrage parades, picketing the home of the Pres-
ident of the United States, rendering themselves
ridiculous by crying out like vulgar hoodlums,
"Votes for women."

Not a few of them have been sent to jail. All
of them should have been. The conduct of the
picketettes in Washington cannot be excused, nor
should any judge before whom they are haled allow
his "sympathy for the sex" to get the better of
him. Short jail sentences or small fines are as food
to the hungry. These publicity seekers with four-
flushing propensities are overjoyed with the fact of
arrest. They smile blandly at the judge who sen-
tences them and go to jail heroically, where they
proceed to organize and to sing suffrage songs with
other and far more deserving women who are serv-
ing longer sentences for acts less heinous.

These women should drop their militant demon-
strations until the war is over. Surely we are en-
titled to cultivate peace at home while we are en-
gaged in helping to restore it abroad. The
conduct of the Eastern suffragists in forcing the is-
sue of suffrage in these dreadful months of blood
is not endorsed by any proportion of the women
voters in the Western States.

The great American right of suffrage for women
is conceded by all statesmen and laymen alike, and
its coming is not to be hampered even by the ridic-
ulous acts of the foolish, thoughtless advocates who
delight to go to jail as if they were "martyrs to the
cause."

Someone has represented these "martyrs" as giv-
ing aid and comfort to the enemies of suffrage—the
antis—but The New American Woman can hardly
imagine these women aiding in any appreciable de-
gree, nor yet greatly injuring the cause of Susan B.
Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, and Elizabeth Cady
Stanton.

The wise and unselfish Mrs. Frank Leslie, whose
generosity makes it possible to meet every financial
need in the work of securing suffrage for the wom-
en of America, never contemplated that any portion
of the two million dollars she left in trust to win
suffrage for her countrywomen would be put to un-
patriotic and unlawful use.

Mrs. Leslie, like her predecessors in the cause,
and like each and every loyal suffragist of whatever
State or country, would "fight for the things which
we have always carried nearest our hearts—for
democracy, for the right of those who submit to
authority to have a voice in their own governments,"
but there are epochs when every great cause waits
upon the happening of a greater event. Suffrage
for women must await the Peace of the World.

Again, we doubt the wisdom of increasing the
electorate at this time; we doubt our ability to
assimilate the foreign element which will flock to
this country once the war is over. Weakened and
disorganized by the tragedies of war, our whole
domestic machinery in confusion, we shall not find
it so easy as heretofore to receive the foreigner and
convert him into a law-abiding citizen.

Universal suffrage will double the problems
which statesmen and stateswomen will soon be

called upon to solve. Upon the prompt and wise solution of these problems the fate of our nation rests. It will require men and women of large vision to grasp the situation, to convert foreigners into American patriots, to teach them the meaning of our flag, the dignity and force of our laws, and the necessity of loyalty to the government that shelters them.

If, however, American women are bound to continue to agitate for suffrage and refuse to await the outcome of the horrible world war, refuse to contribute their time, talents and substance toward the one great end of world peace, if they withhold their money from the Red Cross and all other beneficent purpose and spend it in flamboyant street parades, and in jail sentences, their conduct is little short of treason. For just in proportion that they fail to serve their country in its dire extremity they are "giving aid and comfort to its enemies." And this is treason.

SHE HAD NOT THOUGHT IT OUT

Women everywhere, like men, are alive to the needs of this day and hour. They are in line with our government's plan to feed the allied nations in war, to save the food products and prepare for the worst.

No woman exactly thought nor reasonably could she have been expected to think of "raising her boy to be a soldier." The mothers of the race have little if any war spirit in their make-up. The sweet babe at the mother's breast, nor the romping laddie whose every foot fall is music to her ears, could have admonished her of his country's coming need. Her tireless activity for him but re-assured her of his tender love when he became a full grown man and she faltering in life's steep journey. She had not thought of war. Her plans for her boy were all laid in the fields of industrial peace, and hence in very truth she "did not raise him to be a soldier."

But the government that protects him and the flag that floats over him are nevertheless emblematic of the same principle which she manifests toward him from the hour of his birth—protection, consecration, and defense. When his country calls for defenders he is bound to stand up and be counted, nor slack until he has justified his mother's faith in him by defending his country at home and abroad.

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ARE YOU PREPARED?

By Addison Howard Gibson

The world is full of struggling souls,
So many need the light;
Are you prepared to help them now
To win the losing fight?
Must all the wrongs go unredressed,
Must each go on alone,
No helping hand reach through the dark,
No ear attend the groan?

There are so many desert spots,
Where not one flower grows;
Are you prepared to sow good seed,
Or plant one lovely rose?
Must some go on with bloomless lives,
Because of no kind word?
Must some poor hearts be barren ground,
The soul by love unstirred?

There are so many breaking hearts,
So many bowed in pain;
Are you prepared with healing joy
To help them try again?
Then let us each begin at home,
Prepare the soul to fight,
And in Christ's way do good to all,
Be truth, be love, be light!

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THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

(Continued from Page 8)

beautiful fish swimming around but could not stop to catch them.

Our ox teams were getting very poor by this time and we girls walked as much as we could, especially if the pulling was hard. I remember one incident in particular. We were passing around a big gulch and my sisters decided to walk a ways. They stood on a little knoll and saw other wagons about three miles ahead and concluded they would take a short cut; we often did this and saved ourselves many miles. So they slid down the bank of this gulch, but soon saw their mistake, for sliding down and climbing up were two different things. In this gulch they saw the bones of all kinds of animals, both large and small. My blood curdled with horror when my sisters told me of the experience they had gone through for they did not know what moment some wild animal would spring upon them.

They were three hours in the gulch before they could find a place where they could climb up. There was no living thing in sight. The bones they saw must have been of animals fallen over the sides of the gulch and died for want of food and water. They were disheveled, torn and worn girls that joined the wagons at dark.

I am surprised now when I think back how little attention was given to us girls. We would go on ahead of the wagons sometimes for miles, just we three alone,—for we made no friends among the whole train of people. We were Southern born and bred and we did not consider it good taste to speak without being first introduced. We did not even speak to the man who worked for father. I know now that I was a very snobbish person for I felt myself very much superior to anyone in our party except my own family.

I remember one young man who came all the way from home with us wrote me a note asking me if I would marry him when we arrived in Oregon and I was so angry at his audacity that I tore the note in little bits and that night when he came to supper I threw the scraps in his face. I guess he was as good as I was, and he surely showed a better disposition. Of course, we had no time to visit as we went along and at night we were too busy and tired. Each day now we neared the Rocky Mountains. We had gone over so many mountains where the road was bad that we rather dreaded the Rockies, but the ascent was so gradual that we hardly knew just when we did start up. As we neared the mountains, we came to a little stream, which we were told was the head of the Mississippi river. We could scarcely believe it to be the beginning of the large river that we had traveled in the big steamboats to St. Louis. As we went up the mountain, near the road was a gulch filled with snow, and right on the bank near at hand little "Johnny Jump Ups" were growing. I picked flowers with one hand, and laid the other on the snow. I pressed these flowers and sent them back home to a girl friend, but all the thanks I got for my trouble, was a reply like this, "You are telling me an untruth, for no flowers will grow so near the snow."

We were about three days in reaching the top of

the mountain; we stood on the summit and in every direction we looked, we could see spread out before us a panorama of hills, valleys and rivers. We had all been so anxious to get to the top and start down the other side. One man came to father and said, "Well, Mr. Hill, we are now on the other side of the mountain" but father keeping a straight face said, "No we are on this side" and it was some time before the man saw the joke was on him.

After we descended the Rockies we had only one more state to pass through until we came to Oregon, where father had decided was the garden spot for our home.

How good the name of home sounded to our ears, after the long months of continuous travel. Often when going through some beautiful country filled with timber and lovely streams, we would plead with our father to stop and build our home there, but nothing compared in his mind, to the Rogue River Valley in Oregon.

One day when the noon hour came, we stopped near a clear mountain stream where a great misfortune befell me. When we left our home in the South, my father gave me a beautiful saddle horse named Kate. In the weary days of travel how many times I whispered in her ear alone my weariness and home sickness, and some way she seemed to understand and comfort me. This day we had had a hard ride, and when we stopped for lunch, I took her saddle off; she laid down to roll in the sand, and was bitten by a scorpion. I was busy preparing our meal when old Kate came up to me and tried to tell me about it by rubbing her head on my shoulder. I thought she was thirsty, and led her to the water, but as she did not drink, I looked her over, and to my dismay, found her neck was beginning to swell. I called father, who guessed at once the trouble, and applied indigo and brandy on the place affected, also gave her something internally, but without success, and soon a bullet ended her misery, but not mine, as I mourned her loss for many days. Father called to the men to drive the stock away at once, for he now remembered being warned against Scorpion Gulch.

Our stock were now suffering from the lack of green food, for it was very, very warm, and the preceding trains with their stock had either eaten or trampled down all the grass that the sun had not dried out, so father decided to cross the river, thinking he might better conditions, which he did. As this was the last place we could get water for several days, all the water barrels were filled to their capacity. Water was a greater problem to father in crossing the plains than the Indians were. It was about the fourth day after we had left the river that father told us that the water was getting so low that we must use no more, only for drinking purposes, until we got a fresh supply. I will never forget how the cattle suffered those few days without water, and in the heat, it being especially hard on the oxen drawing the wagons.

One day when lunch time came, and sister Mary was using some of the water from our scant supply, to wash her hands before making the biscuits, and after she was through using the same water again and again, my other sister took it, dough and all, and saved the life of one of her pet calves.

At last all the water was gone, and we girls while walking ahead of the wagons, sighted what we

thought were willows, and we knew if willows, then water. We were so tired, hot and thirsty, the very thought of water lured us on and on, until we had walked about four miles, when we came to a beautiful river, and to our horror, a band of Indians. My sisters ran down the bank to the water, regardless of danger; as they were in advance of me, I called to them they must not go, but they called back to me saying they would as soon be killed by the Indians, as to die of thirst, so on they went to the water, and lay down and drank. My thoughts flew fast as to the best course to pursue, I looked back and saw the wagons a mere speck in the distance. I knew that help from that quarter was impossible, so I rushed down the bank to join my sisters, not knowing what our fate would be.

The Indians were taken by surprise, and seemed undecided just what to do. They started toward where my sisters lay drinking—and I am sure water never tasted so good—then stopped, jabbered together and pointed to the hill in the direction we had come from. I think they wondered if more were coming, for as I have said before they stood in awe of the white man's guns. One young buck seemed particularly anxious to advance toward us, but wiser heads held him back. I think that the only thing that saved us that day from captivity, was the fearless way in which we passed them.

It may have been that we were the first white girls that they had ever seen. We took our lives in our hands that day, for no one knew where we were, and if the Indians had taken us captive, then God help us. By this time I had no fear of the Indians killing us, but the fear of the whole trip across the plains to me was the possibility of being taken a captive. These Indians were drying fish. They had wooden forks driven in the ground, over which hung a long pole where hundreds of fish were hanging, being dried for the winter. I will never forget as I stood on the bank of the river, even in my fear, just how savory those fish were to our olfactories.

As quickly as we could we passed on down the river, where we encountered great difficulties, passing over fallen trees, and climbing over big rocks, not knowing what moment we would encounter another band of Indians.

We walked for about three hours. The sun had gone down, and it was dusk. We sighted fires ahead of us, but not knowing whether it was Indians or white people, we approached very cautiously. To our great joy, we found it to be some of the train of emigrants.

Of course we were very tired, but we never thought of sitting down to wait for the coming of the wagons, but began gathering wood for the fires for the evening meal, and it was well that we did, for it was after dark when father's wagons arrived.

We never told any of our experiences to our mother until after we arrived at our destination, for she was a very nervous woman, and as she rode in the front wagon with father, she never knew where we were half the time, and seemed to think we were able to take care of ourselves, but I am sure the good Lord watched over us, and saved us from many dangers we knew not of.

We traveled along the banks of this river for about a week; as there was plenty of food for the

stock, and as the country was level, we were able to travel much faster than ever before.

Many times we saw such quantities of fish, and wished we could catch them, for we were getting very tired of ham and bacon, so father promised us when we came to a certain place on this Salmon River (so called from the beautiful fish found in it), that we could have all the fish we wanted. A rare treat indeed was in store for us. Father sent two of his men ahead to select a good camping place, and to catch fish for our evening meal. And right here I would like to tell my "fish story." All fish stories are not to be depended on I know, but this may be.

When we arrived at the camping place, the men had great quantities of fish caught, and were cleaning them, and laying them aside on the grass. It seemed to me that there were enough fish for a hundred people, but the men said they were hungry, and would I please cook them all. As soon as the stove was up I began frying, and by the time the table was set, and all the other things ready, I had a large dish pan full of delicately browned friend fish.

I have never told about the setting of our table, which was as big as all out doors. We had a white oil cloth about four yards long which was always cleaned after each meal and rolled on a pole made for that purpose. My sister Hasselton, whose duty it was to arrange the table, often had great difficulty in finding a level place to spread the cloth. When all was ready I placed the pan of fish in the center, and called the men to supper, and this night they did not need to be called twice but kicked up so much dust kneeling in their places around the

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table that I think that the old adage about eating a peck of dirt was fulfilled right there.

Now comes the "Red letter day" of the whole trip across the plains to me. And after all these years have passed it seems to me but yesterday, it is so vivid in my memory. We had journeyed the entire length of what is now the state of Idaho. We arrive in the northwestern part where the Salmon River empties into the Snake River. And there we found a large "ranchero" of Indians drying their supply of winter fish. We camped about a quarter of a mile below the Indians—as father decided this would be the better place to cross over the Snake River. The banks were so low here that it would lighten the work of loading the boats. The next morning we heard a very strange noise coming from the direction of the Indian camp, so one of our men went up to investigate. He soon came back and told us girls to come quickly and view the burial performance of a squaw that had just died. We needed no urging as so many of our days went colorlessly by, and anything exciting or amusing seldom came our way. We hurried along, only stopping a moment as our mother called out a warning not to stand too close, for she might have died with some contagious disease. The squaw was lying on the ground in her wigwam around which were gathered her friends who were making the most gruesome noise I ever heard. We learned afterward that they called it singing. It was the tradition of this particular tribe for each one of the dead squaws' family to throw themselves upon her dead body, then run and jump in the river, swim around for a while and then show themselves on the bank, presumably free from the evil spirits. After all the older members of the family had gone through this strange performance, they brought the dead squaw's little babe and laid it on its mother's breast; then a man, I suppose it was its father, took it in his arms and went under the water several times. As the babe was very young we felt sure it would soon join its mother in the "Happy hunting ground."

When we returned to camp after seeing the strange Indian performance, all was in confusion getting things in shape to cross the river. My brother Cicero now had charge of the stock. In crossing great care must be given in the selection of a place, and if possible to cross where there were "shoals," for there the river would be wider, but not so deep. Our stock were so poor now that they would often drift up against a rock, and men on horseback would have to use ropes to pull them back into the river, thus making a very long tedious task, and when finished men and stock would both be almost exhausted.

When we came to a river too deep to ford we used a boat that father had had made in St. Louis, which served both as a wagon bed and a boat. This boat was both corked and pitched on the bottom making it water tight.

I often think now of the patience and hard work it took to get our things across, for every wagon had to be taken apart, and all the things unpacked and repacked, but through it all I heard no word of grumbling or discontent. My mother and youngest sister went over on the first boat load so they could guard the things on that side, for the Indians would steal them if left unprotected, and sister Mary and I were left on the other side to protect

our things there; of course there were other people there, but all looked after their own things.

Sister Mary had not been well since she had had the cholera, and this day she had a return attack. I waited on her all day giving her medicine as often as I dared, for the cholera medicine had laudanum in it, and it was dangerous to give it too often. As the afternoon wore on we found ourselves the only ones of our party left on that side of the river. I will never forget as we were waiting there by the running gears of the last wagon to be taken over, a couple of men came up and one of them said, "This is a good wagon I will sell it to you," and as sick as my sister was, she jumped to her feet and said, "This is my father's wagon and he is now coming for it."

The man just smiled and said, "Well I guess this isn't mine either."

We heard afterward that he claimed all the wagons left on that side of the river and sold them as his own. Wagons would often be left behind as oxen would either die or become too poor to haul them, and as we were getting nearer to our destination each day, people with small families would put all their belongings in one wagon and cast the other one aside.

Father soon came for us and as he was putting the wheels of the wagon in the boat, I told him to fix as comfortable a place as he could for sister, as she was now too sick to sit up. So he put the two wheels together and rolled her in a blanket and in that way she crossed the river. I am afraid we would not think such a bed very comfortable now, but in times like those necessity mothered many an invention. As we started across the wind began to blow, making it very hard to row the boat. When we were about in the middle of the river, father was taken with cramps in his legs; as he had made so many trips across that day he was just about worn out. It was some time before he could help the man row the boat, and as the river was very swift at this point our boat drifted down the stream for about a mile before father could take his place at the oars again. By this time it was almost dark. The wind would catch the oars at every stroke making it very hard to control the boat at all, besides throwing water into the boat until I was afraid we would sink, we were so heavily loaded. I began bailing out the water with a tin wash dish, but it seemed to be gaining on me, and sister, realizing the situation, asked me to hand her the tin drinking cup and she would help me. I can see her yet as she lay there too sick to lift her head, slowly lifting the cup back and forth, often spilling the little she had, in her effort to get it over the side of the boat. I tell you those were trying times we were going through which earned for us those words so full of meaning, "Pioneers of Oregon."

We had drifted so far from the regular landing place that it was hard to get the boat to the opposite shore, but father spied a tree fallen from the bank into the water, and rowed his boat there, for he knew it would form an eddy and greatly assist him in landing. By this time it was very dark and as father and his man had to haul the boat up on the bank to dry, sister and I started on, our only guide being the fires burning in camp about a mile or more away. Our way was strewn with fallen logs, over which I assisted my sister the best I could,

often tearing our dresses on the low thick brush. At times sister begged me to go on and leave her as she could not go a step farther, and then we would sit down on some old log and rest; thus by slow degrees we reached the camp to find our mother half sick with fright over our delay, but we were so thankful we were alive, and that our mother had been spared the hardships we had just passed through.

Our men had not come in yet, so after making my sister comfortable in bed, I helped my mother prepare the supper.

Go with me please in your imagination as we gathered around our evening meal. One would almost picture despair written on all our faces after the strenuous day we had all passed through, but not so. My brother was a great factor in keeping every one in good spirits, and this night he had jokes to tell on all the men, which sent them off to bed with peals of laughter. When one could see the funny side even to hardships he must indeed have a God-given sense of humor.

We were now in the state of Oregon, but we had about three hundred miles of hard travel to go, over mountains and rivers before we reached our destination. We traveled about fifty miles after leaving Snake River before we came to the Blue Mountains, and these we found to be the steepest we had yet encountered. We had to tie trees on the back of the wagons to keep them from turning over on the oxen, as in places it was almost perpendicular, and just one wagon could go down these steep places at a time. Needless to say no one rode in the wagons, as we all felt safer on foot. I remember there was one man who refused to cut trees for his wagon, and father told him he must. He was a very stubborn man and finally consented to get one small one, and if some of the men had not been there to help him he would have lost wagon, oxen and all over the steep cliff—and just for his own foolhardiness. He came to our camp that night and humbly apologized to father for his actions.

I shall never forget as we stood on the top of the Blue Mountains and looked down into the beautiful Grand Round Valley. That night father told us the story of how Dr. Whitman, a missionary from this valley had gone back to Washington in the winter of 1843, to save Oregon from the grasp of the English, and to urge the government at Washington to assert the claims of the United States to that region. Dr. Whitman made this perilous journey on horseback over the Lewis and Clark trail (the way we had just come). As father was telling us I could not imagine any one passing over the Rockies in the winter time, as we could see snow there even in the summer time as we passed through.

Upon arrival in Washington the doctor went at once before Congress, as he feared delay would cost him his chance to present his cause. He must have created a sensation as he walked down the hall in his buffalo coat with head hood, heavy fur leggings and boot moccasins, with the stain of travel still upon him. As soon as there was a lull he rose to his feet to present the message dearest to his heart. After apologizing for his appearance he delivered his message with such earnestness and fervor that the Congressmen were carried off their feet, and the hall rang with greater applause than had been heard for years.

As we descended into this Grand Round Valley we saw the first marks of civilization since leaving the Missouri River, for here we could see the hand of Dr. Whitman's work among the Indians, and had it not been for the huts they lived in, we could almost fancy ourselves in a white settlement, for the lands were cultivated and fruit trees growing everywhere.

When we camped that night the Indians swarmed around us as usual, but so different from the others we had seen, for here they dressed as the white man, the squaws wore calico dresses instead of the proverbial blankets. Here the Indians worked hard raising vegetables and fruits, and tilling the soil under the direction of Dr. Whitman until the whole valley was one verdant bloom.

There was a Frenchman living here from whom father bought a beef, and with the fruit and vegetables the Indians brought us, we had a feast which seemed to us fit for the gods. We stayed in this place for several days to have the meat smoked and jerked for us to take with us on our journey.

I shall never forget the picture this Frenchman made when he came to call on us with his wife who was a squaw. She had on a white satin dress with pink rosebuds on it, with a hat to match. The dress was made in the prevailing style of the day, and she had not been in our presence very long before she informed us it had been made by the best dress-maker in Salem. The dress was beautiful, but the figure in it surely presented a queer spectacle.

Everywhere we heard the praises sung of Dr. Whitman and his work among the Indians, curing them in time of sickness, for he was a medical missionary, and served them from 1802 to 1847,—at last meeting his death at the hand of a "red skin," when two tribes were warring with each other.

This valley made a lasting impression on my mind for it looked an Eden after the barren country we had passed through.

One day as we were traveling up the John Day River we saw a man coming toward us on horseback; this was a very unusual thing, for we had never passed any one before on the whole trip. As he drew near, my father gave one shout—it was my brother whom he had left behind in Oregon. We girls did not recognize him although it had been only three years since we had seen him, for he had grown a beard.

(Continued in August Number)

THE VOICE OF BEAUTY

California has more music teachers than any other State in the Union. And more music students and more music lovers. This is in harmony with the fact that California is the most beautiful State in the Union and that, although geographically far from the center of the United States, it is fast becoming the art center of the western world. To our mountains and forests and valleys, to our rose-bordered cities and crystal seas the artist comes to paint his rainbow dreams, the sculptor comes to model in marble his ideal of perfect form and the writer comes to gather his loftiest inspirations. Then comes the musician and, after listening to the sound of the sea, the lullabies of tinkling brooks, the whispering trees and the prayers of the flowers, after holding his ear to the poet's heart, watching the light on the artist's face and searching the soul of the sculptor for ideas of harmony, he weaves them all into one grand symphony, for music is the voice of art.—(Los Angeles Times).

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from June Number)

HAVING won the contest for my client in the United States Land Office, the ever generous press as usual gave the matter more space than my efforts were worth.

I had secured an office in the old Montgomery Block, where the San Francisco Law Library was located. Mr. Frank P. Deering was librarian, and to him I owe much gratitude for his kindness in allowing me to remain in the library long after closing hours and assisting me to cases which I could not have found without his aid.

Mr. Deering's younger brother, James H., succeeded him as librarian, and it is safe to say that no law librarian has enjoyed the high degree of confidence and the loving devotion of the bench and bar of California in the measure that is accorded to James H. Deering, author of Deering's Codes.

The triumph of my first case in the United States Land Office enlarged the circle of my acquaintance and many clients sought my advice. I had now entered upon the practice of the law in no uncertain manner. Several important cases were submitted to me—cases involving the need of much technical learning as well as experience. Fortunately for me I had the friendship of the very ablest and most honored members of the San Francisco bar, each of whom believed in me and took pleasure in advising and assisting me in my ambition to prove myself worthy of the confidence of my clients.

Up to this time I had not applied for admission to the Supreme Court. My first license to practice issued from the Twenty-second Judicial District, Hon. David Belden presiding, and this entitled me to practice in all courts of like jurisdiction. From the very first it was my intention to enter Hastings College of Law, and this fixed, impregnable purpose of mine would have forever wrought my undoing but for my unfailing persistence.

Professor John Norton Pomeroy, than whom no finer teacher of law ever lectured before a law class, dominated the Board of Trustees, ruled with an iron hand Judge S. Clinton Hastings, Dean and founder of the school, and hated women as law students, and didn't hesitate to say so.

All these things I had heard and many other ominous warnings, among them "not to dare to enter Hastings Law School;" "no petticoats wanted in a law school." Nevertheless, I filed my application for matriculation with the Registrar, accompanied with the \$10.00 matriculation fee, and entered the Junior class.

I will not relate in detail my first day's experience in Hastings Law School, but suffice it to say I crept into the room where my little ones slept that night and cried myself to sleep.

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

The following morning, nothing daunted, I

walked briskly up Montgomery Street to the old Pioneer Building, where the Hastings classes were taught. I was met at the door by the janitor, who addressed me blandly, "Miss, this is a law school. I'm ordered not to let you come in here."

"Yes, I know it is a law school," I smilingly replied, "but there is no reason why you should not let me in."

"Because you are a woman—and them's my orders," he said as he closed the half-open door in my face.

Just then a half dozen or more students, fine young fellows they were, too, came running up the steps, hurrying to reach their seats at 8 a. m. sharp. They eyed me pityingly, while my cheeks burned with indignation. I had been humiliated by somebody's "orders." Whose orders? Indeed, who could issue orders against the Constitution and laws of the State of California? Hastings Law School is a branch of the State University and subject to the general laws that control that institution. The only qualifications prescribed for the admission of students to the University were that they must be residents of California of the age of fourteen years or upwards, and of approved moral character. All these things I argued in justification of my course.

But, I reasoned, the janitor's orders were that I was to be kept out because of being a woman. Well, of that atrocious fact I plead guilty—but even so, that was not sufficient in law to justify the issuance of an order such as the janitor had carried out against me. Besides, I had read "Greenleaf on Evidence"—three volumes, and was not to be fooled by hearsay testimony, which depends upon the statement of some person other than the witness—the janitor in this particular case.

What if after all no such orders had ever been given the janitor? And if any had been given, by what authority? All this and more ran through my mind as I stood hesitatingly on the steps leading to the class room. Before me lay two courses, one leading backward, the other forward; acknowledge defeat and surrender, or fight and triumph. I chose to fight. At any rate I proposed to enter Hastings Law School—peaceably if I could, but forcibly if I must.

Women, I reasoned, had as clear legal right to enter Hastings Law School, as they had to enter any other branch of the State University; they had a legal right to acquire knowledge of a profession which the law had entitled them to practice. I had complied with all the rules prescribed by the Board of Directors to matriculate in Hastings and there was nothing left to be done to entitle me to enter that institution. The janitor, meek enough, but sufficiently formidable for the purpose, sat in his chair near the door to the class room. It was useless to make further attempt to enter; and, too, soon the lecture would be over and the students would come forth, and witness my discomfiture.

I decided to go to Judge Hastings at once and ask his intervention against the injustice. I found him in his law office on Clay street and related to him how the janitor had refused to allow me to enter the class room, and the reason he gave me for his refusal.

I must have stated my side of the case well, for then and there Judge Hastings wrote a line to Pro-

fessor Pomeroy stating that the bearer had complied with the rules provided for entrance to the Law School, and would he please direct the janitor to admit her, and added, that if it were found the young woman distracted the attention of the young gentlemen some arrangement could be made whereby she could be seated near enough to hear the lectures but out of sight of the students.

The following morning at eight o'clock I again presented myself at the class room. I handed the note from Judge Hastings to the waiting janitor and requested him to please carry it to Professor Pomeroy's desk. While I waited timidly, standing in the small hallway, for the janitor to return and invite me in, the students hurried up the steps arm in arm, their faces aglow with enthusiasm—all the world opened its arms to them, law schools and colleges were built and endowed for men—so, at least, I then thought.

At last, after my humiliation was complete, and the students, about one hundred of them, had all passed in and were seated, the janitor returned, and holding the door open indicated his willingness that I might pass in, which I did to the evident amusement of the students. I sat in the rear of the hall, near the door and hurried out at the close of the lecture lest some rude fellow might speak to me.

I attended the classes three days. At the close of the third day of my "law course" the Registrar served written notice upon me that the Board of Directors at a special meeting held for the purpose of determining as to the admission of women, had determined that "women should not be admitted to Hastings Law School." The Registrar brought me a verbal message also from Dean Hastings, offering to furnish me with books from his private library if I still desired to continue my law studies.

Again I related to the Dean and to others of the Board my desire to make the law my profession, but all to no purpose. A peremptory writ in mandamus followed which proved but a brief triumph.

(Continued in August Number)

INTUITION

I kissed her eyes and cheeks, and then
I told her I would come again.
I told her I would come, and then
I kissed her eyes and cheeks again.

She knew I lied, she knew that she
Was seeing her last sight of me.

Coat falsehood over thick with wit,
Wrap reasoning round it—yards of it—
And there are eyes will pierce it through
And smile your falsehood back at you.

Some minds toil hard, uphill and far
To find the truth, but some there are
Who feel the truth within them grow
And know,—not knowing how they know.

I fancy she was one of these.
For though I swore by shores and seas,—
Aye, though my vows in heaven I booked—
She looked at me—just looked and looked.

—MADGE MORRIS.

LINCOLN'S PRIVATE LETTER TO A GRIEF-STRICKEN MOTHER

The following tear-stained letter, though written to one mother, applies with special significance to the mothers of America who today, are called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for the freedom of the world:

Executive Mansion,
November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby,

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly an offering on the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO THINK

By Egbert C. Misner

It has been said that love is blind, and it is indeed true that love is blind in many things; but are we sure that this is a disadvantage? May it not be a great blessing instead? We shall find it to be so, for the fact is, that most of those things that we seem unable to see, are really not worth looking at.

There are only two movements possible in the conscious life of man, viz., progression and retrogression. That which does not move forward moves in the opposite direction, and when progress is not promoted, it is retarded. The forward movement takes life into more desirable conditions, while the opposite movement invariably produces the adverse; and since every forward movement is a process of growth, it is evident that no change for the better is possible without growth.

The only way out is to grow out. The only way to gain emancipation from that which is not wanted is to grow into a fuller realization of that which is wanted; the only way to pass from one condition into a more desirable condition is to develop these essentials that are required in the new state.

Continuous advancement into more and more life will prolong personal existence; it will also perpetuate youth, and daily increase the power of mind and body.

WHO MERIT PRAISE

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
—Pope.

A Seed Waster

"There's a man planting potatoes," said Farmer Corn-tassel, "when he ought to be playin' golf."

"You don't approve of gardening?"

"Yes, I do. But if he'd go ahead an' play golf he wouldn't be spoilin' good potatoes that somebody could use."



THE LOS ANGELES MILLION CLUB WORKING WITH THE RED CROSS

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

We justly concede to the loyal women who make up the rank and file of that useful organization, the Los Angeles Million Club, a whole-heartedness not found every day among civic organizations. Pre-eminent in the originality of their conceptions, they have taken advanced ground and have led the way to many noble achievements.

Five years ago, when the work of Los Angeles harbor was at a standstill, when money rained forth like water from a spigot, and incompetency ruled out efficiency, the Los Angeles Million Club, by a series of resolutions adopted, and discussions and arguments aimed at the miserable subterfuges of those in power, aroused public sentiment and in a great measure aided in establishing a somewhat better condition of things at what is declared by experts to be the finest inland harbor in the world.

Later, when the war broke forth and all Europe was red with the blood of its brothers, Mrs. Wm. C. Tyler, first vice-president of the Million Club, and later Democratic elector representing California, proposed and carried to a grand conclusion the first Peace Parade that ever marched through the streets of an American city. The patriotic people of Los Angeles approved the enterprise and with flags flying and bands playing, more than fifty thousand men and women marched through the principal thoroughfares of the city and closed the demonstration with a grand mass meeting at Trinity Auditorium, where, with Bishop William M. Bell and Reverend Charles C. Seelman and other speakers, that magnificent edifice was dedicated to Peace in the presence of an audience whose tear-dimmed eyes and serious faces cannot be adequately described nor yet ever forgotten.

Again, when the Million Club was organized, the cosmopolitan city of Los Angeles was composed of every race, a large majority of whom knew little and cared less for American institutions. They had no respect for our flag, sneered at our laws, and insisted upon the customs and half-civilized rules of life in the lands from which they came. It is largely due to that young woman representing the Million Club, Mrs. M. H. Pehr, that civic centers were established in Los Angeles for teaching and training new citizens to become loyal Americans. Addresses by able men and women were arranged for, large audiences soon followed, the public granting of citizenship papers to the foreigners within our gates took on the character of polite public functions, where patriotic songs and waving flags illumined and glorified the occasion.

Then followed the Melting Pot on the roof garden of those merchant princes, the Hamburgers, who made possible the first Los Angeles Better Babies show. Leading physicians of the city took enthusiastic part in the many Better Babies clinics that were held throughout the two weeks of the Melting Pot show, and prizes were bestowed—not upon all the deserving babies, for every mother's baby deserved a prize for the part she played in the interesting and valuable investigations of what constitutes Better Babies.

Far-reaching indeed have been the excellent examples set by the Los Angeles Million Club. Not least, nor last was the inauguration of the open air Christmas Tree in Central Park, aided by the Los Angeles Examiner. This wonder of the West in beauty and spectacular illumination was viewed and admired by a million of people coming from all parts of the country. The open air

Christmas Tree has become a regular annual festival in Southern California.

The annexation and consolidation of the city and county of Los Angeles is one of the civic problems which the Million Club espoused at the very first of its organized effort.

Municipal music, municipal baths, better housing, a cleaner, a better and a happier people—these are a few of the things the Los Angeles Million Club stands for.

It has recently organized a center of the Red Cross, with Mrs. Frank Curran as chairman, Mrs. Marie Pelton, secretary, and Mrs. M. A. Graves, treasurer. These constitute a busy, efficient corps of officers who direct the patriotic helpers in the greatest service women can perform—for the comfort and well being of our country's defenders.

A member of the Million Club who has just returned from Canada after five years' absence writes: Editor New American Woman:

There are no social or intellectual gulfs in the Red Cross. The work of this great organization since the beginning of the war has had but one obstacle—the society woman, who finds herself just one of the vast multitude in this glorious and essential work where only service counts and where social prestige must bow to productive ability. A few of these leaders—not many—have been unable to rise to the situation and prove their real right to leadership, while others have endeavored to disparage the Red Cross work by terming it spectacular and unnecessary.

We would call attention to the words of an authority on this subject whom no one can intelligently dispute. Honorable William Howard Taft, Chairman of the Central Red Cross Committee, who concludes his article in a recent issue of The Ladies Home Journal with these words: "Nothing less than organized united effort on the part of us who remain at home will suffice to meet the need of the situation."

So let the American woman profit by the experience of the British women and avoid the temporary inharmoniousness of the social conflict brought about by some few who do not rise to the larger vision and set self aside and devote their time and money and ability to the Red Cross work. Every type of worker is needed and all the talents of all the people must be channels through which funds and supplies are to be provided.

There are no social or intellectual gulfs in Red Cross work. The very necessity for it is the great leveler and the men and women who have already volunteered their time and talents should be an inspiration to the rest of us, for the spirit of the Red Cross work must always be:

"HIGH HEELS"

To walk on stilts used to be a lot of fun, but to clatter along city pavements with a vicious three-inch block nailed to one's heel is a torture judged from every physiological point of view.

Chinese women bind their feet so that they walk but little or not at all. American women mount the heights of their gracefully curved heels and ride as much as possible. While we pity the suffering Chinese, let us cast a few sad thoughts in the direction of those nearer home.

The manufacturers, say some, are responsible for the fad. They will sell anything for their souls,—and anything in order to sell their soles!

On the other hand, we hear, the women demand them. They scorn the modest practical boot. They prefer the bondage of seeming beauty at the price of discomfort. They even make themselves believe they are comfortable.

Perhaps their comfort comes through relief from the heavy burden of the dollars it took to buy them!

Strange that the men who make them, and sell them, and talk their merits, would utterly refuse to wear them!

Strange that physicians are busy taking care of the practice they can directly trace to them!

Strange that as our feet require more, our minds require less! To wear a pair of "those adorable kid boots" that are "so reasonable at twelve dollars" is perfectly plausible. But how extravagant to put money into books you can get at the library or to read anything more costly than the Saturday Evening Post!

The woman who could let down her high-heeled tension long enough, might begin to wonder why beauty parlors keep men looking younger than women of the same age. She might conclude that the fussy, unnatural frump-eries of the feminine world have something to do with it. And she might grow more certain that high heels play their high part.

—LUELLA RICE.

"Hughes' Pocket Digest of Evidence"

For the busy lawyer, the trial judge, or the student it would be hard to find so all-round excellent a treatise upon the subject of Evidence as "Hughes' Pocket Digest of Evidence," just off the press.

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A BIT OF VERSE

Ode To a Prune

(By Alafred Lord March and Percy Blythe Troxel.)

"Potes Lariat"

I

O, Prune! thou low and humble beast!
Why does your price rise just like yeast?
O, when upon a Pullman train,
I call for thee in vain, in vain,
Then do my sad entreaties rise,
Just like thy prices, to the skies.

II

O Prune! thou low and humble thing!
Like other oats thou hast thy fling.
Thy price before was just one dime,
But now it rises all the time.
We thought you were not like the rest,
But now you keep up with the best.

III

When we were young, we had thee stewed;
Now you're too high for any dude.
Before, we fed full many a ton
To hogs that spurned thee, O fair one!
Oh, Muse! Oh, Muse! whom we have wooed;
Where can we find a prune well stewed?

—Red and Gold.

In was her birthday; they had been married ten years. Her husband said: "Here are enough coupons to buy you a nice set of Shakespeare."

The little blonde wife replied: "Shakespeare! I read that when I was a child."

"Well, then, buy you a set of Dickens."

"Oh, Dickens! Mother read it aloud to us when we were children, but I thought he was a comic."

LAW SCHOOL FOR WOMEN

To meet the crying needs of women in business, and women in private life the next great forward move must be in the direction of a law school for women. For, whether they will or no, women must appear in courts as litigants, they are compelled by subpoena to attend as witnesses, they are required to report as custodians of trust estates, as guardians of children, as administratrix or executrix of estates of deceased, and in other capacities not necessary to detail.

The Woman's Law Class, organized in Los Angeles on the 8th day of May, 1909, proved a helpful, forceful means of pre-legal study. It was "organized for the purpose of advancing the study of the science of law, of promoting the study of political science among women; of interesting them in the uniformity of legislation and in a broader and more practical culture, at the same time affording the more ambitious an opportunity to prepare for admission to the bar."

Every American citizen, native or naturalized, should have at least a general knowledge of the fundamental principles of law and of government. To the end that this knowledge may be acquired early in life, elementary principles of law should be taught in the public schools and be made a part of the curriculum of every educational institution. A Republic rests not alone upon the general intelligence of its citizens, but upon the knowledge and understanding of specific elementary rules of law and government.

And the mothers of the race, more than the fathers, need such knowledge.

The New American Woman will have more to say on this subject, and will lose no opportunity to encourage women to familiarize themselves with the laws of the land.

AS ARAMANTHA SEES IT—FRIGHTFUL FRIVOLITIES

A pensive feeling steals over me as I pass the fashion emporiums and gaze through the windows at the displays of marvelous creations designed to clothe the "female form divine."

A portion of this seriousness is caused by the elevated prices exacted for these works of art, so far beyond the capacity of a modest purse.

But when my astonished eyes encounter those ghastly garments labeled "women's overalls"—then indeed Melancholy claims me for her own.

O Heaven! Is this the end for which women have toiled and struggled and suffered? Is this the "emancipation" so long dreamed of, sighed for, aspired to? Is this the star of our liberty toward which our eyes have been so long unwittingly turned? To wear overalls! and SUCH overalls! Oh, sun of our ambitious hope, shed a light on us! Why women's overalls?

Is it for beauty? No, never since civilization began—nor before—were there such wholly unlovely, grotesque and hideous garments dreamed of, designed or executed.

Is it for convenience? Certainly not! These frightful frivolities are much more in the way of the worker in gardening or climbing the step-ladder or performing a thousand other household tasks, than

a short skirt or bloomers ever were. But what should be said of the sort with floppy ruffles around the ankles! The absurdity of unfitness could go no farther.

Is it on account of pockets? Ah! Perhaps THERE is the glimpse of the longed-for emancipation. Alas! sisters, it is but the shadow, and not the substance; the liberty to make such unbelievable scarecrows of ourselves is not the "be-all and the end-all" of our endeavors. Besides, at present we can have pockets on our skirts.

American women should hardly furnish a justification for the moth-eaten jibe of men that we want to wear trousers to show our independence of masculine domination or to free ourselves of feminine limitations. Trousers are worn by women in many countries, and never has it been intimated by any masculine authority that these lands are dominated by their feminine inhabitants. But these are not European or American women! "There's the rub."

Still, it may be doubted if American men will be alarmed at the statement of the so-called "foremost creator of fashions in the world" that the "trend of taste for summer negligees is toward harem apparel"—in other words, toward Turkish trousers.

This fashion dictator has designed a negligee consisting of chiffon camisole and dressing jacket of mouselin de soi, with Turkish trousers of accordion plaited light-blue chiffon, with lace ruffles veiling the ankles. Anything masculine about that, timid brothers? Don't hesitate—speak up!

But wait! Can it be that a fearsome plot has been hatched in some unknown cavern of the dark, expressed by gingham overalls at one end of the feminine scale, and by accordion plaited blue chiffon, lace ruffled Turkish trousers at the other?

In other words, are the overalls plebeian Turkish trousers for the workers, and the chiffon Turkish trousers, sublimated overalls for the patrician? "That is the question!"

—Aramantha Miller.

TO A STAR

By Jack Wolf

(A Prisoner in a California Penitentiary)

Shine on and on thou gleaming
 Messenger of God. Each night
 Through bars of steel, I eagerly
 Await thy friendly light afar
 Off in the sky and as I gaze
 Upon thy glittering holiness, I
 Seem to feel encouragement to
 Live anew, to try for higher things.
 I seem to feel a new born strength
 To bear this burden hideous and cruel;
 And then to know, when comes the
 Day, I walk forth free, I am
 Prepared for bigger, better things.
 And when my own good name,
 Attended by prosperity comes back to me,
 I'll not forget thy cheery gleam;
 Straight from the throne of God,
 That traveled over mountains,
 Seas and plains and overcame
 Strict discipline, armed guards and
 Prison wall, to shine encouragement,
 True faith, and Godly cheer to me
 Within my solitary cell.

WHAT BABY WOULD SAY

If baby could talk he would say:
 Do not kiss me on the mouth.
 Do not let the sun shine in my eyes nor the wind fill them with dust.
 Do not sneeze or cough in my face, for I may take cold and that would be bad for me.
 Do not expose me to whooping cough and measles or other catching diseases, or I may get sick and die.
 Do not pick me up by the arms. Be careful how you handle me and lay me down.
 Do not give me candy and other things which are not good for me.
 Do not give me a dirty pacifier to suck or allow me to suck my thumb, for it will spoil the shape of my mouth.
 Do not rock me to sleep nor teach me other bad habits.
 Do not take me to the moving picture show nor keep me up nights, for it robs me of my sleep and makes me cross.
 Do not dose me with patent medicines or nasty mixtures.
 Do not jolt me nor trot me on your knee when I cry.
 I want right things to eat and I want my meals on time.
 I want some pure, cool water to drink between meals, for I get very thirsty.
 I want a bath every day and plenty of clean clothes.
 I want to be taken out of doors every day for the fresh air.
 I want mother to love me and always be gentle with me.
 I want to be a good baby.

—Kansas State Board of Health.

They blotted out lives that were happy and good;
 Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar.
 They killed for mere pleasure and crippled and tore,
 Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried
 Who carried a kodak instead of a gun;
 "The world looks so happy, so golden the sun,
 I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."

The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim,
 Yet the bird that he caught went on with her song;
 Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong,
 Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things."

A house is built of sticks and stones,
 Of sills and posts and piers;
 But a home is built of loving deeds
 That last a thousand years.

Making It Pleasant

[Boston Transcript:] I've got to practice on the piano five hours a day.

What for?

'Cause pa and ma don't like our new neighbors.

The Iridescent Dream

[Judge:] Reformer: Things will be different when we have taken graft out of politics.

Machine Politician: They certainly will. Then the office will have to seek the man.

The Rosemary Beauty Shop

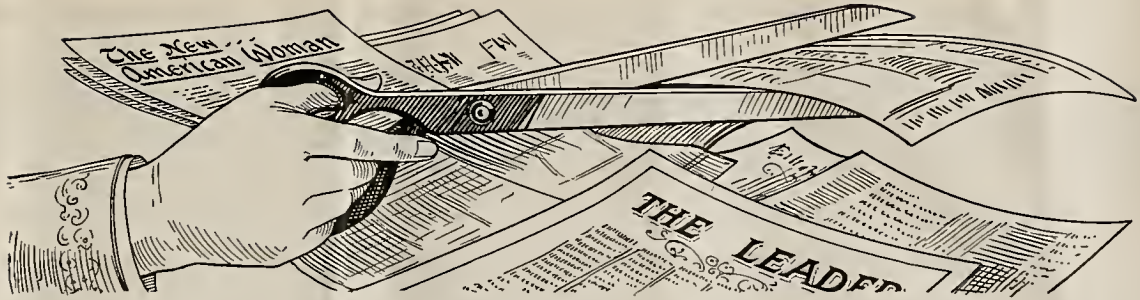
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



HELP FROM WASHINGTON—GOVERNMENT AID FOR PATRIOTIC HOME MAKERS

Stale Bread and What to Do With It

(Southern Woman's Magazine)

Bread is one of the items most commonly wasted in many American households, say the specialists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. This waste is probably due to the fact that many housekeepers do not think of bread as costing much and are careless about its use or do not know what to do with the odds and ends frequently found in the bread box.

Good, fresh bread has a spongy texture which in time disappears, leaving the bread dry and crumbly, the moisture gradually passing out through the crust. Bread a little too stale to be appetizing, but not yet hard, may be freshened by putting it into the oven for a few minutes. The heat seems to drive the moisture from the crust back into the center of the loaf, making the crust more crisp and the crumb a little more spongy. Some housekeepers moisten the surface of the bread and sometimes cover it before putting it into the oven, but others think that moistening injures the texture of the crust without improving the crumb.

Rolls or biscuits which have a greater surface in proportion to their size, dry out more rapidly than loaves of bread. It is good planning, therefore, not to provide more than will be used at a meal or at least a day after baking. For similar reasons, bread stays fresh longer in the loaf than after it is sliced. No more than will be needed should be cut for any one meal and one loaf should be used up before the next is cut into. When the bread needs freshening it is a good plan to cut the required slices and put them into the oven for a few minutes just before serving.

Toast

Toast is another form in which partly stale bread can be made attractive. In many families it is served only for breakfast, luncheon, or supper, but the custom which many high grade restaurants have adopted of serving thin, crisp, hot toast with the more substantial meals, might well be followed at home. Such dishes as chopped meat with gravy, creamed chicken or fish, poached eggs, melted cheese, cooked asparagus, Swiss chard, baked tomatoes, etc., are served very commonly on toast. Cream or milk toast (that is, toast with a cream sauce or milk gravy, perhaps flavored with a very little chipped beef, salt fish, or other savory) may be used as the main dish at breakfast, luncheon, or supper. Slices of toast may also be dipped in water or milk and beaten egg, and lightly browned on a hot greased pan. The recipe for this dish, which is called by various names, is given in the appended recipes under the heading "Egg Toast." It may be used at breakfast, and has the advantage of making the eggs "go further" than if used in a separate dish, or it may be served with cinnamon and sugar, sirup, or any sweet sauce for dessert.

As a Breakfast Food

Another good way of using stale bread or of treating bread so that it shall not become stale, is to put the pieces in the warming oven or on the hack of the stove and leave them until they are crisp and a delicate brown throughout. This is often called twice-baked bread and is very popular with children and also with grown-ups who like its "crunchiness," and the flavor which comes with the slight browning. The rusks which used to be commonly served like breakfast cereals in some parts of the country were made by crushing such twice-baked bread with a rolling pin.

Crumbs Valuable in Cookery

There is nothing new in the idea of using bread crumbs in cookery, and most housekeepers are in the habit of having some on hand for use in scalloped dishes, stuffing for meat, puddings, etc. Few realize, however, how much more generally they might be utilized. Many commercial bakers use bread crumbs to some extent as a substitute for the flour in many sorts of cakes, cookies, puddings, etc. Crumbs may also be used instead of flour and starch for thickening soups and sauces.

Any bits of bread which cannot be eaten on the table should be saved and crumbed for use in cooking. Some housekeepers keep two kinds on hand; one, stale crumbs made chiefly from the inside of the loaf and suitable for use in the place of flour, and dried crumbs made from any part of the bread browned a little in a very slow oven and crushed fine to be used in scalloped dishes, for the coating of croquettes or other fried foods, or wherever a crusty, fine crumb is needed. To prevent their growing musty, crumbs should be kept in dry, air-tight containers. Fruit jars are often convenient for the purpose.

How to Utilize Quick Breads

Yeast-made bread is by no means the only bread that can be utilized in some of the ways suggested. The quick breads raised by baking powder, soda, and sour milk or other acid, etc., dry out more quickly than the yeast bread, probably because the water is not so thoroughly incorporated with the flour during the making. These breads cannot be freshened simply by putting in the oven like yeast-raised bread. Quick biscuit, however, make delicious toast which is very convenient for serving under meats, eggs, etc. The crumbs made from them may also be used in other breads, cakes, and puddings, as may also corn bread and cake crumbs wherever their flavor is not objectionable. Boston brown bread toasted and served with a cream sauce is a delicious dish for supper or breakfast. Toasted rye bread is also good. Crackers, which are practically dried bread baked in different shapes, and which may lose their crispness if kept exposed when the air is moist, can be freshened or made crisp by putting into the oven. The crumb made from them serve many of the purposes of dried bread crumbs. A number of recipes for using left-over bread follows:

Vegetable Soup—Thickened with Stale Bread Crumbs

One quart skim milk, 1 cup bread crumbs, or 2 large slices stale bread, salt, small amount spinach or outer leaves lettuce (not more than 4 ounces), 1 small slice onion.

Cut the vegetables into small pieces and cook with the bread crumbs in the milk in a double boiler. If a large quantity is being prepared, as in a school lunch room, for example, put the vegetables through a meat chopper. In this case slices of bread may be ground with the vegetables, in order to absorb the juice.

Egg Toast

Six slices bread, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, skim milk or water; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Beat the egg, and add the liquid and salt. Let the bread soak in the mixture until slightly soft. Then fry to a light brown on a hot, well-greased pan or griddle. More eggs may be used if available.

Pancakes

One cup crumbs, $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups skim milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon melted fat, 1 egg.

Soak crumbs in milk for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Then add other ingredients and cook on a hot griddle like ordinary pancakes. If sour milk is used, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda for the 4 teaspoons baking powder.

(Continued on page 25)

The New American Woman

\$1.50 per Annum

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The Most Readable, Instructive and Popular Magazine. Women Read It—Men Read It. Advertise in It! Subscribe for It!

Words of Appreciation from a Few of Our Readers

Hon. Harrington Brown, Postmaster of Los Angeles: "The New American Woman is splendid."

Hon. H. Z. Osborne, member of the House of Representatives from California: "The quality of the matter you publish in the New American Woman is in my opinion better than that of any woman's publication that I have seen."

Prof. E. A. Ross, of the Department of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin: "Accept my best wishes for the success of your most attractive magazine."

Anne Rankin, editor of the "Southern Woman's Magazine": "I want to thank you for the many interesting things I find in the New American Woman. I read very carefully what you have to say about woman and the right and wrong sort of labor she performs during the present unnatural condition of things."

Hon. Paul J. McCormick, Superior Court, Los Angeles: "I assure you that we value your splendid magazine very much and we are as enthusiastic in our support of it as when first issued. Its contents are always interesting, instructive and useful, and reflect the potent and pure character of its distinguished publisher. . . . We sincerely appreciate your noble and efficient work."

Hon. John B. Elliott, Collector of Customs, Los Angeles: "Editorials in the 'New American Woman,' on the subject of the duty of American women in the present war, have been called to my attention, and I feel like writing you this brief letter and commending you for the logic of your position and the strength and clearness of your editorial statements. Your position seems particularly strong to me where you point out the great desirability of the Red Cross and preparedness to meet every demand in the fields and factories and all places of human activity which will be made vacant in the event our men and boys are called to the front."

Dr. Anna H. Shaw, ex-President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and Chairman of the Woman's National Defense Committee: "I wish you could have been present at our great National Convention which has just closed. If you could have seen the women pledging their money! The various States and the National Association made pledges in less than forty minutes of over eight hundred thousand dollars for the year's work—a vast difference between the past and the present! It is wonderful how women are getting down to work. We are all looking forward to the end of the struggle."

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette: "I want to congratulate you on the editorials in the New American Woman. They are frank, pointed and just. Your sentiments on the 'Woman's Party' expressed my sentiments. I could not believe in a destructive policy. Nor could I accept the negations

and segregation they called upon us to further. I think California's method and spirit employed in seeking suffrage might far better be emulated in the nation-wide campaign. You have always had a constructive, courageous spirit and give further evidence of it in your magazine."

Hon. Frances W. Munds, Member of the State Senate of Arizona: "Success to the New American Woman. She is after all the same that you and I have been for lo, these many years. May she breathe abroad the spirit of freedom until 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none' is no longer an empty platitude, but a living, palpitating truth to all mankind."

Mrs. Georgia P. Bullock, Attorney at Law: "I read with great interest every issue of the New American Woman. Clearly it is devoted to the interests and problems of the American women of today, and, with the 'great pioneer' as its editor, its success is assured."

From Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, patriot and generous friend, honored and beloved Californian: My dear Mrs. Foltz:

I have not received the "New American Woman," but am certain it is clever if you are its publisher. As for my participation in the Preparedness Parade, I did just what thousands of fine thinking women have done in all the larger cities of our nation, and I am thankful that my physical strength proved equal to the emergency.

I am most happy to subscribe to "The New American Woman."

Ex-United States Senator Hon. Geo. C. Perkins, former Governor of California:

"I have always been a friend and advocate of female suffrage, believing that woman's influence in political affairs would have a very beneficial effect on society.

I could never see the justice of discriminating by reason of sex or color, on the duties and responsibilities of good government.

I think the experience of every one of the States that has adopted Woman Suffrage, has fully demonstrated that its influence has elevated the moral tone of our elections.

You have, with your marked ability, done more for the cause of good government, than anyone I can call to mind.

One of the last public addresses which I heard you make, was on the life and character of Col. E. D. Baker, the statesman and soldier. This lecture deserves to be classed with Dr. Lord's series of "The Beacon Lights of History," and I hope you will publish it in book form. With kind personal regards and best wishes for your continued success, I remain very sincerely and cordially yours."

Mrs. Alice Stevens Tipton, former editor of the Catholic Tidings:

Santa Fe, N. M.

"My dear Mrs. Foltz:

"The anniversary number of the 'New American Woman' is one in which you may well take pride, and

I certainly rejoice in the success that you have achieved in this already crowded field."

From Colonel Tom Fitch, orator, lawyer, associate editor Los Angeles Times:

"Dear New American Woman:

"I have never changed my mind about woman suffrage since you lured me into believing in and advocating it. Woman suffrage is a force for honest government and higher ideals in politics. I would almost wish for a revival of the old Puritan laws that made voting compulsory and punished with a fine those who neglected their duty. Glad to note the continued success of The New American Woman, for that means YOUR success."

Dr. Elizabeth Kearney, of Los Angeles, an alienist of note, writes: "I can not tell you how much I enjoy the New American Woman."

Your ability is shown in the writings of the magazine, and words can not express to you how I appreciate it."

Dr. Veturia C. Armstrong, a member of the Los Angeles County Medical Association and of the California State, and fellow of the American Medical Association, writes: "My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I wish to congratulate you upon a recent editorial wherein you said, 'when the time comes that women shall be forced to organize against men, then suffrage for women will have defeated the noble results sought for.'

"The women of the medical profession in the east are trying to organize a National Women's Medical Association. We already have the American Medical Association wherein sex is eliminated and where we are all just physicians and surgeons. We have every privilege accorded to men and are invited to participate in all deliberations, programs, etc. Women appear upon those programs and receive every courtesy. The same is true of our own State and County Medical Associations. The pioneers of our profession have fought a hundred years for this one great principle. Why should we, at this progressive age, do anything in any way to detract from their hard fought and hard won victory?"

Mrs. Virginia M. Spinks, one of the three Democratic women Presidential electors from California: "I like and appreciate your splendid magazine, and wish you the greatest success."

Mr. H. R. Bingham, General Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway: "I take pleasure in subscribing for the New American Woman, and wish you every success. I congratulate you."

Miss May D. Lahey, Attorney, Secretary to Hon. James C. Rives, Judge of the Superior Court in Probate: "Whatever progress I may make in the field of law I shall owe to you, the Great Pioneer."

I enclose subscription to The New American Woman. It is splendid and deserves every success."

Colonel Charles H. Blinn, Civil War Veteran, Deputy Collector of Customs at San Francisco, and the father of Holbrook Blinn, the greatest young actor on the American stage, writes the editor as follows: "My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

"Your brilliancy along many lines has ever appealed to me, and in none has it shown forth more radiantly than in 'the New American Woman'."

"I read it from cover to cover and often wonder at the amount of work you put into it, considering the exactions of your professional duties. I send with this my subscription and with it my heartiest good wishes."

Hon. Jas. M. Troutt, Superior Court of San Francisco: "Sincerest thanks for the New American Woman. Am grateful to you as the editor. I confidently believe it is destined to be an influential and admirable factor in arousing the women of our State to the importance of their position as voters in the performance of their civic duty."

And again he writes: "If I could afford it I would send a check for a million years, in advance, with the hope that your influential and inspiring efforts might be continued by your successors during that period of time and longer, in advocating equal rights for women, without alluding (because unnecessary) to their superior worth."

Hon. Neal P. Olsen, Member of the City Council, Los Angeles: "An unusually entertaining magazine, ap-

propriately entitled 'The New American Woman.' Its contents speak highly for the literary ability of the editor and publisher."

Hon. F. T. Woodley, one of Los Angeles County's Supervisors: "I have read the New American Woman and enjoyed it very much; I think it is a good live magazine."

Hon. Grant Jackson, Superior Court, Los Angeles: "Yes, I like the New American Woman. It is well printed and well edited, and is worthy of a place in any home. I wish you continued success in the venture."

Madge Morris, the gifted poet, author of "Ode to the Colorado Desert," "The New Liberty Bell," and other poems that will live in literature: "The New American Woman is a beautiful and an altogether necessary publication. May all the gods be good to you and prosper it. There is nothing women can do for its editor and publisher that she has not deserved."

Miss Eliza M. Clark, the first woman town superintendent elected in town meeting by popular vote, and the first woman to hold office in the State of Vermont: "There came to me a pleasant surprise this morning when I had my first glimpse of The New American Woman. I have been carefully looking it over and as a result I enclose herewith my subscription. . . . I am now nearing my ninetieth year."

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And thus in a circle, like "hare by hounds pursued" we come back to the place from which we started—"The New American Woman,"

No. 723 Merchants Trust Building,
Los Angeles, California.

Inclosed you will find my check for two years' subscription in advance, thus indicating my confidence in the "staying qualities" of "The New American Woman."

Seriously, you have been so logical, so sane, so fair in your treatment of a particular subject about which it would not be surprising if you were prejudicially biased that you strongly commend the "New American Woman."

May she live long and prosper!

Yours sincerely,

HARRINGTON BROWN.

HELPS FROM WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 23)

Old Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake

Sift enough flour to fill a pint measure, then sift again together with 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. Add 2 tablespoons of sugar and rub into this mixture 4 tablespoons of butter. Stir in 1 cup of milk. Lightly roll the dough and cut or shape into individual cakes and bake in biscuit pans or in muffin rings. Mash 1 quart of strawberries which have been washed and hulled and add to them $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar. When the cakes are baked take them from the oven, split open and butter them and put the strawberries in between and on top. Make a meringue with the white of egg and 1 tablespoon of powdered sugar and spread over the cakes.

A Slice of Bread

A single slice of bread seems an unimportant thing. In many households one or more slices of bread daily are thrown away and not used for human food. Sometimes stale quarter—or half—loaves are thrown out.

Yet one good-sized slice of bread—such as a child likes to cut—weighs an ounce. It contains almost three-fourths of an ounce of flour.

If every one of the country's 20,000,000 homes wastes on the average only one such slice of bread a day, the country is throwing away daily over 14,000,000 ounces of flour—over 875,000 pounds, or enough flour for over a million 1-pound loaves a day. For a full year at this rate there would be a waste of over, 319,000,000 pounds of flour—1,500,000 barrels of flour—enough to make 365,000,000 loaves.

As it takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat to make a barrel of ordinary flour, this waste would represent the flour from over 7,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Fourteen and nine-tenths bushels of wheat on the average are raised per acre. It would take the fruit of some 470,000 acres just to provide a single slice of bread to be wasted daily in every home.

To produce this much flour calls for an army of farmers, railway men, flour-mill people. To get the flour to the consumer calls for many freight cars and the use of many tons of coal.

— But, some one says, a full slice of bread is not wasted

in every home. Very well—make it a daily slice for every four or every ten or every thirty homes—make it a weekly or monthly slice in every home—or make the wasted slice thinner. The waste of flour involved is still appalling—altogether too great to be tolerated when wheat is scarce.

Any waste of bread is inexcusable when there are so many ways of using stale bread to cook delicious dishes.

Nineteenth Century Seed Cakes

Beat well together 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, and 1 cup of milk, to which add 1 teaspoon of soda. Add 1 heaping teaspoon of cinnamon and 2 tablespoons of caraway seeds, then enough flour to roll thin.

Spiced Cod

Take a piece of cold cod and put it into a deep dish. Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar with 6 cloves, peppercorns, some allspice and a little salt. After it has all boiled for 5 minutes, pour over the fish and let it stand all night. Next day strain and serve with salad.

Cream Puffs—Boil 2 cups of brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white sugar and 2-3 of a cup of cold water until it threads from a fork. Beat the white of 1 egg very stiff, adding a pinch of salt to it. Pour the boiling sirup over it, beating constantly and beat until it is creamy; then drop from a teaspoon on buttered paper, or saltine or unsweetened crackers.

Her Gardening

"I mean to raise my beets and corn
And cabbages," said she;

"I've figured up exactly what
A saving it will be.

I've joined the Ladies' Garden Club,
Ten dollars is the due,

And bought my garden tools, they came
To fifty, ninety-two.

"I've got the sweetest garden gown,
With little pockets neat

To hold the seed, and frilly hat,
And gloves and shoes complete.

It cost me eighty dollars, but
The time has come to pass

When we must use economy,
And grow our garden sass."

—Town Topics.

Uncle Sam Needs You

The Government recently placed an order with the Underwood Typewriter Company for Los Angeles for FIVE THOUSAND STENOGRAPHERS. Salary to start \$75 to \$100 per month.

The leading railroads and commercial companies are losing thousands of men daily and it is the patriotic duty of young women to prepare to take their places.

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Fredic Casey, Asst. Mgr. Telegraph Instruction

When history is written, this will be known as the age of business.

"Every young person in this country has it in him to succeed—he has energy, courage, initiative, enthusiasm—every factor that goes to make up a successful career save one—just one—and that is training. Somehow the average young person isn't willing to go to school and pay the price of success in genuine hard work.

"Because the average boy or girl isn't trained the field is wonderfully wide for the one who is."

Inaction has landed thousands of men and women on the garbage heap of life.

Success, these days, is almost wholly a matter of getting ready and getting busy.

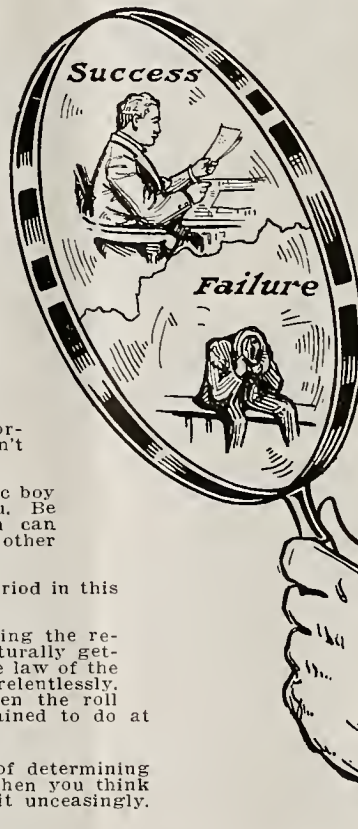
You expect to go to school—every normal young person does—but you don't know just when.

Every day you wait gives an energetic boy or girl a chance to step in front of you. Be thoughtful. Use good judgment. You can start to school now as well as any other time. Do it.

We are going into a sort of sifting period in this country.

Things are being shaken up and during the re-adjustment big men and women are naturally getting into the big places in business. The law of the survival of the fittest is operating relentlessly. Just remember that to be counted when the roll of honor is made up, you must be trained to do at least one thing superbly well.

Going to school is largely a matter of determining to start. Fix your mind on the date when you think you can begin and then work toward it unceasingly.



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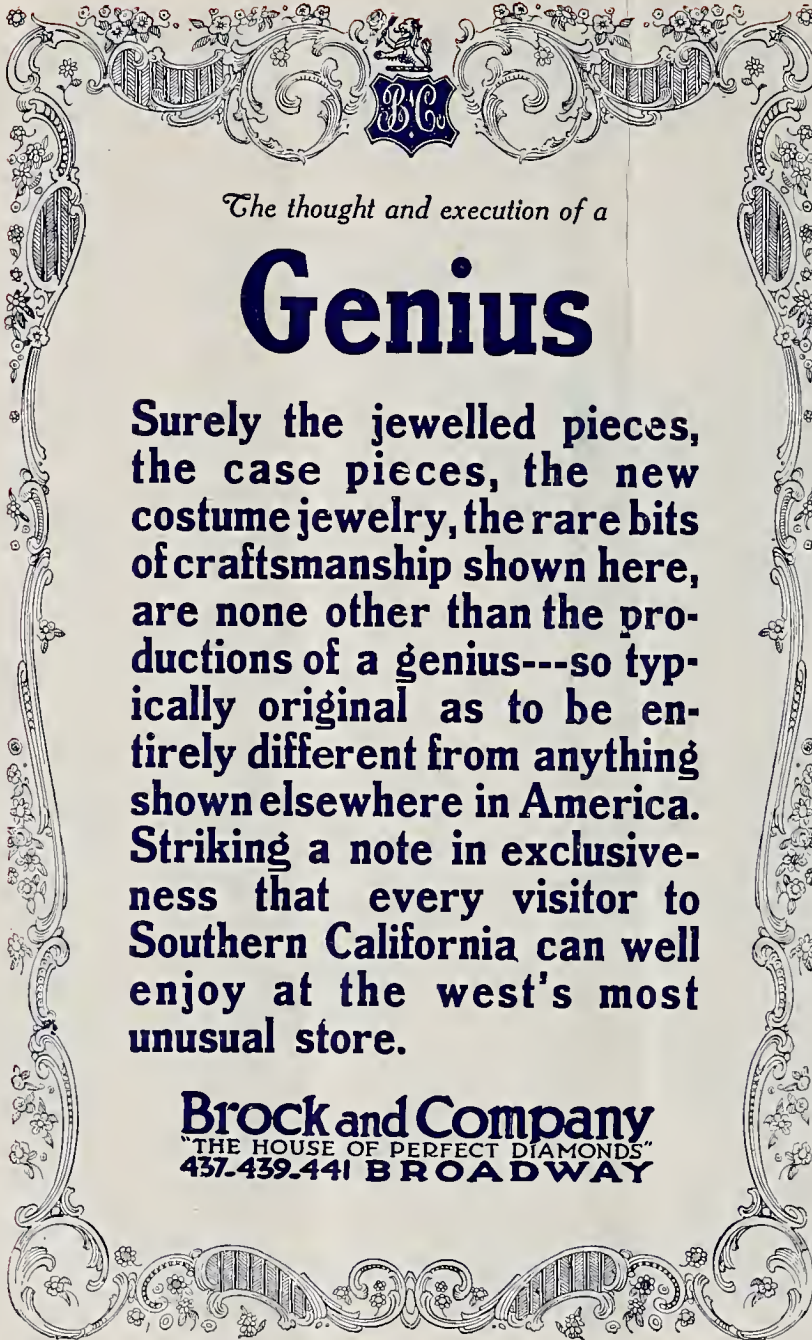
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AUGUST

1917

The New AMERICAN WOMAN



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN



"We cannot allow the world to recede under the dictation of a German Kaiser having for his purpose greater power and further domination, trampling under his feet in his unholy ambition the rights of the humble and defenseless."



"America, dauntless and determined, says in the name of human rights, which are epitomized in Democracy, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'"



CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1917

NO. 7

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

United States Senator James D. Phelan Replies to Former Senator John D. Works

Editor The New American Woman:

SENATOR WORKS, in confirming his opposition to the war in the last number of "The New American Woman," says:

"I look upon our entry into the war between foreign nations, involving issues in which our country had, and still has, no concern, as the most colossal mistake the Government has ever made. . . . It is a disgrace to civilization and a crime against humanity. . . . It is loudly declared that we entered the war to protect and defend democracy. What democracy? Not the democracy of our own country. It needs no protection against foreign aggression. It should confine its warlike efforts, if any are necessary, to the defense of the American democracy and American rights on American soil. Did we enter the war in defense of democracy or to uphold any great Governmental principle of liberty and justice? Not at all."

In this manner, propounding questions to himself and answering them himself, the learned Senator makes it appear that the war was unnecessary and was entered into not for the purpose of preserving democracy, liberty and justice, but of protecting merchants and manufacturers engaged in international trade, principally in war materials. In the pursuit of his argument, he attacks the change of front of the President, ignoring the fact that it was the front that changed and not the President.

Senator Works has been fairly consistent in opposing measures of preparedness, and has generally taken the pacifist view of non-resistance. The Spaniards in their ruthless campaign against the aboriginal natives of America called "pacificos" the people who bowed their necks without resistance to the Spanish yoke, and they were treated with the contempt which they deserved and suffered from the oppression which overwhelmed them until the armed democracy of 1898 unshackled them in Cuba and the Philippines. The Belgian, the French, the Russian, the English, the Italian and the Irish have preserved their dignity and self-respect by resisting oppression and they have bequeathed this priceless possession, honor and courage, to their descendants, who have largely peopled the United States. In order to preserve liberty and

justice, they have never hesitated to make the supreme sacrifice.

When Richelieu directed de Mauprat to deliver at any cost an important message, de Mauprat protested the difficulty and the danger in which his life might be lost. Then thundered the great Cardinal-statesman: "I told thee to grasp that packet as thy honor—a jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!"

And so President Wilson, sincerely committed to peace, condemned by his countrymen from one end of the land to the other for "watchful waiting" and intolerable delays, said in his message to Congress February 3, 1917, announcing the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany:

"I think that you will agree with me that, in view of this declaration, which suddenly and without prior intimation of any kind, deliberately withdraws the solemn assurance given in the Imperial Government's note of the 4th of May, 1916, this Government has no other alternative, consistent with the dignity and honor of the United States but to take the course which in its note of the 18th of April, 1916, it announced that it would take, in the event that the German Government did not declare and effect an abandonment of the methods of submarine warfare, which it was then employing and to which it now purposes again to resort."

But Senator Works says that only a comparatively few people were affected by the lawless and barbarous acts of the Germans, not only in violation of international law, but in violation of their own voluntary agreements. The freedom of the seas is an established doctrine, and the right of our citizens in the pursuit of peaceful commerce to use the seas is fundamental. Commerce has been described as "the calm health of nations," and it is erroneous to say that only a few people are interested in it. Every farmer and artisan, as well as every manufacturer, ship builder, and ship owner, is interested in keeping the seas open, and when the Senator intimates that it is a national right which might easily be surrendered to avert war, it would be interesting to know at what stage he would begin to resist encroachment upon national rights.

I gather from his article that he would wait until

the enemy had actually invaded the continental United States, and then, if he could not compromise, like the natives of Cuba and the Philippines with the Spaniard, he would, in order to prevent absolute extinction, put up some sort of a fight with sticks and staves. Having neither the means of fighting nor the disposition to fight, the American democracy, according to the ideal of Senator Works, would not only be a pusillanimous and helpless thing, but would not be a democracy at all. If we did not bow our neck to the oppressor, our neck would be broken. We either have to effectively defend our house or take the place of the door-mat.

Some one has said: "There are two kinds of government: one in which the people show their teeth at one another, and the other in which they show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest." As between the armed, virile, and vigilant democracy showing its teeth and the craven population, cowering under the lash of the aggressor, there can be no choice in the minds of free men.

"Is life so sweet and peace so dear, that they are to be bought at the price of chains and slavery?"

Germany showed her set purpose to break down international law, flout international rights, violate international treaties, enslave and destroy innocent people by land and sea, disregard solemn obligations, and ignore the protests which were made in courteous yet firm language by the President of the United States, speaking for the American democracy, until the President, in his boundless patience, gave notice that, however great was our reluctance to engage in costly and murderous war, if Germany persisted in her aggression, there was only one course for a self-respecting people to pursue. Germany chose war. Here was the stage at which we either had to stand fast or run away. If we stood fast, there was a reasonable expectation of defending our place, our position, our rights, our dignity as a sovereign nation under whose sheltering aegis the people of the world were free to come, untrammelled by tyranny, and pursue life and happiness. If we ran away, we would not have avoided war, because war unfailingly would have pursued us. If democracy, liberty and human rights are locked up in the fortunes of the United States, then democracy, liberty, and human rights, and their survival, become the issue of the war, and it was the part of wisdom to enter the war against Germany and German pretensions, in alliance with the other powers, because sooner or later, in case of the success of German arms, we would have to meet the enemy alone.

Has the Senator forgotten the Holy Alliance and the Treaty of Verona, where the autocratic powers, after the Napoleonic wars, banded together for the purpose of preventing the spread of democracy at home and abroad? The South American republics had declared their independence and the powers had allied themselves to destroy them and destroy the democratic sentiment which had sprung up in Europe and which threatened the domination by the few of the lives and happiness of the many.

This has developed into a war for democracy, because Germany, the sternest military autocracy

in Europe, had set out to Germanize the world. If victorious, its first attack would be upon the Monroe Doctrine, and it would put every land south of the Mexican border under its rule, and establish in this hemisphere that condition which would ultimately involve irrepressible conflict and make us permanently a militaristic nation. No one can read the message of the President, delivered to the Houses of Congress on April 2, 1917, without finding ample justification for the war, and believing that the very existence of America as a peaceful democracy was involved in its outcome. We might have stayed out, abandoned France, England, Italy, and Russia to their fate, accumulated great wealth, and bided our time, but that our time would come there can be no manner of doubt. Our national humiliation, the conviction of cowardice, the pusillanimity of our Government would have so undermined our national self-respect and so impaired our powers of organization and resistance, if not our spirit, that we would become as easy victims to the aggressor as the lamb is to the wolf.

I cannot think of Senator Works, amiable, benevolent, and optimistic, but that I recall the lines of Goldsmith:

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food
And licks the hands just raised to spill his blood."

Such leadership as that of Senator Works would lead us into the shambles. The President in his message said:

"The present German warfare against warfare is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. . . . Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. . . . We must put excited feeling away. Our motives will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, human right, of which we are only a single champion. . . . There is one choice we cannot make; we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. Wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life."

Senator Works was formerly a committing magistrate and punished offenders, and still says the law must be obeyed, even though he personally dissents from the wisdom of the law. What answer has he to this sentiment taken from the same message of President Wilson:

"We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of responsibility for wrong doing shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states. . . . The steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained, except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. . . . Only free people can hold their purpose and their honor steady to the common end, and pre-

fer the interests of mankind to any narrow interests of their own."

This is a forecast of that concert of nations, loving freedom and willing to make sacrifices for it, which can alone insure the permanent peace of the world.

"We are glad," the President says, "to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small; and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon trusted foundations of political liberty."

It is a glorious thing to see this free nation, after having built its structure of liberty deep and strong in the hearts of its citizens, to shelter the hopes of mankind, maintain the power and at the same time the spirit to fight for its ideals in a world at war, not for the purpose of its greater enrichment or for the acquisition of territory, but simply to preserve what it has won in the past by the blood of its martyrs. We cannot allow the world to recede under the dictation of a German Kaiser, having for his purpose greater power and further domination, trampling under his feet in his unholy ambition the rights of the humble and defenseless.

America, dauntless and determined, says in the name of human rights, which are epitomized in Democracy: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

James D. Phelan

Inconsistent and Wholly at Variance With Former Utterances

Extracts from Speeches of Senator Works made in Senate, February 7, 1917:

"Why should we be asked to indorse what has been done by the President? We have no official connection with it. The responsibility does not rest upon us. But, Mr. President, there may come, and that very soon, a time when we will be called upon to follow in the footsteps of the President and take upon ourselves a responsibility of the highest character and the gravest consequences. Until that time comes, the mind of every member of this body should be kept open and free to discuss and act upon that question uninfluenced by any previous action."

"Of course, if we should come to war with Germany that would be quite a different matter. I presume no Senator would be heard to raise his voice against his own country if we should come to that pass."

March 4, 1917.
"If the German Government should make aggressive warfare against the United States, you would not need any exhortation in the Senate of the United States to arouse the patriotism of the American people. You would not be holding open your enlisting stations without getting any soldiers. Then, Mr. President, we would all be behind the President of the United States in preserving the honor and integrity of the American Nation. We would not find any pacifists; we would all be for war."

The foregoing are the sentiments of an American statesman and a patriot, a veteran of the Civil War, and a man who has filled with honor to himself and his country various and important posts in the judiciary of California. His more recent utterances

are inconsistent with the high character and patriotic principles with which Senator Works has invariably been accredited.

THREE YEARS, OH GOD!

Three years! America has watched with eyes
Tear stained and prayed in vain for war to cease;
In mute terror has listened to the cries
Of little children pleading for release;
Has mourned because in every battle dies
Stalwart brother and son—but yet no peace!

Three years! O God, how could we stand and see
Such devastation and such needless waste
Of priceless human life, so dear to Thee?
In agony of heart our hand has traced
The blood-red line of hate and monarchy
Across the countries which lie bare, defaced
By war's deep scars and grim calamity.

Three years! And still our brothers strive to gain
The freedom which is theirs in truth and right.
Though desperate, they count it not in vain,
And give their blood to wash the blot and blight
Of tyranny from sea and hill and plain,
Countless thousands dying—and still they fight!

Three years! Dear God, America will dare
In Thy great name to end the awful fray,
And bid the flower of freedom flourish there,
As fair as in America today!
This is the only answer to our prayer,
To liberty and peace, the only way.

—Vera Heathman Cole.

Leaders

Some leaders lead too far ahead,
High-visioned, unafraid;
Yet ages after they are dead
We tread the paths they made.

Some leaders lead too far behind
Nor seem to keep the track;
Yet they bring on the deaf and blind
Who else would hold us back.

And some seem not to lead at all,
Slow moving on the way;
Yet help the weary feet and small
Of those who else would stray.

Lead on, O leaders of the race!
Your work is long and wide;
We need your help in every place—
Before, behind, beside.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Voices

Oh, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, away on Knockree,
'Tis well for yourself now you're idle and free,
For there you are gaming away on the hill,
And I in the schoolhouse obliged to sit still.

Is it "When will you come?"
When I finish my sum.
If the clock would strike four
Then they'll open the door.
Let you call me then, Cuckoo, call loud and I'll come.

Away in the meadow the corncrakes shout,
"Will you come now an' seek me?"
Come out, come out,
I'm under the window, I'm close to the wall,
I'm holding the world up for fear it would fall.

Am I under your feet,
Or away in the wheat?
Let you seek for me soon;
I've been calling since noon . . ."
Och! Now glory to goodness! the clock's striking four!

—From "Songs from Leinster," by W. M. Letts.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

Dr. Lyman Abbott suggests in a recent issue of *The Outlook* that Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" would be an excellent "Battle Hymn" for the Allies.

Written during the Civil War, nevertheless the word "slavery," "North," "South," "the Union" do not occur. Dr. Abbott says the hymn might be accepted by us as America's national anthem. He further says:

"The Star-Spangled Banner' is not lyrical poetry and, while the music is stirring when rendered by a brass band, it is quite impossible for a general congregation. The hymn which we sing to 'America' is distinctly New England in its color. 'I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills,' is inappropriate on the fertile prairies of Illinois; and 'land of the Pilgrims' pride' is unfitted to any population in the United States outside the original thirteen colonies. As the words are not national, so the music is not even American. It is, I believe, a question whether it is an importation from England or from Germany.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic' is equally appropriate in all sections of the country; and a year in which a statue of Gen. Lee is placed on the battlefield of Gettysburg and dedicated by the President of the United States is an appropriate year in which to dedicate by spontaneous action this noble hymn to a national use. It is pervaded by a religious spirit, but is wholly free from sectarian or theological phraseology. It is equally fitted to express the spiritual faith of Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian, conservative and liberal, and is as beautiful in its poetic form as it is inspiring in its elevated and catholic spirit."

The Battle-Hymn of the Republic

By Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

Full Chorus—

Glory! glory! Halleluiah!

Glory! glory! Halleluiah!

Glory! glory! Halleluiah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat!

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free —

While God is marching on.

AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO THE WORLD-WIDE CONFLICT JUSTIFIED

By Hon. John S. Chambers

State Controller of California

I AM not in sympathy with Senator Works in his criticism of President Wilson. Our participation in this world-wide struggle was brought about by the disregard of the Imperial German Government of its promise not to resume its indiscriminate submarine warfare. This denial of our right to the freedom of the seas was a sufficient cause to justify our entry into the war. The sinking of the *Lusitania* would have justified such a course upon the part of this nation. But President Wilson, evidently hoping against hope that this country might not become embroiled, held back and held back until finally he could hold back no longer; and we then entered the conflict.

But down underneath all this, as President Wilson has so clearly pointed out in recent months and as he must have known from the beginning of the war, the real struggle was not over boundary lines or the right of trade so much as the determined purpose of autocracy to crush democracy. Not only has the President comprehensively stated the facts in this regard time after time since this country declared that a state of war existed between it and the Imperial German Government, but so, too, have many other men high in this nation and the nations of Europe. And this is why I have never been able to understand the ground upon which the President based any hope that the United States might be saved from participation in this titanic struggle. Why then did we not enter the war sooner, or at least why did we not begin to prepare for a war that in the light of present revelations was inevitable? I have anything but a disposition to criticise the President now. I think his handling of the situation since April 2, 1917, has been masterly. But I cannot understand his lack of activity preceding that period, nor the attitude he assumed that we might not become involved in the European catastrophe.

There is no doubt that the Imperial German Government when it opened hostilities had as its final goal the domination of the entire world. The first part of its program was to control central Europe from Berlin to Bagdad and beyond. This much it has accomplished to a large extent, though war still rages. If peace came now it would mean

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The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from July issue)

Oh, how glad we were to see my brother! We had not heard from him but once since father left him to return East for us. He brought with him a mule packed with rice, beans, flour and potatoes, and that night we cooked for supper potatoes with



the "jackets" on and never did any thing taste so good! I took one and went away by myself, and with a pinch of salt, I had the treat of my life.

From now on we made better time for the stock had had plenty of good food and water and could travel faster, and then Brother knew the good places to camp and somehow his coming seemed to give us courage to keep on,

for we were all becoming so tired of traveling.

The next place we came to of any interest was the Columbia River which we traveled along until we came to the Dalles, where we found a great company of immigrants who had preceeded us. Excitement ran high as the company were divided in their opinions; some wanted to go down the river in their wagon boats, for that would have been a quick way to reach the settlements, while others wanted to cross the Cascade Mountains at the foot of Mt. Hood. While father was deciding the better course to take, an accident occurred which settled the way of the river in my mother's mind.

A family started down the river from the landing in their wagon boat, and as the river was very swift their boat was soon caught in the current and capsized and all the family but two were drowned.

Many Indians were hired to help the men get their stock down the trail on the east-side of Mt. Hood. Brother told us of a funny thing that happened to a family who had hired Indians for this purpose. It seemed that when supper time came, bread was served to the Indians that was not as light as the wife generally made, and while the Indians were eating it they said "Clos-Muck-a-Muck" (meaning "good food"), but the man thought they were casting a slur on the bread and said, "Damn you, it is good enough for you even if it is close," but he had a good laugh when told the Indians were praising the food.

We were several days in reaching the top of the Cascade Mountains, but how we did enjoy the trip! The scenery was so beautiful, and the air blowing through the heavy-timbered forest on all sides—it seems as if I can smell the odors of the pine and spruce trees yet. We landed at the top one afternoon about three o'clock, and father decided to camp there for the night, for it was such a lovely spot

and there was good grass for the stock. To our delight father told us we could find huckleberries here, so sister Mary and I started out to gather some, when sister saw some snow and said she just must have some. I urged her not to go but she was off like the wind; so after filling my basket with the berries I went back to camp. Father asked me where sister was and I told him she had gone to get a snow ball. He grew very white and said the mountains were full of grizzly bears, so he caught up his gun and was off in a hurry in the direction she had gone. Imagine his horror when he saw her coming down the mountain about a mile away, slowly winding in and out among the deer brush, and between them stood a big grizzly bear on his hind legs eating huckleberries from a bush. Father's thoughts flew fast as to the best thing to do; he was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting sister, for she was coming on unconscious of any danger. We had an understood signal among us, that if we saw a white flag we knew it was danger. So father tied his handkerchief to his gun and waved it, and to his great joy sister saw it and stopped; but to his dismay the bear saw sister at the same time and made for her. Father shot and hit the bear but that only seemed to enrage it the more, and had it not been for the timely aid of the two men whom my mother sent to follow my father, the escapade would have had a far different ending. Father's long-distance guns certainly saved my sister's life, for the grizzly bear is the hardest of all animals to kill. My sister felt she had paid a high price for the coveted snow ball.

Such a panorama as our eyes beheld as we traveled down these mountains! We could see the beautiful Willamette Valley spread out like a green velvet carpet below us. How it gladdened our hearts to know we were nearing the settlements, where we could once more live like civilized beings!

At the foot of this Cascade Range we came to a place where a man had built him a home, and had all sorts of eatables for sale, which the immigrants were so eager to buy. We stayed at this place for about an hour, for all the men in the train were eager to buy a full supply. We bought butter—the first we had had for several months, for our cows had all gone dry. We also got beef and vegetables of all kinds. When father went in to do his buying, he found he knew the proprietor as he had met him at Clatsop Plains on the Columbia river on his first trip. This man had a son who had just returned from New York where he had been attending school. I will never forget how civilized this young man looked to us, for he was dressed in the latest New York fashion. He was so much of a curiosity that some of the girls of the train so far forgot themselves that they climbed a rail fence and sat on the top of it in order to get a better view of him. My sisters and I remained in the wagon and were mortified to death at their actions.

Great was our consternation when we saw father bringing him out to our wagon to meet his family. I rather think father wanted to let him know that

it was not his girls that were on the fence top. We pushed mother to the front for we felt that we presented a queer spectacle in our dust covered dresses and sunbonnets. As he talked with mother one of our oxen laid down and the young man put his foot on its side, and kept peering into the wagon at us girls, but I am afraid all he saw did not tend to satisfy his curiosity.

We had still about fifty miles to travel before we came to the settlements at Oregon City, where father left us and went back to meet the men who were bringing the stock down the Columbia River. After a few days the men arrived with the stock, and as they were being driven through Oregon City a man met father and offered him ten thousand dollars for the whole band. I happened to hear the conversation and begged father to accept the offer and then take us back home, for I was so homesick that I would have started back that very night if father had been willing, but he said "No daughter, I expect this stock to make for me many times that amount."

My brother knew of a place called Waldo Hills where the stock could have good food through the winter, for the days were now getting short as it was now nearing the fall of the year and the rains would soon begin; so father left us in camp at Oregon City, and started with men to drive the stock to the Waldo Hills.

As he went through Salem he was on the lookout for a house for us to live in through the winter. He saw a large building with the lower half completed which would some day be a big hotel. On inquiring the owner told him he had stopped the work on the house for the winter, but if father would give him a cow he could move his whole train of people in and stay throughout the winter, as there were about fifty rooms already completed, and a well of water all ready for the using. So father came back to Oregon City and we prepared to move to Salem and once more be domiciled in a house.

No one will ever know how hard it was to walk on a floor after seven month's walking on mother earth. Our family occupied the kitchen and dining room using the kitchen for cooking and eating, and the dining room for our sleeping apartments.

We had now traveled 1400 miles with ox teams and this was the first house we had set foot in. We were better prepared for hardships in crossing the plains than a great many in our train, still, the inconveniences we had to put up with were quite a plenty. When we did our washing we had to hang it on the top ribs of the wagon where the wind passing through would dry it.

One day while we were in Oregon City I thought I would take my clothes down by the river and try to wash some of the yellow out of them, and as we had no way of heating water to boil our clothes, this was no small task. I am sure if we had been in civilization we would have been quarantined for "smallpox" as they could easily mistake my washing for the yellow flag. As I was hanging my clothes on the bushes to dry, I was greatly mortified to see a woman come into view. She had heard some immigrants had arrived and had come to call, but whether out of courtesy or curiosity I never found out; however, I was anything but delighted to have her view my washing.

We thought when we moved into the house at Salem we would have time to rest from our long hard trip, but no such good luck was in store for us. My youngest sister had not been well for a long time, and the day we moved to Salem she was stricken down with malarial fever, and everything was in such a state of confusion it was hard to give her the needed attention. She soon became delirious and in her feverish ravings she was always trying to keep the oxen from straying into the deer brush that infested the mountain side. When we were going down the Blue Mountains father thought he could do better with just one yoke of oxen, and we girls tried to make the loose ones follow, and sometimes this was rather hard work as they would often become unruly wanting to stop and eat, which would make them lag behind, and sister was living it all over again in her delirium.

As soon as he could father bought bedsteads, stove and dishes and things to make us as comfortable as possible, but the terrible strain of managing the whole train across the plains was taking heavy toll upon his health, and before we were hardly settled, he too came down with the same fever my sister had and both of them were confined to their beds under the doctor's care for three months.

Before father was taken sick he opened a big box of bedding we had brought with us. In this box were quilts, bedspreads, sheets and pillow cases, table linens and towels, all made out of linen and cotton which had been spun and woven by ourselves before we left home. Each of us three girls had a bedspread of our own made from the cotton we had raised and woven the summer before, of which we were very proud. We also made this same year all the clothes that were worn by the men and ourselves across the plains, and enough besides to last us for a year.

No one will ever know how good those things looked to us as father unpacked them and how proud we were of our clean white beds when people came to see our sick ones.

One day a man came in to see father and he asked my mother if she had bought our bedding in Salem, for he knew if she had it had cost her a small fortune.

This winter of '52 went down in history as the hardest winter Oregon and northern California had known for years. The snow began falling about the first of December and laid on the ground until spring. Our men were snow-bound out in the Waldo Hills where they had taken the stock, and we passed many an anxious hour in fear for their safety as they only had the tents and wagons we had crossed with. The worry over his men and fine stock kept father from getting well, for he knew they were unprepared to battle with such conditions. It was the middle of February before we heard a word from them, when my brother came out and reported that the men were all well but there had been a great loss of stock.

We were not used to cold weather and suffered from the many inconveniences in consequence. Our wood was kept several yards from the house and sister and I had to carry in enough to keep the fire burning day and night. The water we used for all purposes had to be drawn from the well. We did not know that we should sweep the snow away

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The Women of Los Angeles and the Recent Election

By Estelle Lawton Lindsey

Clara Shortridge Foltz is not only the best friend of women, she is a diplomat. By this token you may know that she has invited me to write a diplomatic article. Out of deference to her wishes I shall do my best.

However, the world owes as much to its fighters as to its diplomats. The fighters serve the race; the diplomat serves the established order. We know our own Clara is BOTH. In that fact has lain her great value to the woman's cause.



Estelle Lawton Lindsey
Former Council-Woman of Los Angeles

Personally I admire diplomacy as one always admires the unattainable. I'd like to be diplomatic, but it is too much of a strain on my system.

But because of my friendship and admiration for Mrs. Foltz I shall heroically leave unsaid those things that I most desire to say, for she does not care to "rile" the women. My view is that if "riling" them will make them think the process is worth while.

Just here some indignant wearer of skirts will arise to ask whether men think. Of course they don't, the mass of them, that is. But society forces them into thinking in some line or else sends them out to eat grass or free lunches until they consent to use their brains. But between the average woman and the grass and free lunch is her husband's pocket book. This is the everlasting truth that accounts for woman's slow development mentally and physically. I am using "slow" comparatively. In conversation with a prominent business man a few days ago I mentioned the economic reason for woman's mental lagging, using it in defense of my sex. He had declared with some heat that the women in the recent election had proved themselves unworthy of the ballot.

"I worked for suffrage," he thundered, "but I would never have done it if I had known how little women would think. Why didn't they use their brains?"

"People don't think with their brains," I told him, "they think with their stomachs. This is a late scientific discovery."

"Anyhow they decided an important city election in a fit of hysteria," he persisted.

"The men helped 'em," I retorted.

"Granted," he said. "But the men who stampeded them had excellent economic reasons for what they did."

"So had the men who started the European war," I replied.

But just the same that man spoke the truth. It is a decidedly ugly truth and one that women for their own sake would do well to examine. It is all very well for them to shake their heads and point to what THEY did to a Council that happened to

disagree with them on one issue; but what would the world at large say if it knew that those political head-hunters performed their decapitations without giving the decapitated an opportunity to reply to their accusers?

Ladies, isn't your psychology the same as that of the queen in "Alice in Wonderland!" Verdict first; evidence afterwards. Off with her head?

Let us for a moment disregard those members of the old Council who had for one reason or another displeased the public in other matters and consider the cases of Dr. Langdon and Mr. Roberts. Even the newspapers admitted these men had made good records in the city service. Yet they were as ruthlessly discarded by the people as if they had been criminals. Both were maligned. They were condemned unheard and defeated on an issue that was puerile at best, but on which they stood firmly with the people up to the point where the people ceased to be just and sought to take from a fellow townsman those guarantees of protection held out to the humblest by the Constitution of the United States.

There was never at any time a moment when either of these men approved billboards in residence districts. There was never a moment when I approved them. In business and semi-business districts it is axiomatic that billboards have the same rights as any other form of legitimate business. They can, to be sure be regulated, but only in the interest of life and health—NEVER in the interest of aesthetics. It is just this last point on which I wish to bear down. The women wished to ELIMINATE billboards because they did not like the LOOKS of them. They had just as well make an attack on our parti-colored oil stations, or on oil derricks in the interest of aesthetics. Such things exist because they are a necessity of our commercial life. Billboards exist for the same reason; they are an accompaniment of the competitive system and will disappear with it. They exist, in short, because business men, merchants and manufacturers want them and patronize them. They offer an advertising medium that competes with the daily papers, hence the sudden devotion of the papers to "the interests of the people."

Men recognized the billboard fight for what it was—a struggle for advertising. You may have noticed that the papers were NOT filled with interviews with business men on the iniquity of billboards. I do not mean that a few men for selfish reasons did not say inane things; but the average substantial business man would have considered that he was making a fool of himself had he devoted space during an important election to a silly side issue. Even the old line politicians, bent as they were on making the women defeat a member of their own sex to get rid of women in the city Council, preferred to stand aside and watch the women hang themselves. One of them said to a friend of mine:

"Why should we bother about giving interviews? All we have to do to defeat Mrs. Lindsey is to

stampede the d— fool women on billboards. They'll do the rest."

Since the election I have been assured by a number of women that the women DID stand by me. I grieve to say I know better. The INTELLIGENT women, with the exception of two or three who were viciously active for personal or business reasons, stood faithfully and loyally by me; but the rank and file acted as if such insignificant (?) matters as the power and light questions, harbor development, street paving, civil service, parks and playgrounds were mere bagatelles in the run of city life, and actually elected an entire city administration on ONE issue. Moreover, the women gave their sanction and approval to an ordinance that has in it an illegal clause, one that has three times been declared unconstitutional in California courts and that will in consequence be the subject of litigation, perhaps for years.

That illegal clause was the ONLY section of the Conwell ordinance to which the defeated members of the old Council objected; and I maintain that in that objection we showed a respect for the law and constitutions that entitled us to consideration. Why make laws and constitutions, if you wish your elected officials to disregard them?

I asked this question of one of the few women who had a sense of justice strong enough to induce her to come to me and ask my side of the billboard controversy. Her reply made me gasp a bit. Here it is: "Estelle Lindsey, if I had thought when I voted for you that you would ever have hesitated to do what the women want because it was unconstitutional I'd never have given you my support."

No doubt there are many who will resent my plain statement of these facts. I am stating what I feel women should know, because if they are ever to be effective in politics they must take a hysteria cure, secure by hook or crook a sense of proportion, admire courage and independence in women as well as in men and learn to take the statements of interested parties for what they are worth, which is largely nothing at all.

It is a solemn truth that can be proved in court by official records suppressed or denied publicity by the local press that I never at any time favored billboards in residence districts nor did those men who were defeated with me. Statements to the contrary are wilfully and maliciously false. We who were accused of being tools of the alleged billboard trust were maligned and refused space in which to reply to our accusers. Does this appeal to women as fair? Why was it that except for the South Side Ebell club and the Million club not one woman's club in the city had the fairness to ask the members of the old Council to come before it and give their side of the billboard controversy? The most primitive sense of justice would have suggested this, would it not?

Replying in advance to a question that is certain to be asked, I will say that I am writing of the woman's hysteria rather than that indulged by some men, for the simple reason that men can because of their established political place in the world, afford to be unjust because they can "get away with it." Women cannot. They are as yet struggling to establish their fitness to share in government. That is why it was so tragic to see day after day club women who ought to have known better surging

all over the front pages of the papers in condemnatory interviews about something about which they knew at most but one side, and but little of that. Primitive fair dealing would suggest that before a woman comes out in print condemning another woman she should ask the one condemned to express her views on the question under controversy.

Either these women were correctly quoted or they were not. If they were, their interviews were idiotic as they were unfair and ridiculous. If they were misquoted, then they might have thought at least that others could share their fate.

Ladies, when you speak of the business section what have you in mind? What IS business property? Ask any real estate or business man and he will tell you that when any property owner sets a price on property averaging \$300 a front foot, by that value he declares the same to be business property. He should then uncomplainingly endure the inconvenience attaching to business property. That was the theory of the civic associations that requested the city Council to allow billboards on certain radiating streets in the city. It was the level-headed business man's way of arriving at a just decision as to what was "business property."

The men in the recent election, as men, suffered not at all. The women lost their opportunity of representation in the city government and incidentally by their injustice to Los Angeles' first Councilwoman lost support that society could ill afford to lose.



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Equal Rights Party Convention



Facsimile of the original Presidential Ticket of the Equal Rights Party

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD

First Woman Presidential Candidate

(Continued from July number)

The current of my enthusiasm about women Presidential candidates narrowed somewhat as from day to day the disapproval of my mother and the objections of my brothers to what they believed was a foolish waste of time, became more emphatic; and worse still, they insisted that my general standing among my friends had already been impaired by my apparent serious advocacy of the impossible.

However, there was no turning back, no possible escape from participation in the forthcoming campaign of the so-called Equal Rights Party.

My friend, Mrs. Stow, had come to my rescue at last and we together planned for a mass meeting of "our party" to ratify our ticket, etc., at the old Metropolitan Temple on Third Street in San Francisco. We were successful beyond our wildest dream in collecting sufficient funds for our campaign. We wrote to Mrs. Lockwood inviting her to attend the mass meeting and undertook to pay the expenses of the journey and to entertain her. We proceeded to name our Presidential Electors, got our tickets printed and sent them flying over the United States to every city, town, cross-roads and sheep ranch. We sent the tickets in bunches, addressed to "The mayor or the most popular citizen" in each place respectively, for though considerable money had been sent in to meet campaign expenses, we soon realized that postage was an item we had not accurately reckoned upon, and that a canvass of the whole country by mail was quite beyond us.

The newspapers continued to give us publicity. The appointment of five Presidential Electors added new zest to the affair. We had no end of trouble in securing the consent of women whose names would lend dignity to the "party," and particularly women who could and who would help us with the proposed mass meeting and the ratification of our ticket. At last we were most fortunate in the personnel of our Electors, women who though ardent and consistent suffragists were a little leary of the "Equal Rights Party." They resembled the horse thief, who, when the judge asked him what he had to say as to the charge against him, replied, "Judge, Your Honor, I'd just rather let the matter drop." But finally Mrs. A. A. Sargent, grand old conferee of Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Laura De Force Gor-

don, lawyer and suffrage orator, Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, patriot, actress, and the mother of California's gifted son, Holbrook Blinn, Mrs. Sarah Wallis of Mayfield, and Mrs. Knox Goodrich, of San Jose, old time and loyal suffragists, consented to serve as Electors.

Preparations for the great gathering went along swimmingly. A telegram from Mrs. Lockwood announced that she was en route to California, and I went to Sacramento to meet her. A committee of one seemed highly satisfactory in this particular case.

It occurred to me that I should not withhold from Mrs. Lockwood any fact which might aid her in handling the situation. So, for once, I gave the reporters the slip and journeyed past Sacramento to Rocklin, where I left the train, and waited for the coming of the westbound overland bearing the (by this time) famous woman. After considerable inquiry I found our candidate in a tourist car, modestly lunching from a basket!

I had seen Mrs. Lockwood's photograph many times, but not one of them resembled her. Her pictures made her look plain, whereas she was handsome, with fine eyes, an aquiline nose, and a firm mouth and rounded chin.

I related to her the true story of her "nomination" for President of the United States and how surprised we were to find that news of the so-called "Equal Rights Convention" had been taken up by the Associated Press and our candidate made famous overnight. Verily,

"Some are born great,

Some achieve greatness,

And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Mrs. Lockwood was of course greatly surprised over my disclosure to her of the real facts regarding the now far-famed "Convention."

Nothing daunted, Mrs. Lockwood, like any lawyer worthy of her calling, decided to go right on with her plans, speaking wherever she could and keeping her contract with the Slayton Lyceum of Chicago, at the handsome figure of one hundred dollars a night.

At Sacramento we were met by reporters and many curiosity seekers. Among the distinguished people presented to our candidate were Hon. Grove L. Johnson, father of United States Senator Johnson, and Creed Haymond, a distinguished attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The day for the mass meeting arrived. Flags were draped about the speakers' desk and the Temple was decorated with flowers and foliage, contributed by the superintendent of Golden Gate Park. Though we had no music to gladden our candidates we made it up in exuberance—a sort of hysteria that attacks men on like occasions.

The audience was late in gathering; in fact, we did not hold a morning session at all, because of the fact that only our candidates and two of our Electors were in attendance. But we stood around and chatted with each other, trying to look pleasant.

Mrs. Stowe, candidate for vice president, fortunately arrived in the nick of time and furnished the

first real sensation. She was tricked out in her divided skirt, her big feet shod in the commonest-sense shoe ever found in the market, and to carry her independence to the limit, she had her gray hair cropped short, and, as if to emphasize her emancipation, when she reached the platform, to preside over the assembled faithful, she removed her felt hat.

But the mass meeting proved to be considerable of a success. Mrs. Lockwood was not an orator, but she spoke intelligently, though, like all the old-time suffragists, she harped on one string, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." And again, like all of the speakers of that day, she handed a few back-action compliments to men who refused to grant suffrage to women—but all in all, she carried herself splendidly.

The story of how the first woman was nominated for President of the United States is related in these columns for the first time. Many interesting and highly amusing incidents, as also many annoyances occurred throughout the campaign, which may never be told, unless a volume shall be prepared when leisure for such an effort may be found possible.

The passing of Mrs. Lockwood made propitious the opportunity of relating the true story of the first nomination of a woman for President of the United States of America by the woman who nominated her.

WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

By Chas. G. Forbush

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.
Los Angeles, California.

WILD FLOWERS

I listen where the wild flowers grow
For music wondrous sweet and low:
The song that blushing roses sing
While o'er the gray wall clustering,
The daisies voicing their content,
The hymn of the anemone,
The pale blue harebell's minstrelsy,
The asters trilling in the lane,
The lonely columbine's refrain,
The lily's chant of victory,
The music of the clover's glee,
The goldenrod's exultant call,
The plaint of blossoms as they fall,
O fairy flowers, waft to me
The echoes of your melody!

—Harriet Appleton Sprague in Boston Transcript.

LOUD COLORS BANNED IN SCHOOL; TEACHERS MUST CONCEAL HOSIERY

These rulings of dress have been laid down by Miss Ethel Levy, principal of the San Francisco Normal school:

No loud colors.

No short skirts—hosiery must be concealed.

No diaphanous waists.

No low-necked dresses or waists (the larynx is the limit).

The teachers will be allowed to dress their hair as they choose.

The schoolma'm, who must always eschew the lively or the colorless in costume, whose salary is continually a matter of speculation, whose main job is to blast information into the skulls of a flock of wild Indians, and who returns from a vacation spent at a beach resort to find that somebody has retrenched and she has no more job than a jackrabbit, has again been torpedoed in transit. This time it is the State Normal school that has fired the fatal shot.

Lest there be some stray teacher who has a tendency to manifest a human interest in things of the mode feminine, all inducement has been removed by the following prohibitions which are to be enforced by Miss Ethel Levy, principal of the school for the coming term. To-wit:

No colors—no short skirts—no hosiery to show even when the wind blows—no diaphanous waists—no low-necked dresses or waists—no all-white shoes.

One thing the teacher can do. She can, with the State Normal school's permission, dress her hair. But she cannot yield to a sudden impulse and show her larynx. She may not indulge in the artistic ventilation of a peekaboo waist. The glimpse of a silk-clad ankle is equivalent to life imprisonment, while a red belt or an orange sweater means being shot at sunrise.

Some of the teachers are at work on a costume which will conform to requirements and still permit freedom of thought and movement. One such costume has been evolved. In the language of the village dressmaker it is a one-piece effect, made from a gunny-sack, with eyeholes trimmed with insertion, a box-pleated garage door in the front to get in by, and panels of undertakers' crepe worn across the equator. When decorated with mohair tassels and black velvet handles it is quite chic and coffin-like. It may cast a gloom over the classroom, but by jing; it will conform to the board of censorship and that is the main thing in education.—Chico Enterprise.

Matrimonial Amenities

"The wife and I had a spat this morning. She remarked that she didn't get much of a man when she married me."

"Whew! And what did you say?"

"Oh, I agreed with her. I said if I'd been a high-class man I wouldn't have picked her out."—Boston Transcript.

Delay Dangerous

"Scientists say that blondes will disappear in a few years."

This gave the golden-haired girl her opportunity.

"Well, if you want one," she said, sweetly, "you'd better speak up now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AMERICA'S ENTRY INTO THE WORLD-WIDE CONFLICT JUSTIFIED

(Continued from Page 6)

that the Imperial German Government would dominate Europe, Asia and in large part Africa. It also would mean that the Imperial German Government would dominate the seas as Great Britain has done for centuries. And all this would mean in due time, and a comparatively short time at that, that Germany would start her second and her final effort to dominate the world through the subjugation of the nations of the two Americas. Had it not been for the wonderful stand of the heroic Belgians when the German masses started their rush to Paris, the battle of the Marne never would have been fought and General Joffre would not have gained that tremendous victory; France and Russia would have fallen; by this time the power of England would have been crippled, and I do not doubt but that the United States, alone and unprepared, would also have been face to face with the greatest military power the world has ever known.

The fundamental cause is the struggle that was bound to come between autocracy and democracy. We may gloss it over if we see fit; we may call this an economic struggle in the superficial sense that word is used, or we may say that we have been brought into this war by the machinations of our munition manufacturers, our financiers and the statesmen of Great Britain and France. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that away down deep underneath, the issue is whether the nations of the world in the future shall be ruled by the iron hand of the soldier or the freehand of the people. And so this being the real issue, not only should the United States of America, the greatest democracy that ever existed, be in the war, but it should have been in it long ago that the issue the sooner might have been decided.

I am not of those who have the least desire to criticise President Wilson, nor would I hamper him if I could by demanding of him this or that. I am not in accord with those who claim the right of free speech under any and all conditions. This country of ours is now involved in the greatest war of all time, and whether or not this citizen or that citizen approves the war, understanding it or understanding it not, it is his duty as a citizen to back the President, the Congress and our army and our navy to the uttermost that victory may come to the stars and the stripes. I have no patience with those who advocate peace at any price, or almost any price; I have no patience with people who deny the Government of the United States the power to draft men; I have no patience with any effort of any kind that would at such a critical period in any way interfere with the authority of those in charge of our national safety or injure the cause for which we battle.

I am against a causeless war. But the Imperial German Government not only gave us one cause but many, many causes for entering the war. I am frank enough to say, also, that Great Britain in interfering with our mail almost gave us cause for war with that nation. But her offenses were not repeated and repeated, nor did she slaughter our innocent women and children. And moreover, brushing aside these surface causes, Great Britain,

whatever the faults of that nation may be, was fighting and is fighting to preserve the liberties of the peoples of the world as they now exist, and to make possible the extension of that liberty to all the peoples of the world. There are none who glory more in the splendid spirit shown by France than do I, yet the fact that France aided us in the Revolution would not now justify our entering the war to aid France if no other cause existed. The devastation of Belgium standing alone might not have justified our interference, but as an indication of the deep purpose of the Imperial German Government in bearing out the infamous teachings of the German professors and philosophers and the declarations of the German statesmen, to the effect that small nations unable to protect themselves had no right to exist, that only might should prevail and that the will and the desires of the military masters of Germany alone should be supreme—the barbaric disregard of the neutrality of Belgium, with all these things in mind, would have been a sufficient justification for our interference at that time.

It is inconceivable to me how anyone can question why the United States is in the war. The sinking of our ships, the slaughtering of our women and our children, the interference with and the destruction of our trade alone would more than justify our participation in the war. And then when, on top of all this, we consider the deep, deep causes underlying it all, I can not see why every man and woman under the stars and stripes does not rise up fired with indignation and righteous wrath determined never to quit until this menace to the civilization of the world has been wiped out.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

By Lenore Winter

Great God our King! To thee we pray
For strength and power and will to say
"We'll do our best in everything
That stands for right."
Help us, dear Father! in this hour
Of need to crush the tyrants' power;
Help speed the day when Tyranny
Must bow its head to Liberty.

O God, who marks each sparrow's fall,
We know that thou dost love us all.
We know that all the suffering, pain
And orphans' tears are not in vain;
But out of chaos, grief and hate
Some good must come to compensate
For all this sacrifice.

So thus we pray for patience, and
For strength to struggle on.
'Till Liberty and Grace and Peace
Are honorably won.
'Till every scepter's power is bent,
And none shall bend the knee,
Nor meekly bow to any power
Or potentate, but Thee.
Then shall the voice of Freedom rise
And human souls with tear-dimmed eyes
Will start a new Democracy;
And with America will sing
In solemn joy—
Great God our King!

Abraham Lincoln said: "The most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of soil."

LOS ANGELES CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

One Hundred and Thirty-six Years Young

ON the fourteenth day of August, 1917, the city of Los Angeles will celebrate her birthday. If tradition and history may be relied upon the young lady has attained her one hundred and thirty-sixth year.

A public holiday, made so by ordinance or by common custom, would be appropriate for so vastly important an event. But as usual, only the taper-lighted procession of the priests through the patio of the historic old Church of Our Lady of the Angels will mark the occasion.

Doubtless solemn high mass will be said in commemoration of Father Junipero Serra and his faithful followers:

"Who served and toiled and built and planned,
But ever saw a promised land;
And heard its slowly rising swells
Ring joyous from their mission bells."

Brief History

The site that is now Los Angeles was called Yang-na. Its population consisted of 300 creatures called, for want of a better word, Indians. They bore no resemblance to the tribes which Americans regard as remnants of a noble race. This Yang-na centered about the corner of Commercial and Alameda streets and it straggled south as far as First street and north to some point near Aliso. The huts were small, insubstantial and unsightly. There were from twenty-five to thirty of these Indian villages in Los Angeles county and the people of Yang-na were friendly with their neighbors at what are now Pasadena, San Gabriel, Cahuenga and Clearwater. They were both timid and indolent; males wore no clothing. They had no form of writing and no hieroglyphics. They gradually fell away before the approach of civilization.

Col. Felipe de Nave was literally the founder of Los Angeles for it was he who recommended to the Viceroy of lower California the location of a settlement at this point and one at San Jose. The latter was established four years prior to Los Angeles, but Los Angeles was the first christened as a city. De Nave drew up the regulations describing the pueblo of Los Angeles, measuring its plaza and assigning the settlers lots which were 111x55 feet in size.

It was not until September 4, 1781, that the expedition came over from San Gabriel and the new site was formally occupied. The plaza had already been laid out in an oblong space with its corners turned toward the four cardinal points of the compass and the longer sides running northwest and southeast.

This city's first population consisted of two Spaniards, one mestizo, two negroes, eight mulattoes and nine Indians. These were the adults. The children were four Spanish Indians, five Spanish negroes, eight negro Indians, three Spanish negro Indians, and two Indians.

Pablo Rodriguez drew the lot at the corner fronting New High street. Adjoining his house was that of Jose Vanegas, really the first Mayor of Los Angeles, although he was called the alcalde of the pueblo.

I LOVE YOU CALIFORNIA

By F. B. Silverwood

I love you, California, you're the greatest state of all.

I love you in the winter, summer, spring and in the fall.

I love your fertile valleys; your dear mountains I adore.

I love your grand old ocean and I love her rugged shore.

I love your redwood forests—love your fields of yellow grain.

I love your summer breezes and I love your winter rain.

I love you, land of flowers; land of honey fruit and wine.

I love you, California; you have won this heart of mine.

I love your old gray Missions—love your vineyards stretching far.

I love you, California, with your Golden Gate ajar.

I love your purple sunsets, love your skies of azure blue.

I love you, California; I just can't help loving you.

I love you, Catalina—you are very dear to me.

I love you, Tamalpais, and I love Yosemite.

I love you, Land of Sunshine—half your beauties are untold.

I loved you in my childhood, and I'll love you when I'm old.

CHORUS

Where the snow crowned Golden Sierras,

Keep their watch o'er the valleys' bloom,

It is there I would be, in our land by the sea,

Every breeze bearing rich perfume.

It is here nature gives of her rarest,

It is Home Sweet Home to me,

And I know when I die I shall breathe my last sigh

For my Sunny California.

THE HEART OF GOLD

See the fallen rose leaves;

Let them lie

Just where they have fallen.

You and I

Have enjoyed the roses

Day by day,

Through this long, sweet happy

Month of May.

See their velvet softness,

Pure and clean;

White, with streaks of redness

Shot between.

Strange the rose had broken,

Fell apart,

E'er we saw the token

In its heart.

For it held a message

For us two;

And its fall doth presage

Sure and true,

Our lives are unbroken

While we hold

Love, that binds us like the

Heart of Gold.

—Annis J. Scott.

THE PIONEER WOMAN ACROSS THE PLAINS

(Continued from Page 8)

from the well as it fell, so it soon became a cake of ice which made the drawing of the water a real burden. We had to wash every day for our sick folks. We dried our clothes in the ball room on the second floor where ropes had been stretched, and as the glass had not been put in the windows the wind passing through dried them.

The snow came so much earlier this season than usual, that it caught a great many miners in Oregon and northern California unprepared, and many would have starved to death had it not been for their trusty rifles, which they always carried as a protection from the Indians, for deer roamed the hills in great herds. One man told us, who had been storm-bound on Scots Bar in northern California with one hundred other miners, that the only thing they had to eat was deer meat without salt or bread, and they had grown so tired of it that sometimes their stomachs went on a rampage and refused to retain it. Toward spring a man broke the trail, and brought in on a sled, flour, salt, sugar and coffee for which the miners paid fabulous prices, and for once salt was worth its weight in gold, for in the miners' little scales they put salt in one side and gold dust in the other.

The miners had been so long without anything besides the unsalted deer meat, that they took the flour where it had stuck to the side of the sack when he brought it through the snow, and scraped off every little speck and cooked it up with other things, they were so hungry for the taste of it; and of course one sled full of provisions divided among a hundred men did not give a very large proportion to each one, but the winter soon broke so the men could come out on snow shoes, and then their troubles were over.

My Aunt and Uncle Kelly whom father had left in Yreka, California, when he went back to Tennessee for us, decided to make us a visit and get their supplies at the same time. So they came on horseback with a pack train, for they had to come in companies as the Indians were hostile in the Rogue River Valley. Mrs. Kelly was a very small woman, weighing not quite a hundred pounds, but she came in the fall of the year riding over mountains and fording streams and in danger of raids by the Indians—the only woman among a hundred men; but she considered these things as trifles compared to the joy of seeing her brothers again, one of whom she had not seen for several years. This brother, Claborn Hill had left us and had settled at Brownsville, which Mr. and Mrs. Kelly reached before the big snow storm came. They remained there for several months, but we did not know they were near us until they walked in our door one evening. Our joy at seeing them was great indeed, and we noticed soon after they came a decided improvement in father's condition; they seemed to rouse him from the stupor the fever had left him with. They began to tell him about the great improvements in Yreka, and that there were settlers already in his "wonder land," the Rogue River Valley, which seemed to stir his blood and send it coursing through his veins with such a desire for action that he wanted to start at once.

I shall never forget the smile that spread over his

face as they were telling him all this, and then how it faded as he said "Oh, if it wasn't for those hostile Rogue River Indians all would be well," for he knew to quell them would be no small task, and he seemed to see in his mind's eye all that this task would cost him. This valley was filled with different tribes of Indians that looked upon the white man as their bitterest enemy.

Aunt and Uncle Kelly were such jolly people that they seemed to create a different atmosphere in our house, and filled us all with the desire to be up and doing. I was so anxious to hear all they had to say, that I even begrudged the time it took for the cooking, but the "inner man" had to be appeased.

About the middle of February a warm rain set in swelling the banks of the Willamette to overflowing. We would go up to the ball room on the second floor and watch the river as it rose higher and higher. We had enjoyed the falls at Oregon City so much that we wished we could see them now with the river so high.

I wrote home to my friends in the sunny South that we only saw the sun once through the whole winter, and afterward whenever I would write about the beauties of southern Oregon they would write back to me, "Not for them," for they must live where "Old Sol showed his face oftener than once a year!"

Before we left Salem we had to lay in our year's supply of provisions, for there was no other point where they could be secured. Mother in her wisdom bought many useful things for the new cabin father had planned to build. Among them was a bolt of calico to be used for curtains around our beds, for we were only to have one room in our cabin.

After the warm rains came and washed the snow off the ground, there was plenty of green grass for the stock, and by the time we were ready to start they were in better condition than at any time since we left home.

Our sick ones were now much better, and as father grew stronger he became so restless to push on, and then Aunt and Uncle had left their son in charge of their things at home in Yreka, and they too were anxious to start homeward. Uncle Kelly was a great help to father, as the trail had to be "blazed" for the wagons as we went along.

We left Salem in April, 1853, for the place that was to be our home, and which has been my home ever since—over 63 years. My sisters, who are still living, and I are called "the women pioneers of Oregon."

When we came to the Calipeau Mountains my oldest brother, who had been over the road before, persuaded my mother to forsake the wagon and ride on horseback, the road was so rough, and the teams made such slow progress—for they would often have to remove big trees and rocks from their path. So my sister who had been ill took mother's place in the wagon with father. As they went along sister got so tired of the jolting of the wagon she thought she would walk for a little way.

She had not been gone long when one of the wheels of the wagon came off, breaking some of the spokes. Sister kept on walking, thinking every moment father would come; she never thought of an accident to the wagon for we had come all the way across the plains without one of any kind, and

father thought, when sister did not come back, that of course she had caught up with the other part of the train of people. So sister was alone without protection of any kind, and with nothing to eat all day, often getting so tired she would lay down to rest by the way; as she was far from well she soon became so weary she could not go any further, so she found a hollow tree and climbed up into it but she was afraid she would drop off to sleep and father would pass her by. And too, the mountain was full of wild animals and Indians. As sister passed this day alone in the mountains so infested and came through it unhurt, we felt that night as we lay down to rest and heard the howling of the hungry wolves, that God had watched over her, and thankful prayers ascended to the Throne above for His protection over sister this day.

Father worked with the wagon until he grew so weary he felt he must give it up for the night; so he took the horse that always followed the wagon, and spread on it all the bedding, and provisions for our evening meal. As he came along he picked up sister from her place in the hollow log, and set her on top of the whole thing. How that horse walked without getting tangled up in the bedding is more than I can tell, for most of it was dragging and all you could see of the horse was his head.

Father and sister went to bed as soon as places could be made ready for them for we feared they would suffer a relapse from their experience but next morning they were both as well as usual.

About noon the next day things were ready to start and sister Mary and I thought we would walk on and gather some flowers as we saw so many different varieties, and as we had studied botany at school, we were anxious to analyze them. We got so interested in the flowers we lost all thought of the wagons. When we left the camp the dogs, who were in a box in the back of one of the wagons, whined to go with us, so we took them along. Each flower in the distance looked prettier than the ones in our hands, until we were far from the road where the wagons passed. With some difficulty we found the road and followed it until we came to a creek that was too deep to wade and no bridge. Here was a puzzle for older heads than ours to solve. We went down stream for a ways and there found a small tree that had fallen across the creek, that we thought was our salvation. Sister took a dog under each arm and started across calling to me to stay where I was until she came back, for she knew I always grew dizzy if I tried to walk over water. But I sat astride the tree and hunched my way along until I got to about the middle of the stream, when sister thought she would come back and help me. She had put the dogs down, and had almost reached me, when before she knew it both dogs were after her, and the small tree was bending down into the water with its burden, so that my feet were in the water. I clung on for dear life while sister picked up the dogs and started back. She was almost across when snap went the end of the tree she was on, but I was up in the air with no means of getting across at all. As I was pondering what to do I heard some one laugh, and to our utter amazement three young men appeared in sight. They certainly came as a "bolt from the blue." We had as yet seen no signs of a house, but we learned that these young men lived near the place of our disaster. They soon ex-

tricated me from my position on the tree, and it was no wonder they laughed, for we must have been sights to behold, especially sister, for she had been in the creek and had been carrying the wet dirty dogs. In after years we grew to know these young men very well, for they were the sons of Joseph Land, the first Governor of Oregon, and they never tired of telling of the rescue they had made.

Every night we would build big fires, and Aunt and Uncle would keep us laughing over some of their experiences in Northern California, so it was with deep regret that we saw them leave us at Cow Creek Canyon, but they promised to come and see us as soon as we were settled, for Yreka was not far from the place father had selected for our home.

At the Cow Creek Canyon we found a hotel where most every night there would be a train of packers who came and went to Oregon City for supplies. And here father left us, for the rains had made the creek so high that it was unsafe for us to travel. He took his men and the stock and went on to the Rogue River Valley. After about two weeks he returned with a pack train for us, leaving most of his men behind to begin work on the cabin. We were surely glad to feel that the next long stop would mean "Home!" When the time came to start I chose a mule to ride on, for we had to ride in the creek bed as there was no other road.

I soon found I had made a great mistake, for the mule stepped so short, and slipped so much on the wet rocks, that I bounced from side to side, for I was riding on a man's saddle. I saw a deer trail leading up from the creek and turned my mule into it. My sisters chaffed me and told me I would never get him back into the creek bed, but I thought "I would show them," and I must say that I did—but not in the way I had expected to. I came to a log across the path and as my horses had always jumped them I urged my mule to do the same. Well "HE DID"—then stopped so short that I went sailing over his head about ten feet beyond, much to the delight of my sisters. I had to have help to get him back into the creek bed, and although it could rightly be called the "rocky road to Dublin" I felt it to be the safest by a long way.

I have often ridden by this place in a Pullman car, but can never see it without a shudder, thinking over the day we spent trudging over the rocks with our pack train.

When we came to the Rogue River Valley it seemed to our eyes most beautiful indeed, compared to most of the lands we had traveled through, and we did not blame our father for losing his heart to the place. We traveled through this valley for about three days before father headed his pack train off the regular road, and then we knew we would soon reach the place we had traveled the long distance to see. Mother rode in the front along side of father, and soon I heard her crying, "To think that I have brought my daughters to such a place as this." But I said, "Oh, mother, dry your eyes and see the beautiful spring flowers to bid us welcome, and see the place where the men are building the cabin under the big oak tree!" I felt rather "chokey" myself but in my efforts to help mother soon forgot my own feelings.

There is a beautiful house standing under those oaks today where our cabin stood. As soon as our train stopped I jumped off my mule and began to

gather wild flowers for I had never seen such a variety before, and although the place looked big and bare, the flowers atoned for a lot that was missing.

Our cabin walls were up and we moved in without floors or roof, but soon the men sawed off trees about the length of shingles, then took a broad ax and chopped them into shape for the roof, but it was some time before we had a floor in our cabin. We put the stove in one corner by a little window, in fact we had three of these so-called windows in our cabin, just an opening covered with muslin, for there was no glass to be had in the country at that time. Our beds were things of art I can assure you; father cut poles about six feet long which served for bed and curtain poles in one, driving one end of the pole into the ground. He then bored holes in the wall and drove one small piece into it, then nailed the other end to the long pole, etc., until he had the frame for the bed; he then made clapboards the necessary length to serve in place of springs. We then cut wild grass and filled our bed ticks and with our feather beds we thought we had very comfortable beds. Our tables and chairs were made out of clapboards also, the legs used were branches cut from the trees.

Our beds were curtained with the calico that mother brought with her from Salem, Oregon, and with our white table cloths and spreads for our beds, and other things we brought from home with us, we soon had things quite home-like.

A few months later father built a shed where we moved our stove, and we did our cooking and eating there, and that gave us more room and made us more comfortable in the cabin.

Our place was very convenient for the packers to stop and one night they had a great joke on me. There were six who had to sleep on the floor of our cabin as it was considered a big treat to sleep under a roof, so when we were all tucked in behind our curtains, father brought the men in. They always carried their own blankets but they had a great time arranging themselves to fit the floor space, so they placed a short man then a tall one in just as they fit best, and as I dropped off to sleep I was wondering how I could get out the one door of our cabin in the morning to get the breakfast. So in my sleep I cried out, "O, do excuse me, Mr. Kelly, for walking on your feet, and please forgive me, Mr. Washburn, for stepping on your face." Of course every one heard me as I said it so loud, and it was the cause of great amusement the next morning, much to my discomfort.

There were four men living at a place called the "Mountain House" who told father they had some cows with young calves he could take to milk, if he would give them a gallon of milk each day. Father was very glad of the chance, for he would have plenty of "fresh" cows the next year. So he built corrals to keep them in so the Indians would not steal them, and now there was plenty of good green grass every where.

We were the only ones in the valley who sold butter and cheese and we got a dollar a pound for both of them, and twenty-five cents for skim milk.

These we sold to the Mexicans who plied the pack trains through to Salem for supplies. The first summer we were very prosperous in every way; our garden was growing fine, for father had brought the seeds with him, and the men were in

the woods making rails to fence the fields. So, father thought he would take the time to lay a floor in our cabin. He went down to Ashland and bought from Mr. A. D. Hellman, the founder of Ashland, who had brought with him around the Horn, a circular saw about as big around as a center table and was making quite a bit of money sawing boards, and from him father bought "slabs" at a dollar a piece.

The slab is the first cut from the tree and has the bark on it. Father had so little time that I told him I would plane the bark off and he could lay them; so he fixed me a place and I went to work with a will, for to have a floor in our cabin and begin to live like civilized beings again would surely seem good to us. I am sure I did very crude work, but father was full of praise for me at any rate.

As father was taking a slab through the door a big buck Indian stood right in the way, and as he refused to move father just pushed him aside and came on out in the yard for another slab. I saw the Indian, but paid no attention to it as there were always some of them hanging around. After father left the house the Indian picked up a whetstone that lay by the door and began whetting his knife and looking at mother in a way that sent her into a nervous collapse.

The Indians had been quiet for some time so father trusted them too much, for the saying, "The only good Indian is a dead one," is indeed true.

This one, when father was farthest away from the house, made one jump into the middle of the room, pulled the curtain from around the bed and reached for the gun, but my sister Mary, who was as quick as a cat in her actions, got there first, grabbed the gun and pointed it at him, and as they never got over their fear of the gun of the white man, he ran at double quick time. We felt sure he would have killed us all if he had been successful in getting hold of the gun.

(Continued in September Number)

THINGS YOU CAN DO FOR THE COUNTRY

The fighting man can die for it;
The saving man can buy for it;
The aviator can fly for it;
The thrifty cook can fry for it;
The thirsty can go dry for it;
The daring man can spy for it;
The egotist can I for it;
The diplomat can lie for it;
The farmer can grow rye for it;
The workingman can ply for it;
The very babies cry for it;
And all of us can try for it;

—McLandburgh Wilson in N. Y. Sun

Three Seasons

"A cup for hope!" she said,
In springtime ere the bloom was old;
The crimson wine was poor and cold.
By her mouth's richer red.

"A cup for love!" how low,
How soft the words; and all the while
Her blush was rippling with a smile
Like summer after snow.

"A cup for memory!"
Cold cup that one must drain alone;
While autumn winds are up and moan
Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love;
Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
And memory for the evening gray
And solitary dove.

—C. G. Rossetti.

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General Harrison Gray Otis— A Great Leader Not Born to Die

AT the close of a great life we pause to review the character and note the qualities which made a lasting impression upon everyone whom he touched in common fellowship.

The elements which contributed to the fame of a private citizen or a public man cannot easily be defined, but we need not search for the leading force which entered into the life of General Harrison Gray Otis, and which numbered him among the leaders of great men.

No higher idea of loyalty to country can be conceived than that which General Otis evidenced in every public act of his life. His loyalty to this republic was one continued joyous anthem and our country's flag his shibboleth of Freedom.

General Otis possessed a penetrating knowledge of men, together with the genius of infinite patience. With high hopes and unfaltering zeal he continued his great life's work until all was finished and he "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams."

Loved and revered by hosts of men and women in a country he adorned, he was respected by all. His stubborn resistance to wrong as he conceived it commanded the admiration of the world.

Farewell, dear friend, noble patriot. Your joyous spirit has journeyed on to meet the loved ones who have gone before. Your ashes rest beneath a wilderness of flowers; you are forever enshrined in the memory of your fellowmen.

AMERICA IS INVINCIBLE!

Joined with Her Allies She is Unconquerable

IF the horrible science of war is to be fought out by America and her allies the sooner we realize this fact and prepare to start forth upon this crusade of blood the sooner will the task have been completed.

"Soft words turn away wrath" is an axiom most true, but these bear no fruit with German autocracy. The prompt defiance of American manhood will chill to the marrow the German-Prussian stuffed military prophets whose sole reliance is their egotistical assurance, backed by a powerful and unbalanced dream of a world dominion.

Great is the German nation! Great and tender-hearted are its people, industrious, inventive, artistic.

These conceded facts make their situation all the worse. Were the people of Germany to speak they would end the war before the morning sun could rise upon their beloved fatherland. But such is the power of the Kaiser over the sons of German women that they are mute at his command, powerless to resist his program of death and disaster.

But if the war must go on not an hour should be lost. Germany will soon realize the impossibility of resisting the combined forces of democracy against a jaded despised system of autocratic government which advanced civilization repudiates.

We do not cry for peace—we demand peace; we will not temporize with Germany. We will overwhelm the fighting lord, and quickly turn and aid our bleeding kinsmen to rehabilitate their stricken land, to re-establish their homes and help them to bear their unutterable sorrows.

American women will be first to strive to beguile the saddened mothers and wives who have lost all that made life dear. We are at this very hour preparing through the American Red Cross to render aid and comfort. Our assistance in the scheme of peace inaugurated by American statesmen will never cease until every German woman shall know the blessedness of freedom.

Senator Stone, who opposed the war resolution, now advises the men and women of his State to "end all differences, close the ranks, be game and make good." Since Congress and the President have "decided the thing," Mr. Stone does not intend any longer to allow his stubbornness to stand in the way of his patriotism. It is the only wise stand to take.

Los Angeles county school children are helping to thin the big crops of sugar beets, taking the places of hundreds of Mexicans who have deserted their jobs and gone to the border. They are genuine little patriots.

PICKETETTES AND PARDON

The picketettes who were sent to the workhouse, the sixteen sweet suffragettes, have been pardoned by the President for behavior unbecoming American women. Just as though pardon, even from so high an authority could, without immediate reform, help the situation.

If public condemnation could convince those good ladies of the utter venality disclosed in their unreasonable and persistent picketing of the White House grounds then they are at last convinced.

The New American Woman tried to persuade the Eastern suffragists of the damage they possibly might do to a righteous cause, but good advice had no hearing when eyes and ears were bent on self-laudation, newspaper exploitation, etc.

They thought such foolhardiness meant their martyrdom in the interests of the Federal Suffrage Amendment, whereas it merely delayed its passage.

It was disclosed that several of the pardoned picketettes had young children at home who greatly needed their mothers, and so, too, it appears that several of these "immortals" respectively happened to possess husbands who, as American gentlemen would be expected to act, sought President Wilson's pardon, that the little children might not suffer for their mothers' foolishness.

The telegraph dispatches reported renewed activity of the picketettes, but subsequently, it is reported, the newspapers agreed among themselves that no further notice would be given them and this fact has removed the real attraction of picketing the White House.

These ardent out-of-season advocates of a cause that is won by all the rules of the game, boldly pretended that they did not want to be pardoned—and yet they winced over the smallest discomfort—sans their silk hosiery, their tooth brushes and folderiddles, sans everything which women of so much leisure and so little sense generally, in common with other people, must needs have if they would be sanitary.

Vale, picketettes! The New American Woman hopes we shall not have to look upon your like again.

Former United States Senator Works has aroused a mighty storm of opposition by his answer to a criticism contained in the June issue of this magazine. Many replies to Senator Works' utterances concerning the President's declaration of war have been received, but space forbids their inclusion in this issue.

We commend to our readers the reply of Hon. James D. Phelan to Senator Works, published in this issue. No clearer nor more trenchant treatment of the subject could be produced.

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POLITICAL PARTIES AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

Capitalists and Day Laborers United

IF ever the souls of men were tried they are tried now; if ever patriots needed to keep their hearts aflame and their heads cool it is now; if ever there was pressing need of harmony between labor and capital it is thrice doubled in these moments of tense agony.

All lines of class are erased, and all divisions merged. Political parties and local economic problems are set aside and the American people, capitalist and day laborer, are organized solid, standing behind the government, the President and Congress.

Foolish filibustering with bills having to do with the prompt prosecution of the war will be regarded as unworthy of Congress, nor will the people overlook the course of any member of that great representative body of this republic.

The gaze of the whole world is centered upon America; her statesmen with fiery quickness must measure up to the demands of onlooking suffering humanity, and her armies must face the foe with a zeal worthy of so grand a cause.

We are not at war with Germany as a nation; we were forced into it to protect ourselves against the Emperor and his misguided people, and with our allies we will succeed in convincing the madman and his misled subjects that though we tried to avoid entrance into this world catastrophe, we shall bear ourselves in such a manner as that the opposed will be ware of us.

The New American Woman bids the American army and its allies a hearty Godspeed.

AMABASSADOR GERARD'S MEMOIRS

Complete Expose of Intrigue and Conspiracy

Greater enterprise has never been shown than that which has enabled the American people to know at first hand the inside maneuvers and intrigue of the German court, and just how the efforts of President Wilson for peace and comity were sneered at, and our government discredited.

The Los Angeles "Examiner" has placed us under a debt of gratitude for this information at first hand. A careful reading will disclose to every man and woman that this country was justified in declaring war on Germany.

This testimony coming from a man of acknowledged integrity and diplomatic ability must carry great weight. There is not the slightest room for doubt as to the truth of Ambassador Gerard's statements; they will convince many who have heretofore looked upon our entry into the war as possible to have been avoided.

Mr. Gerard has shown a fine appreciation of what his countrymen needed to know—the facts before America declared war against Germany.

Poultry Note

"She made a goose of herself."

"How?"

"Trying to act like a chicken."—Boston Transcript.



I HAVE before me a newspaper clipping in which Senator Stone announces, and no doubt he will carry out his purpose, that he proposes to call upon President Wilson for a statement as to the peace terms which the American Government will favor, or at least a general outline as to its peace policy, whatever may be meant by this last expression. While I regret that anyone in authority should make at this time a demand of this kind upon the President, I see no harm in discussing peace conditions. Not that I believe peace to be anywhere near in sight, or that I believe it possible at this time to formulate terms at all definite, but because I do believe that a discussion of peace terms now will lead to a better understanding upon the part of the American people as to the fundamental causes of the war in Europe and the causes that forced this nation finally to become involved. It is highly important that the people of the United States should obtain a more comprehensive grasp of the situation. Not until they do will this nation respond as it should to the crisis.

AUGUST

She is here again, the lady with mist upon her eyes,
The magic of the harvest moon to deck her twilight skies.
She's on her moonlit stairway,
Her brown hair blowing afar—
My lady of the August mist
And of the song-winged star.

She is here again, the lady with trailing vines in flower,
The sweetness of the musk of dreams in all her mystic power.
She's by her rivers straying,
And on her hills at rest—
My lady of the August flight
Of weaned birds from the nest.

She is here again, the lady with brown skin tanned o' haze,
The mystery of the ripened bloom of beauty in her days.
She's in the vale at morning,
And on the hill at night—
My lady of the August spell
Of moon-mist and delight. —Baltimore Sun.

The Los Angeles Million Club, composed of patriotic men and women who honor the memory of General Otis, at a regular meeting, passed the following resolution:

Whereas, in the death of General Harrison Gray Otis the city of Los Angeles has lost a valuable and a noble man whose life was devoted to the general well-being of Southern California and of the whole country;

Therefore, Resolved, that the Los Angeles Million Club mourn the loss of General Otis as a soldier, a citizen and a statesman; that we will cherish the memory of his patriotic services and strive to emulate his example.

Mrs. J. F. Durlin,
Secretary Los Angeles Million Club.
Mrs. Frank Curran,
Mrs. Cecelia A. Greenbaum,
Mrs. Mary L. Allen,
Mrs. R. M. Thompson,
Mrs. M. A. Graves,
Committee.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

In 1905 Congress authorized the American Red Cross as the only relief agency which would be recognized by our Government in time of war. The Congress of our country not only appointed the American Red Cross as its official relief agency, but further sealed the relationship by making the President of the United States the official head of the body, and members of the Cabinet and officials of the Government responsible for important departments of the organization.

The funds in the treasury of the National Red Cross are audited by the War Department, and the Comptroller of the Currency is the National Treasurer. Thus, those who support the Red Cross through the money which they give can rest assured that every dollar is spent judiciously, and with a view to making that dollar go as far as it can. And all funds contributed for Relief are spent only for Relief Work, as the income from the National Endowment fund pays the overhead expense of the National organization.

Prof. A. F. Lange, Director of the State University's School of Education at the late general session of the High School Teachers' Association, at Berkeley, phrased a new concept of preparedness. He said:

"Democracy is safe at home and in the world only if national preparedness means such things as growing surplus of health, cumulative efficiency in public and private business of whatever sort, continuous advance in the science and art of acting together, and the increasingly dominant endeavor to make all these and all other aspects of national development center and resolve about ascending life, single and collective, for which science, art, ethics, religion furnish guidance and controlling motive. The supreme function of a democracy accordingly is that of insuring with increasing certainty the greatest preparedness of the greatest number with loyalty to the common welfare a never absent mark."

Prof. Lange told of systematic observations he had made of the seniors and graduate students in his classes. He continued drastically, and hit right and left at the utter inefficiency of the ordinary student in the schools.

"My students," he stated, "can neither think nor speak. They have, in general, a low degree of power to seize the organizing thought of chapter or book; reckless thought—aviation without steering apparatus and little experience in starting a train of thought and conducting it on a straight track to some terminus; paralyzing embarrassment on being left alone with a problem; lack of resourcefulness for new uses of old knowledge, and great weakness in handling the forms of discourse. They have acquired a certain technique for dealing with a small area of facts, but not a reasoned, resourceful command of mental business method. There is not likely to be progress until teachers learn to think educationally and from the point of view of national preparedness."

The following from Judge Thos. P. White, whose talents and character entitle him to judicial promotion:
Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I enclose herewith my check in renewal of my subscription to The New American Woman for the coming year.

I desire to congratulate you upon the excellence of your magazine and particularly upon your contributions thereto, as well as the excellent care and judgment exercised by you in the selection of articles which appear thereunder.

I am very much pleased with The New American Woman and look forward with much pleasure to the reading of each issue. What I like particularly about it is that it is constructive in its policy and rather than being engaged in destroying present institutions, it suggests remedies for our present defects; in other words, you strike at causes, rather than effects, knowing that the obliteration of the former will prevent the occurrence of the latter.

Count me as one of the warmest admirers of your excellent contributions to the literary world.

With best wishes for your continued success, I remain,
Cordially yours,

THOS. P. WHITE.

Idaho Falls, July 13, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed find draft for subscription renewal for New American Woman.

My husband and myself both enjoy your publication very much and do not want to be without it. It is the best paper of its kind that I know of. You ought to have your statue in the Hall of Fame. With love from us both.
Sincerely,

—ADELIA B. SCOTT.

Hon. George C. Watson, member of the California Legislature, Seventy-second Assembly District, frankly expresses his views concerning Mayor Woodman's proposition to close cafes where liquor is sold, to women unescorted after nine o'clock P. M.

Editor New American Woman:

I have read with pleasure your stand and opinion regarding the admitting ladies without escorts in our cafes after nine in the evening. It certainly seems to me rather unfair to refuse all women admission because a few might be there for improper purposes. In this age and day we cannot close our eyes to the fact that men and women will follow their desires no matter how many bars the state and county and city put up, and we must be broad-minded enough to admit that the majority of our citizens are right living and decent, and to refuse the majority of ladies who might desire to attend a cafe unattended would certainly be exercising a right that I question, and that is the right of a citizen—male or female—to come and go as they see fit without fear or favor. I shall be glad to aid you in any way whatsoever in this matter should you and your friends desire it.

With kindest regards I am,

Sincerely,

GEORGE C. WATSON.

1619 West Adams Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

A business woman willing to "fight for freedom" offers to contribute her services toward defeating any effort that may be made to exclude unescorted women from cafes.

Editor New American Woman:

This is merely to state that I have seen the Herald's column regarding exclusion of women from cafes after nine o'clock—that is, unescorted women—and to tell you that if there is any way in which I can be of assistance in this "fight for freedom" I am at your service.

I am an office woman and perhaps there is something I can do.

Very truly,

E. C. IRONSIDE.

717 Union Oil Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Individual authority and responsibility make for alacrity and efficiency in public service.

—William Randolph Hearst.

THE BIRDS AND THE CAT

Two cute little birds they chirped and chirped
And side by side they sat
On the vine that grew high on the wall
And down on the ground was the cat.
One's breast and its head were so red—so red—
I knew that he was he
And one it was brown as a quaker's gown
And I knew that she was she.

He hopped in the thick of the vine and chirped
She followed him close, and they sat
Together and looked, and chirped and chirped,
And down on the ground was the cat.
I could see the nest they were going to build,—
Its tragedy too, some day;
But I couldn't kill the cat you know,
So I scared the birds away.

—Madge Morris.

A MESSAGE TO MY COUNTRYWOMEN—CAN WOMEN BE INDEPENDENT?

Editor New American Woman:

One hears on every hand of the terrible unrest of women. Of their struggle for freedom and independence. They have been compared to the restless sea. Some have an idea that their unrest is a struggle for independence of man and a fight for supremacy. Others have only a vague idea of their unrest: Many understand and know.

But, women independent? Women cannot be independent nor do they want to be. The only independence possible for human being is that which comes from within; and when I speak of that I mean the independence which comes from the soul of each individual—from the knowledge they have of self, and the independence which comes to a righteous, pure life. The independence which comes from doing right and overcoming evil—being master of self.

Independent of one another no human being can be, nor wants to be. Certainly not women.

Women today are not struggling for independence, they are not crying for freedom, they are simply asking for that which is only right—justice, and fair play. They are working for a square deal for the whole of the human race; working for the conservation of our young man and womanhood and an equal chance for all mankind. They are fighting for but one code of morals; for but one standard of morality. They are struggling for equal rights for all; and for the right to their own individuality.

Their struggle is for the protection of their homes and children, for their peace and happiness; their health and prosperity. They are fighting for the life and welfare of the fathers and mothers to be, and for the little lives to come. They are crying out and demanding that when they go down in the "valley of the shadow of death" that a life may be born, that it be well-born; and they are asking for the co-operation of our government in conserving and protecting that life.

Women are asking for only that which is right and just and which all right-minded men and men who know are willing to grant them, for, they know it means more perfect love, closer companionship, a more complete life.

What women are asking for today is not independence, but fair play. To obtain this goal let every woman study politics and the laws governing her country and her loved ones.

Lenore Ammen Bubb,
Cupertino, Calif.

Well, Naturally!

A young suburban doctor, whose practice was not very great, sat in his study reading away a lazy summer afternoon. His chauffeur appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealing your green apples again. Shall I chase 'em off?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then replied:

"No."

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from July number)

THE writ of mandate mentioned at the close of the last chapter issued out of the Supreme Court and was made returnable before Judge Morrison, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California.

The day set for the hearing arrived; the excitement was intense. Representatives of the press were eager to report the outcome of a woman's trying to break into Hastings Law School by way of the extraordinary remedy of a writ of mandate, which merely proposed to compel the trustees to perform their clear legal duty by opening the doors of Hastings to women.

Judge Delos Lake, Hon. J. B. Lamar, Judge Oliver P. Evans and General W. H. L. Barnes, all of whom were leaders at the San Francisco bar, represented the respondent trustees. I represented myself.

The court room was jammed, mostly with lawyers bent upon seeing a woman argue her own case, opposed by as formidable an array of legal lights as had ever shone upon joy-loving, generous-hearted San Francisco.

The Court, evidently desiring to have the case disposed of without a scene of any kind, was promptly on the bench and called, "Foltz vs. the Trustees of the Hastings Law School," to which I managed to respond, "Ready for the petitioner," though my voice sounded strangely weak and womanish, as compared with the fine, resonant tone of General Barnes who answered, "Ready for the respondents."

"Proceed, gentlemen," said Judge Morrison.

I gasped, hesitated, looked over the audience, and glanced furtively at the lawyers for the trustees—not supposing for a moment that the Judge included me as among the "gentlemen" present. Judge Morrison must have observed my discomfort and leaning forward, in the most courteous manner, said in a kindly voice, "Will the lady please proceed with her argument?"

The ice was broken; I lost not a moment, and with a directness of statement unexpected, as I was afterwards told, I proceeded to relate briefly the matters of fact set forth in the affidavit upon which the writ of mandate issued. Then as though I were an experienced hand in such matters, I cited authorities to support my position, viz., that the University of California was composed of many branches of learning, of which the Hastings Law School was one; that the University, as a whole, was governed by general laws; that the trustees could not make rules in violation of clearly established legal rights; that every citizen of the age of fourteen years and upwards was entitled by the Constitution of California to enter the State University and to matriculate as a student therein, and finally, that I was eligible at the time of my application for admission, that I had complied with the rules prescribed for matriculation, and deposited the regulation fee of ten dollars. I closed my argument conscious that I had won my case. I could

not then nor at any time since understand how General Barnes and Judge Lake and Judge Lamar could take up the time of the court in urging their foolish objections to my petition for a peremptory writ commanding the trustees to open the doors of Hastings Law School to women. Able lawyers they were and good men withal—and yet, they strove to defeat the letter of the law and to overcome its intent and spirit by arguments unworthy of the profession they adorned. Their conduct was at variance with my preconceived notions of law and lawyers.

The case was submitted and before leaving the bench Judge Morrison reviewed the arguments in detail, placing particular stress upon my claim that Hastings was an integral part of the State University and subject to the general laws governing that institution.

The Court suggested in reply to the argument of counsel for respondents that it was not a question of sex; that the fact that the petitioner for the writ to compel the trustees of Hastings to admit her as a student was a female had no bearing whatever; that the University was created for the education of the masses; that the Constitution could not be construed so as to prevent females from the enjoyment of privileges accorded to males.

The peremptory writ sought was then and there granted, and though I had won a victory worth while I soon learned that I was not immediately to enjoy its fruits. A stay of proceedings was taken against me, an appeal was taken from Judge Morrison's decision, and I was denied the privilege of the law school until fourteen months later, when before the Supreme Court of California I again appeared and argued my own case, and won again—withstanding the old saw, "Who has himself for a lawyer has a fool for a client." And this victory has stood the test of time; Foltz vs. The Trustees of Hastings Law School, (54 Cal. p. 28) is *stare decisis*.

Armed with the Supreme Court decision, after more than a year had elapsed since my exit from the door of the law classes and the final notice in writing served upon me by the registrar that the 'trustees had decided not to admit women,' I returned to Hastings, and again took up my studies, though not with the same kind of enthusiasm. I was worn and spent with the heavy cares of my growing children. I had studied night and day amid the noise of my populous nursery, and while waiting for my case to be called in the Supreme Court I applied for admission to that high tribunal, passed a creditable examination and was complimented from the bench by Chief Justice Wallace.

I was now ready to proceed without further argument as to woman's fitness for the law, as far as a certificate to practice in all the courts of California could prove it.

(Continued in September number)

Oppressed Ireland

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman in New York to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."

"That's always the way!" exclaimed Pat; "Ireland niver got justice yit."—Chicago Herald.

SCHOOL OF LAW AND LEGAL POLITY

I have long looked forward to the time when in some practical way women might be encouraged to pay more attention to the laws that govern them and their property, to acquire a clearer knowledge of their legal rights and responsibilities, and generally to interest themselves in affairs of state.

The time has come to lay the foundation upon which to rear a superstructure that shall afford women an untrammelled technical education for the practice of the law and to enable that vast community of women who must henceforth participate in public affairs, an opportunity to become familiar with the laws that govern their homes, themselves, their children, their property while they live, and to declare who shall receive it after their death.

I have no doubt that each reader of "Across the Editor's Desk" has knowledge of some unfortunate woman who through ignorance of the commonest legal principles became involved in inextricable difficulties and who today suffers poverty and misery which could readily have been avoided had she possessed a general knowledge of legal principles.

Women should have an opportunity at least to become generally familiar with the science of government and the laws of the land. They should be encouraged to study political science. The California Woman's Law School, or School of Law and Legal Polity, is the first next step in the progress of women.

Such an institution should be incorporated under the laws of California. It should provide for a three years' course with a degree to follow. Its faculty should include none but the ablest men and women. Special lectures should be given from time to time by the most distinguished jurists, lawyers, law-writers and political economists.

Inquiry regarding this latest greatest movement for legal cultural opportunities cordially invited by The New American Woman, 724 Merchant's Trust Building, Los Angeles.

THE EGOTIST—A MISER OF THE SOUL

We Pass Him Up

He was suspicious of everybody. He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone—that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He was not loyal to others.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.—Success.

Its Choice

"What sort of a ticket does your suffragette club favor?"

"Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "if we owned right up, I think most of us would prefer matinee tickets."—Puck.

Above all let us never forget that an act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a long inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours and days on the sunniest height of our soul.—Mae-terlinck.

STATE CONTROLLER HON. JOHN S. CHAMBERS PRAISES THE RED CROSS—ITS PURPOSE AND VALUE TO ALL THE WORLD

Editor New American Woman:

IT has been my privilege during the past three or four months to travel over much of the northern portion of California in the interest of the Red Cross, assisting in the organization of chapters, aiding later in their work by talking of the war and its problems and dwelling particularly on what the Red Cross has done and can continue to do upon an enlarged scale, if supported as it should be by the American people. At times, in conjunction with my fellow workers, I felt very much discouraged, but as I look back today upon what has been accomplished through the combined efforts of all concerned, not only am I highly gratified but I marvel at the success that has attended this campaign. And despite this great development, inspiring as it is, the people of northern California and of southern California—of all California, which is the way I prefer to regard our magnificent State—have hardly started. And as it is with us, so it is with the people of all the other American commonwealths.

In surveying the situation, in passing judgment, we must bear in mind that the people of the United States because of the years which passed them by without war became more and more devoted to peace, to following the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life, to living in harmony with other nations and their fellow men. And because of all this they have been slow to realize not only that our country is at war, but especially that it is at war with the mightiest military empire the world has ever known—an empire controlled by highly efficient if unprincipled and cruel men; men who long ago planned this war, who know what they want and who are determined to get it, if possible, no matter what the cost in money, blood and agony.

And so I think because a realization of the truth has been so slow in coming, especially on this Coast, that the response to the Red Cross appeal has been splendid. Nearly every village in California either has a chapter or an auxiliary. Men, women and children have been and are giving their time and their money freely to this great cause. As I sit here and think of the first meetings held in various towns in the Sacramento Valley and consider what has been done by these various chapters since that time, it is truly inspiring.

At first not only did the war seem something far, far away, something that would never touch us away out here on the Pacific, but in addition there was a lack of appreciation of the purpose of the Red Cross. It is a singular fact despite the splendid record of the Red Cross, that so many people had such a misconception as to the purpose of its creation, what it had done and what it could do. I found everywhere prevalent the idea that it was a woman's society of some kind, that it was all right to go about organizing the women of the various towns and having them agree to take out memberships and sew, but that it was foolish to attempt to go beyond this, particularly to call upon the men to donate liberally and to do their part otherwise.

Gradually the truth has become known, and while it is true that the women are yet our most active workers, still in every community not only are men, but many of them, joining in and doing their part freely and enthusiastically.

Except as to the sewing and to a considerable extent as to the nursing, the Red Cross offers as many opportunities to men as to women. Man, as the recognized breadwinner of the family, can always do his part by contributing money, both for memberships and in the form of donations. He also can handle to better advantage than women the organization of the ambulance companies, including particularly the recruiting of men for this hazardous but highly important work. Likewise he can help solicit memberships and donations. He can go about his city, his county and his state assisting in the organization of chapters and making appeals in behalf of the Red Cross generally. The Red Cross, in other words, is neither a man's nor a woman's work. It calls for the service of everyone, whether man, or woman, or child. Each and every one not only can do his or her part through the Red Cross, but can do most efficient work through this great agency of the Government.

In Washington the Red Cross is known as the third arm of the military service of the United States—the humanitarian arm. It is the arm upon which the welfare of our boys depends; the arm which certainly will play a very important part in deciding the war. It has even been declared by men high up in the counsels of the nation that the Red Cross would win the war. That is to say, the group of allies with the best equipped and most efficient organization of this kind would win. As all of us no doubt have read, Germany had already trained and waiting when the war broke out over 800,000 Red Cross nurses and 80,000 ambulance drivers, to say nothing of physicians, litter bearers and vast stores of hospital supplies.

It has been declared by men who should know that because of the work of the Red Cross the deaths per thousand on the battlefields and in the camps and hospitals have been reduced from 60 per cent to 2 per cent, and that every man so snatched from death is equal to five raw recruits. What a magnificent record! If the Red Cross had never done anything else and never does anything more it already has justified its existence.

And we who are not military experts, who are plain every-day citizens hoping that the war will end soon and that the military masters of Germany will be crushed, look beyond the firing line and see not only this great percentage saved from death on the battlefields and in the hospitals so as to be able to return to the trenches, but also, in large part, saved to return to their homes, to their wives and their children, to their fathers and mothers, their brothers and their sisters.

Surely we who do not go to the front cannot hope to find a better way in which to serve our country than in supporting the Red Cross!

It offers an opportunity to every man, woman and child in the nation. We cannot all be fighting men, we cannot all be men of great affairs, and so in a position to do things on a large scale, but we can all do something, something worth while; we all can serve to the extent of our ability, and no

more can be asked of any of us. And the way is offered through the Red Cross.

As we see our young men leave for the training camps and later as we shall read of their departure for Europe and then of their participation in the battles that are sure to be fought, as we scan the lists of the American wounded and the American dead, surely it must come to us who stay at home that God and our country expect us to do our part too! And we cannot do that part to better advantage than in standing back of the fighting men, and we cannot stand back of them in any better way than through the Red Cross.

The motto of the Red Cross is "Humanity, Neutrality and Preparedness." Its great purpose is humanity; to relieve suffering no matter how caused, to be prepared to meet all emergencies and to serve not only their own people but the peoples of all the world. Its flag is the most beloved of any flag in the universe, because all nations—save one—honor and respect it. The purpose of its creation, its record, and its plans for the present and the future surely are sufficient in themselves to touch both the heart strings and the purse strings of the patriotic citizens of America. What more can be said? If we fail to respond knowing what we know, can mere words move us? The Red Cross is one of man's noblest works and blest of God.

Guard against the tendency to live more coarsely, to relax in your discipline. Obey your finest instincts. Be fastidious to the extreme of sanity.—Thoreau.

An air of abstraction isn't breezy enough to fan a spark of genius into a flame.

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CHARLES LOUNDSBERRY, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law, and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously as the needs of their children may require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to the children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons, where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels, and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance of care.

Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men, jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully without title or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

ALONG THE CANYON

(By Addison Howard Gibson)

The mimulus by canyon streams
 Sway rhythmic-like their bells of gold;
 The graceful brake up hollows far
 Elbow for place the tules bold.
 From mossy rocks half-hidden falls
 Flung kisses to the bending blue
 That smiles where, zephyr-fanned, the bays
 Let rifts of light steal softly through.

Like tresses of a wood-nymph shy,
 The fragile maidenhair, breeze-stirred,
 Waves in a cloistered sylvan glen
 Where wren-tits' tiny songs are heard.
 Across the elm's gnarled roots brook-laved
 Cresses, like floating Naiads fair,
 Disport themselves o'er pebbled sands
 In emerald beauty wild and rare.

The golden-sceptered mustard spreads
 Glad radiance across the vale;
 The carrot fern with fairy stars
 Close borders on the winding trail.
 At intervals through trees we glimpse
 The amethyst of lilac hills;
 A mocking-bird down dream-wood dells
 With joy his lyric vespers trills.

THE SUFFRAGE COLOR

Some of the young suffragists have lately asked when and why yellow was chosen as the color of the National American Woman Suffrage association. It was done when the friends of equal rights were rejoicing over the granting of municipal woman suffrage in Kansas in 1887. This was the first large victory that the cause had won in the country for nearly twenty years. After the granting of suffrage by Wyoming in 1869 and by Utah in 1870, there was a long period during which the school ballot was given in a number of states, but nothing bigger. Therefore, when so important a State as Kansas took a long step forward, we felt very happy about it. Kansas is the sunflower state. There was a saying in those days, "woman suffrage follows the advance of civilization, as the sunflower follows the wheeltrack and the plough." Yellow was chosen because it was the sunflower color. The suffrage association adorned its letter paper with sunflowers, and the suffragists took to wearing little bows of yellow ribbon. When Dr. Anna H. Shaw, Lucy E. Anthony and I compiled a book of suffrage readings and recitations (now long out of print) we called it "The Yellow Ribbon Speakers." Yellow was Lucy Stone's favorite color; but that was merely a happy coincidence. It had nothing to do with its choice by the association.—Woman Citizen.

A contemporary says that an automobile will add ten years to your life. Sure—every time you dodge it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

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PREPAREDNESS FOR THE HOME

"If I had a dozen daughters and were able to give each of them a million dollars the day of their marriage, I would still want each of them to know how to cook, make her own clothes and, in fact, be a superior housekeeper," said Senator Smoot of Utah.

"It is a crime and is wicked in the sight of God to have the products of the farm made next to useless by poor cooking. Tens of thousands of homes are ruined by helpless and ignorant housekeepers."

The Senator said domestic science was not taught in any one of six nationally known colleges for women, yet in nearly all four years Latin was required.

Wonderful Progress

"Money talks!" said the man who tries to be severely practical.

"Better'n that," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, as he signed another Red Cross check. "My money has quit ordinary conversation and is learning to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"—Washington Star.

Lots of people actually believe that their troubles are interesting to others.

It is pride of possession that makes the keeping of a secret so difficult.—Albany Journal.

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LARRY CLANCY'S COURTSHIP

By Don Marlin

HE was sired by a fighting breed of red-heads. His particular calling was that of a patrolman. When the occasion arose he could out-drink any four of his friends, and his name was Larry Clancy. Now that his nationality is obvious we'll go on with the story.

First, however, let it be understood that this is strictly confidential. Very well. As I was saying Clancy was a copper; furthermore he was desperately in love. Now, contrary to all traditions since time immemorial, the object of Clancy's heartache was not a Bridget, nor was she ordained by the gods to preside over a kitchen, in the excellent and dignified capacity of cook.

Clancy is not one of those fictitious characters that you read of in magazines, who always appear at the climax to drag the hero away to languish in a dark and dreary dungeon and is immune to the beseeching pleadings of the ten-cent heroine. No, Clancy was a real man—a policeman—with red blood in his veins and a big warm heart.

The damsel that so sorely tried his cardiac region was old Si Storey's daughter Gertrude. Si had recently settled in the city after selling his farm to a railroad syndicate for a tidy sum. Then he bought an automobile and developed speed mania.

From the day he paid his first fine, Si harbored an unholy aversion for policemen—especially if that bluecoat hailed from the Emerald Isle. Every time that he was apprehended, it seemed to Si that the police had made him a target for their spite. But to Gertrude the blue uniform embodied everything that was good, pure and noble, because Clancy wore one and she simply doted on Clancy, who courted her while her father was away.

One day, Si returned home prematurely and found Clancy and Gertrude sitting on the hair cloth sofa in the little front parlor. Si was furious.

"Consarn ye," he cried vehemently in a shrill voice, "I'll teach ye tu come into a man's house and steal his darter. Not a word Gerty. Ye'll tell me to move on will ye? Well, this time I'll do the telling. Ye better move, and move fast or I'll have the law on ye. Git out!"

Clancy, who well knew that every man is master over his own domicile, looked tenderly at the joy of his heart and took the hint. Returning home he threw himself dejectedly into a chair and stared vacantly at the floor. He was startled to hear someone say, "What is ut, boy?" Clancy was astonished to see his friend, Terrence Mahoney, whose entrance he had not heard in his abstraction. "Shure yer a credit to the force Clancy, I cud move the whole house while you was day dreamin'. A foine policeman you 'r." Terry continued chidingly.

Receiving no reply he sensed something wrong, and coaxed Clancy to tell him about it.

"Bad—bad," said the traffic cop, for that was Mahoney's vocation,— "but cheer up, lad, and I'll see what can be done."

Mahoney walked thoughtfully home; where he found Mrs. Mahoney mending socks in the kitchen. Soon, supper was set and Mahoney ate silently.

This was a great surprise to her whom he called wife, for her Terrence was a "regular ould womin

whin it came to gossip"—she had confided to Mrs. Maguire, last Friday over the backyard fence—while they were hanging out the washing. The meal over, Terry took three cigars from his helmet and ranged them lengthwise on the table. Pulling up an easy chair, he changed his official footgear for comfortable slippers and lighting a cigar smoked furiously with troubled face. Mrs. Mahoney was just dying to hear what the scandal was about, but as Terry was silent she bided her time. Busying herself with the dishes, she glanced now and then apprehensively at Terry.

She noted one cigar go—then another—and half of the third one, when Terry gave a grunt as if in satisfaction. Gradually his face relaxed into a smile, which rapidly grew into a guffaw and finally gave way to a paroxysm of mirth. Terry, born to his profession, loved to take things easy; so he gracefully slid to the floor and hugging himself rolled from side to side in spasms of laughter.

Mrs. Mahoney had gone out for a moment to get a basin of clean water to rinse the dishes. Returning she found Terry on the floor and unhesitatingly threw over him the contents of the basin.

Terry sat up as if electrified. "What the hell do you mane," he gasped, digging the water out of his eyes.

"Terrince Mahoney, 'tis drinkin' you have bin agin," she said sternly.

"Nary, a drink Maggie darlin'. I am thinking it is a happy man Larry Clancy will be soon."

Mrs. Mahoney assisted her lord to his feet from his undignified posture and wormed the story from him while he was vigorously drying himself from the impromptu ablution.

"Mike—Mike," he began calling—and presently a smaller edition of himself in vermilion appeared. "Run over to Larry Clancy and tell him I want a wurd with him right away. And take the can and have it filled at Sweeny's. Tell him to charge it."

Mike sped away on his errand, and soon Clancy dropped in.

"Evening, Mrs. Mahoney. Hullo, Terry," he said sliding into a seat.

"Shure, Terry is bin tellin' me what a divil av a fix you're in, Clancy," she replied sympathetically to his salutation.

Just then Mike returned with a foaming can of beer. Terry with experienced hand filled each a glass of the cheering beverage, which without further ado was promptly sunk into the innermost recess of their respective thirst emporiums, then leaning forward Terry told Clancy his scheme to bring So to terms. When he finished there was a riot of laughter in the house—mingled with the clinking of glasses.

"And moind, it's the Kelly boys we will be having too," was Terry's parting word to Clancy as the latter left late that night.

The following evening Terry called on Clancy, gave him, his final instructions for the success of their scheme, then departed. Clancy had an hour to spare before he started out on his mission. To kill time he played old tunes on his concertina with such gusto and feeling, that several of the neighbors complained to the janitor.

The hour of action at hand, Clancy set out for Gertrude's home to search for the object of his quest. Just as he hove in sight of the house an ex-

clamation of chagrin broke from his lips as he saw Si enter his car preparatory to starting out on some journey.

Clancy was after Si's car. And now he would have to follow him until he left it. Clancy noted with some surprise that his father-in-law to be, was all spruced up. His surprise would have been tenfold had he but known that Si was out to call on his sweetheart. A widower of many years standing—the thought of again marrying had not entered his head—until some months before, when he met the buxom widow of one, Hank Perkins. Hank had ceased to adorn this planet the year that Bryan first ran for President.

The widow was a motherly female, of adipose proportions—with a comely face and figure that captivated Si from the instant he saw her. But Si was shy. Although he took her out riding regularly three times a week, somehow—he could never muster up enough courage to pop the question. On these rides, it was mostly, that Si ran foul of the police, by not heeding traffic regulations. And he paid the penalty—with the result that as much as he loved the widow, even more so did he hate the guardians of the law.

Tonight, he had resolved that come what might he would propose his intentions and end the maddening suspense. Si started his car down the street and Clancy kept not far behind in a taxi. His mind occupied with the ordeal that lay before him, in his nervousness Si paid little attention to the directions of the traffic cop at the crossing. Attempting to cut across the road when the cop stood the other way, Si narrowly averted a collision, for which he was severely lectured by the regulator. Clancy noticed this and stored it away for future use.

Continuing for several blocks Si finally brought his car to a standstill, but in his haste to park his machine, he backed into one that was already standing at the curb. Luckily for him the owner was away. Shutting off his motor, he nervously mounted the widow's doorsteps—and with bated breath rang her door bell. No sooner was he admitted, than Clancy, having dismissed his taxi, approached Si's machine—coolly jumped in—started the motor and drove off.

Turning the next corner he chuckled to himself as he took the officer on beat into his confidence. Soon Si would discover his loss and report it—which was just what they were aiming at. Clancy stopped at Mahoney's for a moment to acquaint them with the events of the evening. Then driving to a nearby garage, he left the car and went home.

Si, seated in the widow's parlor, fidgeted about like a fish out of water. He was in turn both hot and cold. His collar, which in normal moments was usually several sizes too large for him, suddenly shrank up and persisted in choking him. Amid many false starts and splutterings he managed to blurt out his undying affection. The widow had waited patiently for this, blushed like a maiden of sixteen summers and made funny little gurgling noises in her throat at this so sudden declaration.

When the good-night hour arrived Si vowed that no task would be too difficult to perform for her. He repeated this avowal at regular intervals in varied forms—till the widow, becoming a little exasperated, asked him if he would like to do something that would please her immensely.

"You have but to utter the words, my love," said Si gallantly—imitating the style of the hero in one of the stories that Gerty had read to him while he was down with the rheumatism.

"Then for goodness sake go home and let me get some sleep," said his future help-meet tartly.

Si was slightly abashed by this set-back. Hastily slipping his arms about the widow's corpulent form, he folded her in a last fond embrace and with a word of endearment tore himself away. Reaching the spot where his car should have been, he looked around in blank astonishment. He ran up and down the block several times in the hope that someone might have moved it, but to no avail. Feverishly he questioned some of the passers-by; but they could not comfort him.

With a heavy heart he slowly approached the officer on beat and made him acquainted with his misfortune.

"What license number did yer flivver roll on?" the policeman asked, whipping forth note-book and pencil.

"Flivver!" yelled Si angrily.

"Yah, flivver—bunch o' junk, don't yuh savvy English?"

Si, consumed with rage was unable to answer.

"Come on there, old timer, I can't stay here all night," said the cop winking to the idle crowd that was rapidly gathering around.

With a great effort Si managed to control his voice, and gave the required information. Eyeing the blue uniform very much as a ferocious bull would a red rag.

"That's all," replied the copper to Si's last answer as he snapped his book, "we'll find the guy that swiped yer ark, alright—niver fear."

Si swallowed hard as he accepted this assurance and trudged wearily home, torn by conflicting emotions.

When Clancy drove Si's car to the appointed meeting place next morning he found Mahoney and the Kelly boys waiting for him. The elder Kelly,—Pat, had attended one term of law at a night school and prided himself on his legal lore.

"'Tis glad I am to see you," called out Mahoney, in return to Clancy's greeting, while the Kellys grinned broadly. "Pat," directed Mahoney, "will go in with me to interview the old man. Whoile you, Clancy, and Mickey stay outside. Whin I move the curtain in the window the first time Clancy will come in. And whin I move it again Mickey will come across with the note. Do you all understand?" They said they did; and a start was made. Half a block from their destination, Clancy and Mickey dropped off, and walked to their station in front of the house to await developments.

Mahoney and Pat had already entered the house and inquired for Si.

"I'm him," Si snapped to their inquiry.

"Is that your car out there?" queried Pat acting as spokesman.

"It be,—and I want the law on the skunk thet stole her—drat him."

"Hear that?" asked Pat of Mahoney.

"Yis, sir."

"Si Storey, I have a warrant for your arrest—and it's my duty to warn you that anything you may say or think, will be used against you," Pat said in



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his most serious tones as he unfolded a legal looking document.

"Arrest! What fer?" the old man questioned excitedly.

"Murder," Pat said fiercely.

"Who'd I kill?" he shrieked, "who, I say?"

"I'll tell you," Pat replied, getting ready as if to charge an imaginary jury. "Last night at eight o'clock you left this house, and dhrove like the devil down the street. At the corner yo upaid no attin-tion to the signals and came near hurtin' somewan. You had yer warnin'. And then what did you do? You went ahead and tried to park yer car in a place where there was no room fer it—and smashed into wan that was already stalled at the curb.

"Later in the evening you were seen to run down an ould womin, who died of her injuries in the hospital, poor sowl. Then you dhrove your machine to the city limits, where you left it. Coming back, you tried to establish an alibi by reporting to wan of the men on duty that your car was stolen. Your actions were very queer. You was so scairt, that you were hardly able to answer his questions.

"We have a pretty solid case against you, ould man. My advice is that you plead guilty and throw yoursilf on the mercy of the court, in the hope that yer age may save you."

Si turned an ashen gray, as the seriousness of the charges dawned on him. When Pat motioned to Mahoney—who produced a pair of handcuffs, Si broke down completely. Mahoney approached the window and moved the curtain slightly.

Clancy, waiting across the road, entered the house. At the threshold he stopped in well feigned astonishment. "What's the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Matter enough," Pat replied. "The ould man has gone and done murder."

"Ye lie, I tell ye," Si cried, galvanized into life by Clancy's presence.

"Clancy, don't let them take me away. I can prove that my car was stolen. You don't believe I would do anybody harm. Do ye, boy? And Clancy, it will kill the widder," he finished with a sob, clutching at Clancy frantically.

"Kill who?" Clancy asked.

"The widder Perkins. I'm engaged tu marry her," Si choked out.

"Mither av God," from Mahoney.

Pat swore softly to himself.

"It's all off," muttered Clancy.

Mahoney began to edge nearer Si with the wrist ornaments.

"Get it over," said Pat impatiently to Mahoney.

"Just a minute, boys," Clancy intervened stepping between Mahoney and his victim.

With bulging eyes Si watched his benefactor draw the men to one side and argue earnestly with them. Presently he seemed to score a point.

"If I help you prove that your car was really stolen will you come through?" he asked turning to Si.

"Come through —?"

"Yes, give Gerty to me!"

"If she loves ye she can have her way," Si acquiesced faintly.

"Father," Gerty scolded, coming after him, "you musn't leave your breakfast that way. Your coffee is quite—. Why, father? What is it? All these men? Clancy!"

"Your father has just consented to our marriage, dear," Clancy informed her, and began to lead her into another room as he noted Mahoney move the curtain again. A knock was heard and Si caught his breath as another officer made his appearance. Saluting Pat, he handed him a sealed envelope and waited for instructions. Pat tore open the message and scanning its contents emitted an ejaculation of surprise.

"Mr. Storey," he began uncomfortably, "its my duty to inform you that a turrible mistake has bin made. I just got wurd that the machine, that ran down and kilt the ould womin yisterday was not yours at all. The car that did it has the same license number as yours. Wid the difference that it has for its last number an eight—and yours, a three. In the bad light these numbers were mistaken. I want to opologize for the trouble we gave you. Before I go—allow me to congratulate you, and the future Mrs. Storey." With a low bow he marched out, followed by Mahoney and Mickey.

Si, left alone, sat down suddenly. Weakly he passed his hand across his face, wondering if it was just a part of a horrible nightmare. He tried to think but was unable to collect his thoughts. Suddenly he heard Gerty's happy laugh echoed by Clancy's sonorous voice. He began to smile. An idea had occurred to him.

"Clancy," he called.

"Yes, sir."

"I want you and Gerty to go for a ride with me—to meet someone. And Clancy."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess you better drive that durn flivver."

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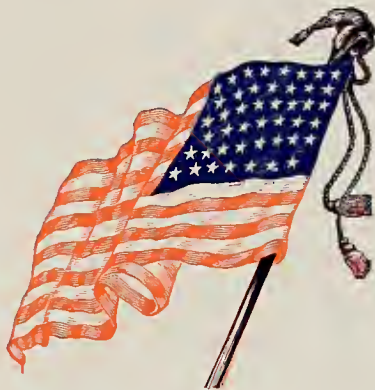
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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO. 8

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

There is But One Duty Confronting The People of the United States— Loyal Support of the Government

By John S. Chambers, State Controller

IN the August number of *The New American Woman*, in an article justifying America's entry into the world war, I stated: "I have no patience with people who deny the government of the United States the power to draft men." Since I penned those words a high Federal Court has upheld the Government in this matter. I am not a lawyer. I did not know what legal quirk might be invoked to thwart the President. But I did know, or I felt I knew, that as a matter of practical common sense a government, whether ours or any other, must inherently possess the power to draft men for war purposes, or it was not a real government and the people it represented invited destruction as a nation.

And, in my judgment, the selective draft is the most equitable system for building up an army. Why should the burden of carrying on the fighting, why should the danger of ruined health or death fall, alone, upon those willing to volunteer to serve their country? Draft, selective or otherwise, is the fairer way. But the selective draft, if carried out along scientific lines, is not only the fairest of all, but the one in the best interest of the nation also. It takes only those physically and mentally fit, yet whose taking does not cripple industries or callings vital, or important at least, to the country's needs.

I assume that even a pacifist, unless a peace-at-any-price pacifist, will admit that a situation is conceivable when a nation must fight. So the question with us, as I see it, is not the matter of draft, but of the justification—if anyone remains unconvinced—of our entry into the war—of demonstrating the development of a situation making it necessary for us to fight. In so far as the draft is concerned, now that we are in the war, the war must be carried on; and inasmuch as it cannot be carried on without men, then the fair way is to draft them and not to throw the burden upon those patriotic enough to volunteer.

And what is the justification of our entry into this war? If it can be justified, there is, in my opinion, no other question. Only one thing remains to be done, then, and that is to support the government by word, thought and deed; by physical service, by money, by voice and by pen. Justification, to my mind, is easy. But beyond that, I

am of those who repeat after Stephen Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

It is well when we talk of the war, the causes and the terms of peace, to bear in mind the events just preceding the beginning of hostilities. On June 28, 1914, a Servian fanatic assassinated in Bosnia the heir to the imperial throne of Austria-Hungary, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife. The only surprising thing in this connection is that this fanatic or some other had not committed a similar crime long before. Austria's treatment of Servia had been intolerable. And Austria, true to her policy, proceeded to turn the assassination to what she deemed would make for her political advantage. An insulting ultimatum—and we know now that Germany had a copy of it hours before Servia received it—was presented to the government at Belgrade for immediate acceptance. But insulting as it was, Servia acceded to most of the demands, and as to the others asked further time for consideration. Making this delay the pretext, Austria, with Germany's approval, declared war upon Servia. Russia, protesting to Germany and Austria against not only such a causeless war but a war fraught with such danger to all of Europe, prepared to mobilize her troops to aid Servia, with which country her relations were very close, and to protect herself in the event that Austria persisted. Germany, believing the hour for which she had been planning for years had struck, seized on the Czar's mobilization order as her excuse and entered the arena. The Kaiser, at the same time, demanded of France a declaration; and France responded that she would protect her own interests, and promptly proceeded to mobilize. England looked on silently. Then Belgium, true to her treaty obligations, refused to give Germany a peaceful route across her fertile acres that France might be taken at a disadvantage. Then came the violation of Belgium, to Germany's eternal shame; and then, too, England spoke, and all Europe was aflame.

That Germany believed England would keep hands off seems certain and also that Italy, if she did not side with her old allies, at least would be neutral. And it appears equally certain that intoxi-

cated by her dreams of war and world conquest, believing herself to be invincible, convinced that the hour had come, she would have proceeded just as she did even though she had known in advance the course England and Italy would take. And the same obsession led her on, as time went by, to defy the world; led her to commit outrage after outrage against the government and the people of the United States, to sink their ships, to kill their women and children, to insult over and over and over again the Flag of our country, the stars and the stripes. And so we, finally, after patient waiting, after the faces of thousands and thousands of full-blooded Americans were burned from shame, came into the war—were literally forced into the war. And the record as here set forth is our justification. But there is a deeper and a broader justification.

In my former article on this subject, I discussed, necessarily briefly, statements by the President, by Lloyd George, by Secretary of State Lansing and other high officials in this country, England and France as to Germany's ulterior purpose. That she aimed at world domination is beyond question. A recent Washington dispatch was to the effect that the American government now had positive proof of this; and the President in his reply to the Pope's peace proposal distinctly committed himself. And if Germany could conclude peace treaties now on anything like her own terms, she still would cherish this dream. But she is beaten. Not that the German people are crushed, not that it is desirable they should be, but the Imperial German Government faces certain defeat. The Kaiser will never be the war lord of the world. His chance is gone, irrevocably gone.

And for this the American nation, under the Providence of God, is to be thanked. With Russia a liability instead of an asset, England and France could not hope for even a partial victory. They faced not only defeat, but a defeat that would have left Germany in absolute control of Central Europe; practically all of Europe, the Near East and Northern Africa. And that would have meant time for preparation for the next war, the "final" war as planned by the war-mad lords of the Imperial German Government—the war which was discussed in the papers left by the dead German Governor of Belgium, Von Bissing, and which was openly advocated in a speech at Rathenow, Prussia, a few weeks ago by General Von Liebert.

And this "final" war had for its real object world domination; the power of Germany was to rule the world. It meant, in effect, the subjugation of the two Americas, of the United States. Our entry into the war alone made this impossible or rather made impossible the attempt to bring to pass such a state of affairs. Perhaps, in the end, even with England, France and Russia out of the conflict, the United States, the South American countries, Japan and China could have resisted successfully. But victory would have been inconceivably bloody and costly.

And this is what the entry of the United States into the war has accomplished. We have made certain the defeat of autocracy, the triumph of democracy. We have saved the freedom of the free

nations of Europe, of the world, and laid the ground work for the extension of that freedom, ultimately, to all the peoples of the earth. And we have saved ourselves from facing, unprepared and alone the mightiest military empire ever known. We have kept the war from our own shores by joining in the war raging upon the shores of Europe. We have made certain the defeat of the military masters of Germany. We have saved the world.

And so the United States stands doubly justified for entering the war. And with this justification fades away all question of the right to draft—all questions save the loyal support of the government.

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Your flag and my flag
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind tossed—
Red and blue and white.
Beat quicker at the sight;
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

CAPRICE

I sighed for fame—
A soul weary of my humble lot;
And suddenly I heard my prattling tot
Lisp my name.

I yearned to ape
The rich, and cursed the fate that made me poor;
Anon I saw upon my neighbor's door
A piece of crape.

Unsatisfied,
I prayed for love, the comforter in life;
When I glanced up, behold, a faithful wife
Stood at my side!

Perturbed of mind,
Ashamed at heart, my eyes with tears abrim,
In penitence I cried aloud to Him—
"Oh, Lord, how blind!"

By Ralph H. Thompson.

Savannah, Ga.

A Sad Spectacle—The Mistake of John D. Works

THERE appears in the July edition of the New American Woman an article written by Ex. U. S. Senator John D. Works, entitled "Why We Went Into War." As this article seems to contain several erroneous statements, conclusions, and deductions, it may be well to briefly consider them in view of the fact that Mr. Works is well known in California, and as it appears, he is by both tongue and pen adding to the awful unrest prevalent throughout our country.

Mr. Works' first statement is that "not less than seventy-five per cent of the American people are opposed to the war." This seems wide of the truth. War was declared by Congress by an overwhelming majority, and each action our President has taken in its continuance is met with the wholehearted support of Congress, in spite of the obstruction offered by a small minority of malcontents. Besides this, the press of the nation, with but few exceptions, are in accord with the aims so frequently expressed by Mr. Wilson, a condition of affairs utterly impossible were even a large sized minority of our people opposed to the Government's action.

Mr. Work's second notable statement is, "It is the duty of every American citizen to obey the laws of his country." In this connection it would seem proper to ask the following question: Is Mr. Works an American citizen? If so, how is he obeying the laws of his country? The American Congress has solemnly declared that because another nation has made war against us, consequently a state of war exists, and the President by authority invested in him has called on all loyal citizens to assist him in bringing this war to a successful end. Therefore any action taken by any American citizen that will obstruct, impede or prevent the bringing of this war to a victorious conclusion should be convincing evidence that he is not a law-abiding citizen. In what category does a man belong who proclaims aloud whenever he can get a hearing, that this Government in this instance has made "the most colossal mistake ever made?"

The next point in which issue might be joined with Mr. Works is when he declares that we have become the ally of one group of foreign nations "and taken their fight for our own." This statement also lacks truth. This is our fight because we have been attacked, our men, women and children foully murdered, our Flag fired upon, our neutrality violated, and our peace and comfort threatened and conspired against. This record of crimes perpetrated against us may not be sufficient for Mr. Works, but it will serve for the majority of Americans.

Mr. Works next goes on to give "in a very general way" his opinion of the cause "that brought the great nations of Europe into the war," and here let us note that Mr. Works insists that this is a European war, while in fact it is nothing of the sort,—it is a world war in which every nation on the earth's surface is interested either as participants or benevolent or otherwise neutrals, and at this point we begin to sense what has so obscured

Mr. Work's mental outlook. A broader point of view than his would see that humanity could be likened to a procession climbing out of a valley of death, darkness and doubt, onto a plain having mountain peaks over which the sun of liberty and intelligence is shining. As this procession moves constantly forward, certain incidents occur that seemingly halt the movement and tumult, dismay and disorder prevail, but this condition is only transitory. The movement toward the light goes unceasingly on and will do so until the time spoken of by Isaiah, when nations "shall not learn war any more." This world war is but a continuation of that fight for liberty which had its first definite battle at Runnymede seven hundred years ago, resulting in the Magna Charta; again when Luther nailed his thesis on the church door; once more when the Declaration of American Independence was signed, and later when France threw off the Bourbon yoke, and in our own time when we see China and Russia join the free peoples. Can we then doubt that the American people, the greatest nation the world has ever seen because the freest, is in the right when it unsheathes the sword to help all the rest of humanity towards the light of liberty?

Mr. Works declares, "Democracy was not one of the issues and never has been," and attempts to prove his position by quoting from various messages and speeches by the President.

August 20, 1914. "The United States must be neutral during these days that try men's souls."

"My thought is of America."

December 8, 1914. "This is a war with which we have nothing to do."

December 7, 1915. "We have stood apart studiously neutral. It was necessary if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided."

July 10, 1916. "I think you will bear me witness that I have been a persistent friend of Peace and that nothing but unmistakable necessity will drive me from that position."

Sept. 2, 1916. "It was manifestly our duty to prevent if it were possible, the indefinite extension of the fires of hate and desolation."

In all this Mr. Works sees nothing but so much talk "to deceive the American people." He cannot see the struggle going on in our President's mind, the feeling of terrible responsibility in the cry "nothing but unmistakable necessity will drive me," "our duty to prevent if it were possible."

To quote further from Mr. Works: "To show the people that we did not go to war to protect democracy," he proceeds to give a concrete reason "why we went into the war," viz.; "Congress declared war for the specific reason that Germany had made war on us." Having given what would seem to most people the best possible reason for the United States of America being at war, he explains that "Germany had struck us because we had got in her way in her fight with England," and our going to war to protect the lives of our people and the honor of our flag and the liberty and democracy of which it is the emblem. Mr. Works thinks is

"enacting the humiliating role of the swash-buckler."

Mr. Works then starts in to give us the true (?) inside history of the whole business. He tells us "what influences have brought this calamity upon us: first, 'the great and powerful moneyed interests'; second, 'the pro-British element and British subjects in this country'; (this latter statement makes one smile while remembering the strained relations that have existed so often with England and the unwillingness of the English to become American citizens); third, Mr. Works keeps his final blow for those whom America has been the first to honor and place in their rightful positions. Listen to this: "Not the least of the influences that have brought on the war are some of the good but misguided women of the country. One of the most pitiful as well as inexcusable spectacles of the war is that of the women of this civilized liberty-loving nation advocating an unnecessary and ill-advised war."

After reading this scathing arraignment of our President, Congress, and the vast majority of the right thinking men and women of America, we begin to wonder who has the temerity to pronounce such a judgment against them. Ex-United States Senator John D. Works represented the State of California in Congress, and while there was a consistent opponent of every measure brought forward by the present administration, which administration, by the way, was continued in power by the very constituency represented by Mr. Works. Does it not seem strange that in spite of this evidence that he was not in touch with the citizens of his State, not in touch with the vast majority of the members of the Congresses in which he sat, not in touch with the women of America, Mr. Works still considers himself qualified to speak for the people of America? One cannot help being reminded of the three tailors of Tooley Street, sole signers of the petition beginning "We, the people of England."

It is a sad spectacle for Californians, their honored son fighting on the side of entrenched evil and giving solace to the enemies of mankind. May we not quote Disraeli's famous epigram: "The Honorable Gentleman seems intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

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FIGHTING THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Chimney Corner Observations

By Pearl Rall



IT is about to befall us! Step by step it has been coming and, latterly, we have been standing on tiptoe breathlessly awaiting this last. Science pointed to it inevitably by precedent; reason urged it mercilessly; fear shook its bony finger toward the horrible possibility. It began with the grudging concession of a soul to the female, followed by acknowledgment of an individual personality; then education, entry into business as a favor,

a dangerous experiment that is leading to the granting of the vote and a kind of participation in public affairs. The day of the feminist is about to be followed now by a further departure of woman from her long-appointed path laid down, so scientists tell us in learned volumes, by man at a time when woman was fulfilling her mission to posterity and the human race, when her back was broad and she was busy with very important matters concerning the future of the race. But now she is going to get it back on man in the funniest fashion imaginable, and the joke of it is he is bringing it on himself and don't know it.

Now while the males of the species are busily engaged, almost the world over, in the game of fighting the females of the species, ever more canny than the males—as well as more "deadly"—are going to turn the tables on poor unsuspecting men by adopting trousers. Not "trousers" in the active tense and personality as we have been accustomed to think of them and as we are led to believe from a vaudeville sketch of the past season, depicting a peculiar custom presumably practiced "somewhere in France," but the garments themselves.

Like everything else these days, from the high price of snails for soup to the unusual weather or the ant pest, it is all the fault of the war. And of course the war is the result of the recrudescence of the primitive male instinct for fighting and adventure. So it's all the fault of the men if after the war they can't tell their womenfolk from their field comrades. Now so there! Why in England and even in naughty France, we are told, knee trousers for women have become so common that "legs is no treat." As a matter of fact the seriousness of the situation and the requirements of her new burdens have made it both sensible and unobtrusive, praise be.

We are told that the women employes of a certain American factory rebelled at the introduction of a trouser uniform while on duty. But it's no use! It's bound to be. For to make it all the more immanently threatening that tyrant, Dame Fashion, before whom no woman however strong-minded can do more than make a vain protest as she follows her mandates, seems to be adding her merci-

less and distasteful edict to the word that has gone forth to date.

It began in this country with the coquettishly funny and innocent looking Peggy Jeans. Don't sneer at homely enjoyment you have not experienced. Not even Vance Thompson, modern knight for woman's right to all life has to offer of individuality, can have any conception of the skittish feeling of daring to the little "geese" nor the dangerously intoxicating sense of freedom, convenience and downright commonsenseness to the stronger minded women with these clownish bifurcated garments on. Sequestered women have the garden movement to thank for this blessing. Now the call to arms and the readjustment of the commercial world resultant is threatening a general enrollment of the women of the business world, to which the example of the English and French women is giving strength. And between the two extreme wings of the feminine army the society woman just can't resist the experience. Alas, where are we headed?

Next winter we may expect the society editor's report of Mrs. Gotrox reception to read something like this: "Mrs. Gotrox was attired in a lovely trouser creation of pink georgette over pink satin, made in oriental fashion to the ankles and artistically adorned with heavy embroidery of apple blossoms and butterflies. In the receiving line with Mrs. Gotrox were Mrs. Aristoc, who wore a dainty white trouser gown of broadcloth, severely tailored, and with white leather puttees; Mrs. Noveauriche in a gorgeous inspiration of yellow satin trimmed with gilt buttons and silver thread lace that fell in a glistening cascade over her richly embroidered puttees imported from the Orient, etcetera, etcetera." Won't that be novel and excitingly thrilling reading! Think of the new shivers of maidenly reserve to be overcome in becoming a seasoned society dame! Off at the shoulders, up from the floor. Even Mama may share in the excitement this year. She may feel almost as giddy and interesting as Mary, her debutante daughter.

It's going to be a great year for women, evidently, if Dame Fashion and Necessity succeed in whipping us into line. Then if we have to drive a motor truck or assume the real burdens of the business world on our feminine shoulders for ever so short a time we'll be jolly well prepared.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

BRACK SHOPS

PROMENADE 8

PHONE F 2410

Duplicity: My sister is coming out soon.
Simplicity: What was she in for?

WOMEN MUST DO THEIR SHARE

Public Welfare Concerning Every Home

By Mrs. Frank C. Wilder

Our mothers had no real public life. Their homes occupied nine-tenths of their time and attention. The rest was given to a few friends and relatives and the church. A wonderful change has taken place and there is hardly a woman of this generation who does not acknowledge that she has many duties concerning the public good, though her idea of what these are may be vague.

The mother who is bringing up a family of young children has no more time to spare for outside work than her husband has from his business, perhaps not so much. There is no more important public work than the rearing of good citizens. If a woman does this well, for a few years she will have little time for outside affairs. But that little should be as conscientiously given as if it were much. After the last baby starts to school and the mother no longer has the children under her direct care, for five hours at least daily she will be free to use more time for the general good. These leisure hours will constantly increase, the children must give their hours to classes, clubs, gymnasium, sports, and work of their own which claims the time out of school for the modern child.

The last third of a woman's life is as free as a man's so far as the choice of work goes. Even if her housework claims its eight hours a day (which it usually does not for the city woman with modern conveniences) there is still the other eight which is all the free time a man has at best. The household and family duties of many women are so slight after fifty, that they should then take up some money-making occupation or enter upon work for the community as a serious business.

There is a tremendous economic waste in the idleness of women over fifty. The absurd idea that having brought up a family they are entitled to rest and take life easy forever after, possesses many of them. A father who has done his duty supporting a family until they are able to take care of themselves, does not then consider his work in the world done nor should the mother who has attended to their upbringing.

If we are ready and willing to do our part in public work how shall we go about it? First we must do our share politically by availing ourselves of suffrage whether partial or complete, provided we are privileged to live in a suffrage state. Secondly we must go into club work and join such organizations as are most attractive and available. I do not mean that we are to enter these for the social and cultural benefit to be derived thereby. Those may come to us as a reward and blessing for our unselfish endeavor but they should not be our primary object.

The woman who thinks she will work independently among her friends and acquaintances is making a mistake. It is only by joining with the many that the evils affecting the many can be overcome. Nature illustrates this when we compare the force of a single drop of water thrown on a rock with that of a cataract wearing away the stone. Certain phases of public work seem to particularly concern women; those which affect the home and children.

Everywhere we must stand firmly together for their protection and advancement, for some men are selfish and others lack understanding of children's needs.

Every woman should do what she can to protect her weaker sisters. We should support the eight-hour law and see that it is enforced. We should insist on equal pay for women for equal work. During war time when so many women must take men's places in the world no false ideas of patriotism should lead them to accept lower pay than men received provided they can do the work as well. Let them take their fair reward and then give it for the good of the country as they see fit.

There is in my opinion no doubt about the right of woman's suffrage. We have on our side the judgment of most good and great men and have had it since Emerson, Phillips Brooks, and Whittier gave it their approval. I do not, however, believe in militant suffrage which destroys property and harries a worried president by picketing the White House. The old adage that "Two wrongs never made a right," is as applicable here as elsewhere, but women should use their personal and organized influence on behalf of suffrage. There is nothing so strong as public opinion. When we can change that we can win suffrage as we are winning the world for prohibition.

Other measures which should have our support are child labor laws, food inspection, mothers' pensions, universal education, and all legislation affecting the schools. We should work for proper school houses, well lighted and ventilated, for competent teachers and uncrowded class rooms. Thirty-five pupils are enough for any one teacher to handle.

To vote intelligently it is necessary to read the papers. Where they are owned and controlled by corporations it is especially necessary to read more than one, if our judgment is to be unbiased. It is the duty of all voters to attend political meetings, especially primaries, which usually attract the least attention. We should know all that we can of the candidates for election. To do this we must not only read about them but where it is possible get the opinion of those in a position to know more than we. It should be needless to say that women having the vote should use it, but I live in a suffrage state and know that very many of the best and most intelligent women fail to vote through carelessness, indolence, and indifference. They forget that the world is looking to the states already having suffrage to see what good it can accomplish.

It is the duty of women who can accept office in some organization or hold public positions of trust to do so. There should be no declining through love of selfish ease or mock humility. The great majority are unable to do such work through lack of education, time, health, or circumstances. The only effectual way to do war work is through some organization and every woman who can do even a little should not miss the opportunity in this world crisis.

We should help democracy not only in this great war, but also in the smaller affairs of neighborhood, civic, and social life. Let us put aside all that makes for snobbishness and exclusiveness and recognize in a practical way the brotherhood of man. Our culture, education, money and leisure

are given us that we may serve. We should work for civic improvement, for our town or city is our home in a broad sense. We want proper housing for all, dwellings that furnish sunshine, fresh air, privacy, and enough space. We desire proper play conditions, supervised dance halls, good shows, plenty of parks, playgrounds, and neighborhood centers. We demand sanitary conditions in our streets and public buildings. We wish to stand together a solid sisterhood against the powers of darkness, alcohol, drugs, prostitution, and sex diseases. Let us work for eugenic marriage and a law requiring marriage health certificates, for proper sex instruction of young people and their social protection. In regard to "men's sowing wild oats" women have suddenly changed their attitude and are demanding protection for themselves and for their unborn children. If the race is to advance we must also secure birth-control.

Women have made tremendous progress in a single generation. But still thousands are apathetic. Doubtless the war will make many more waken to a realization that the world has much work to do and is calling to them to perform their share.

Insurance from Militants

An English insurance company issues a policy covering damage done by militant suffragettes.

In 1850 only one woman worked for wages to every 10 men; now the ratio is one woman to four men.

The waves are high today, aren't they?

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The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from August number.)

I did not know what was going on in the house, but kept a sharp lookout on the road, for I did not want any one to see me planing slabs. I soon saw a man coming down the road who seemed very much excited when he met the Indian running away. As soon as he came within calling distance he asked us what the Indian had been doing; of course we didn't know but soon found out, for sister began calling for help to restore mother. The man told us he was the worst Indian in the valley and the chief of his band, and that he had been up to the Mountain House, where there was a United States garrison with a few officers stationed, and had been caught spying around.

Every mile or two all through the valley there were rancheros of Indians. One morning shortly after this, just at day break we were awakened by the Indians yelling and singing their war songs. If you have never heard them, I cannot find words to express the horribleness of those sounds, and how it seems to freeze the very blood in your veins, and grip your heart strings almost to the breaking point.

Father kept all the men in from the woods that day and had them stay close to the house, for he knew not what moment they would be called into action.

We girls went to washing to get that out of the way, and about ten o'clock we saw a man coming running his horse at full speed and as he came nearer we saw his horse was dripping with foam. He told us to get ready to go to the nearest block house if we had none of our own, for the Indians were on the war path, and had murdered settlers in the lower part of the valley the night before. He said he would go on to the garrison and get the soldiers for our escort, for the nearest block house was about two miles away. We hurriedly threw our clothes and eatables together, and in less than an hour we were behind the thick cabin walls that were the only protection from the Indians in that part of the valley.

These block houses were built of thick logs with port holes around them about as high as a man's head, and here two or three men could protect their families from a whole band of renegade Indians. All the men from the garrison and in the neighborhood went to surround the band of Indians near us before they could spread and begin their depredations. As we passed on our way to the block house we could hear the shooting of our men and the terrible yelling of the squaws.

We had only been there a short time when they began to bring in the wounded men, and we knew not how soon some of those nearest and dearest to us would be brought in and laid at our feet never to speak to us again.

But we had no time to brood, for work must be done to relieve the suffering men for there was no doctor near, and we had only the simplest of home remedies to be applied. In about three hours my

father, who was at the head of the volunteers, (see footnote) came with about 150 Indian prisoners. They did not want to kill the Indians but to keep them from joining the other tribes.

(See Bancroft's History of Oregon, Vol. 2)—38j.

They took from them their bows and arrows, and with all the rest of their belongings moved them up near the Dunn block house, where they had to be guarded night and day. The feeding of 150 Indians was no small task and worked a great hardship on the men.

In this day of repeating rifles it is hard to realize the process of fighting in the '53 war. Every fighter carried hung from his shoulder, a powder horn, which was made from a cow's horn, the big end being made air tight by a piece of wood fitting into it, and the little end stopped with a cork. First the powder was put into the barrel of the gun and packed down tight with a "ram rod," then the bullet wrapped in a strong piece of cloth was pushed down to meet the powder, when the trigger was snapped on a small piece of flint which set the sparks a flying, caught the cloth around the bullet, ignited the powder and sent the bullet flying on its deadly mission. And this process had to be gone through every time the gun was fired. Another great inconvenience was that no two guns were alike and bullets had to be moulded to fit each gun. The lead came in bars about one foot long,—this was put into a ladle over a fire, and when it came to a white heat, was run into bullet moulds.

This is some difference from the modern warfare of today. About two days after we left home, a guarded pack train came along on its way to Northern California. Father took his wagon and us girls and went along with it as far as our home, where he left us and went on to the Mountain House for supplies at the block house. We gathered in our clothes from the line where they had remained undisturbed and tied them in sheets with all the other clothing we had left behind in our haste; also took butter and cheese from the milk house, and everything we thought we could use, for we did not know how long the siege would last.

Father thought we were perfectly safe there by ourselves, for he thought all the Indians in that part of the valley were under guard. The Indians would only fight from ambush and there was no small brush near enough to our house to be reached by their bows and arrows. However, he felt very different about it when he reached the Mountain House and found an arrow in the hip of one of the mules of his pack. We saw him coming on the run, calling as he drew near that Indians were at large and he knew not how many there were. I wanted to get some corned-beef from the smoke house, but father said we might all be murdered if we delayed a minute. He ran his horses all the way down to the block house. It seemed that the management of the whole affair rested on father's shoulders and when he had us safely inside the place

(Continued on Page 12)

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SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

Women Have Made Good

October tenth, and the great democratic doctrine of political equality will have been demonstrated so far as the State of California is concerned. Proudly women have risen to the duties of citizenship, and have proven their rightful claims to every avenue of service in civil life and as patriots they are now in the forefront of the activities of the war. They have turned their clubrooms into hailing places for all who will serve that great civilian arm of the Government—the American Red Cross. Through their auxiliaries they have completed thousands of garments for the possible use in the hospitals upon foreign fields of battle, and they have knitted many more thousands for the protection of our boys against the winter's cold. Even as I write, the women of California are organizing Centers, Auxiliaries to the Red Cross, and holding conventions in public halls and conversations in their private homes devoted to one theme—all in the interests of our common cause—humanity and the peace of the world.

As officeholders in California, women have generally made good, though very few of them have sought public places. As members of State commissions, they have demonstrated beyond cavil or criticism their genius for co-operative service. All in all, at the close of the sixth year of political equality with men, women have no reason to regret the use of the ballot and the gallant men of California have undisputed cause to be proud of them.

Now let the women of all the States of the Union

get into line, and be ready for the final victory, soon to be realized in the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, pending in Congress lo! these many years. Preparation by States will prove the wisdom of delay—for just in proportion that proper agitation is indulged in and arguments upon the subject are conducted, the people are wise, and men and women reach sound conclusions.

Picketing the White House, flaunting banners in the face of the President of the United States, and heckling statesmen who do not quite agree with women will not hasten the action of Congress upon the Federal Suffrage Amendment, but retard it. Western women have little sympathy with the picketettes in their unauthorized propaganda. The New American Woman and the untold millions of women of all races and countries whom it represents condemn their course as needless, and their conduct as unworthy of American womanhood.

THE BIG BROTHERS LEAGUE

RECENTLY there has been a revival of a social activity known as the "Big Sister Movement," the main object of which is to uplift the fallen woman and to protect and stay those who are weak of will and likely to fall if left alone.

The idea is a good one, and so exceedingly good, too, that men as well as women should join the organization and assist in the work the Big Sisters have undertaken.

But what we most need, need above all else, is a Big Brothers League, organized for the specific purpose of protecting the daughters and sisters of men. Such an organization would find its animating force at the core of each man's heart. To protect those who are mothering the human race is the natural emotion of every man born of woman. He is false to himself who contributes to the downfall of any man's sister. He knows that he has violated the highest law.

The man who prates of shielding his own young sister is a hypocrite who fails to shield the sisters of other men. The Big Brothers League to protect women is what society needs.

Organized manhood in every city of the land to protect women against themselves would be a step in the right direction—a step to be sure never heretofore undertaken, but one which could serve a mighty need.

In absolute safety the gentle Sisters of Charity pursue their course in isolated places amid surroundings the most degraded, serving humanity, nursing the sick, housing the destitute, feeding the hungry, and all men, including the degenerate and the libertine, revere them, no matter whether or not they are friendly to the great Mother Church of which the Sisters are a part.

The Big Sister movement is but one step in the scheme of protection for girls and women and the weakest step. The Big Brothers League is the strong arm of defense, defense primarily against men themselves individually and collectively.

Every man should stand as a wall of fire around every woman's virtue and he would be likely to do so were he a real "Big Brother," a member of a league sworn to protect women and girls against immorality and misery.

Who will lead in the Big Brother League movement? In statutes of man's own making he proclaims his degeneracy. The Mann Act, and all the so-called White Slavery laws were by men enacted to—what? To protect women! Alas! the night is dark and the sun can never shine again when once men convince women of their self-declared unworthiness.

But if men are as debased as they would have us believe, very well. Women will protect themselves. They need only to know that men are wolves, seeking to devour the sisters of men. This fact (if fact it is) once fixed in the minds of young women they will soon prove themselves equal to their own defense.

In a series of articles written by women lawyers running in the Sunday issue of a great daily newspaper, man is charged with unspeakable crimes against young women employed as maids or servants in their own households. In detail the stories of girls who had suffered mistreatment by the husbands and grown sons of the homes where they were employed are enough to sicken the soul of every man who reads. We need a new world—a new and a better man to inhabit it. And we must have a new, a stronger woman to mother the race.

Before the City Council of Los Angeles Judge Thomas P. White arraigned the mayor and the police department for a system of official espionage by which women were lured to rooms and induced by money furnished by the municipality to commit shameful acts. Many of the leading and most trusted among men spoke in defense of the mayor and the chief of police. It seemed impossible that these men could entertain the views they expressed toward a system that aided the weak and fallen to fall still further! Oh hearts that love! Oh women who have sinned! Oh ministers of the doctrine of salvation! Pause and reflect. Go not further in this course of thinking. You are wrong. Your own hearts tell you so. The fallen woman needed protection, and not temptation; she asked for bread, you threw her a stone. You overlooked her real value, her spiritual nature, and made her sex the object of your attack. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."

CALIFORNIA'S CONGRESSMAN

Hon. Julius Kahn, whose long career has been marked with dignity and force upon every great question that has come up for solution in the House of Representatives, has again justified the faith of his hosts of devoted friends in his speech upholding America's entrance into the war, and her inalienable right to sail the seas unmolested.

"For 102 years," he said, "the rights of this country to sail its ships wherever under international law they had the right to go was never questioned until Germany served notice on America that German submarines would sink every American ship found within certain areas of the Atlantic Ocean."

To have accepted that doctrine, Mr. Kahn declared, would have meant the surrender of American sovereignty and to have set a precedent to be followed on the Pacific if any nation wanted to keep United States ships off that ocean.

Said Mr. Kahn: "I cannot blame the mothers of

the country whose heartstrings are torn because their boys are called to the front, but had not the mothers of 1789, 1812 and 1815 sacrificed their boys we would not now be enjoying the blessing of liberty."

Referring to those who are spreading the seeds of disloyalty, treason and sedition Mr. Kahn said, "These men and women should be called to account by the civil authorities in every State wherever found."

He quoted from a letter of Lincoln in 1863, asking: "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?" And answering, "To silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

The Middle

By Nelle De Luce Strong

IN the middle of the flower
There's a little sack of gold
That is filled with choicest honey,
In the middle, I am told.

In the middle of the star
There's a little twinkle-light
That grows brighter every hour
Toward the middle of the night.

In the middle of the sea-shell
Are voices low and clear,
From the middle of the ocean
To the middle of your ear.

In the middle of the doughnut
There's a hole so big that you
Can put your hand up to the middle
Or let it go quite through.

In the middle of the garden
Just beneath the rose hedge row
(You may see it in the morning
If you go there on tip-toe.)

Is a place just filled with fairies
In the middle of their play—
They will scatter all about you
Toward the middle of the day.

In the middle of the middle
Is the middle just the same;
Take the middle from the middle
And the Middle is its name.

Donald McAllister, a Scottish farmer, was going to town for a day or two, and his daughter Maggie had a weary time listening to the hundred-and-one instructions he gave her as to care and economy.

"Mind the coal." "Don't waste any food," "Don't sit up burning light," etc.

Finally, he set off, but in a moment he was back with a parting admonition:

"An', Maggie, there's young Angus. See that he doesn't wear his spectacles when he's no readin' or writin'! It's needless wear an' tear!"—Tit-Bits.

The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains
(Continued from Page 9)

of refuge the strain he had passed through proved almost too much for him.

Pack trains could not move from point to point without a guard. Every settlement was threatened and the stock of the farmers was being slaughtered nightly in some parts of the valley. All private dwellings had to be fortified and no one could pass along the road except at the peril of his life. I might tell volumes of the horrors and hardships the white man suffered at the hands of the redskins. Soon came the news that the Indians had killed two men at the Jewet Ferry on Rogue River and had wounded another during the night, and then proceeding on their way had mortally wounded Isaac Shelton who was on his way to Yreka. They then came to the house of J. K. Jones, killing him and his wife and after pilfering their home burned it to the ground. They continued on their bloodthirsty way until they came to the King place. Mrs. King was alone in the house with her four-year old child and both were burned to death as they were unable to escape when the Indians fired their home. Mr. King had left the house just a short time before to escort a temperance lecturer from New York over to Sailor Diggings, and when he returned wife, child and home had all fallen prey to the savage redskins. They next came to the house of our friend George Harris. He saw them coming as he stood in the doorway but before he could get to safety an arrow had done its deadly work in piercing his side. He fell back but closed and barred the door and as his was a block house he showed his wife how to load and fire the gun through the port holes, and was even able for a while to mould bullets over the coals in the fireplace. Think of the agony she must have passed through when words of encouragement failed to come from the prostrate form on the floor and she knew by the silence that he had been called in death, but she still had her little daughter's life to think of and fight for. When the Indians at day break knew they could not pierce through the walls of the block house and that they were defeated, they tried to come down the chimney, but when she heard them she ripped open her feather bed and placed feathers on the smoldering coals in the fireplace making such a smudge that it proved even too much for an Indian. When she was rescued after twenty-four hours of resistance she was so marked with powder and blood that she was hardly recognizable.

There were many other heroic women whose brave deeds during these savage wars in southern Oregon must forever remain unrecorded.

We knew of another family who ran out a secret door when they were attacked at dark and all escaped but a young son about twelve years of age who was captured by the Indians. This mother's heart was wrung with grief, and as I knew her in after years she was always searching in every face she saw for some resemblance of her long lost boy, but at her death the dream of his home coming was still unfulfilled.

The next day Captain Goodall came with his company of volunteers from Yreka, and with them was our cousin Ishem Keith whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, I have spoken of before. Ishem in-

sisted that father move us to Fort Wagner which was about ten miles below the Dunn block house, for he said to father, "Uncle, just as sure as you live other Indians will come and try to rescue these prisoners you have here."

So under the escort of Capt. Goodall and his company we moved to Fort Wagner, where we stayed for several months.



The walls around this fort covered about an acre of ground and were two feet thick and twelve feet high and had port holes every few feet all around. Inside the wall was a large block house where the Wagner family lived, and the men told all the women and children that in case of an attack to all run into this house, and leave the ground to the full sweep of the men. At

each corner of the wall was built a high observation station, where a sharp look-out was kept day and night.

We had been here but a few days when my cousin's prophecy came true. The men who had the prisoners in charge were kind to them and fed them well, so were not looking for any trouble from outsiders. After father left, John Gibbs was placed in charge, and had such confidence in them that he told my mother that if he had a thousand lives to live he would trust them in old Sambo's hands. They had had the prisoners for about a month and as nothing had happened they had grown careless. One morning just at day break the guards foolishly laid down their guns and went to the back of the house to make the fires for breakfast, when the air was rent with terrible yells of the Indians who had laid in ambush all night for the opportunity of rescuing the prisoners. And this same Sambo whom John Gibbs had trusted so, took Gibbs' own gun which was loaded, shot and wounded him so that he died soon after. I shall never forget as they were taking Gibbs to Jacksonville for medical attention, they drew up in front of Fort Wagner where Gibbs' sweetheart was and he asked for her to come and kiss him, for he seemed to know he would never see her again; so with eyes blinded with tears she laid her lips against his, and for a few minutes the world held only two people for them. The soldiers and volunteers all stood with uncovered heads, for they too knew their friend and companion would soon take the long journey from which there would be no returning.

Besides Gibbs, William Hodges was killed and Bruce Whitman, A. G. Fordyce and M. B. Morris were wounded. All these men except Gibbs were immigrants who had arrived the night before. They crossed the plains meeting with Indians every day and then when they had reached the land of their desires, to meet their death at the hand of the Indians seemed indeed a cruel fate.

The day before the attack the men had been

warned by Thomas Smith who had had experience with Indians in Texas and knew their ways. He had seen Indian tracks a half mile below where the prisoners were kept, and told the men to put on an extra guard that night, for he knew there was mischief brewing. Gibbs paid no attention to the warning and paid the penalty with his life. There had been communication between the tribes, for the attacking Indians knew exactly where the guns were kept for they made a dash for them. They secured about twenty, and the white men were powerless to defend themselves.

The Indians had no bullet moulds and could not have used the guns had it not been for a man living about two miles below Fort Wagner who was a blacksmith by trade; he was friendly with the Indians and encouraged them in their fighting. He moulded bullets to fit the stolen guns, gave them ammunition and taught them how to shoot. This man had been writing for an Eastern paper blaming the whites for all the trouble, saying the Indians were a friendly, hospitable race who had been oppressed until forbearance was no virtue, and that the war of '53 was entirely the fault of the whites. About the time the white men found out that he was aiding the Indians, a copy of this paper fell into the hands of one of the men. So they called an indignation meeting outside the fort, which every available man attended. The paper was read and discussed and it was decided to hang this man the next morning at day-break. This man had a son who was a fine young fellow and belonged to the volunteers, and in some way he got wind of the meeting. He lingered on the outskirts of the crowd and heard the planning to do away with his father early the next morning. He ran to his home with all his might, got his father up out of bed and rushed him to the fort where General Lane had some United States soldiers, and under guard he was taken to Crescent City, where he was put on a steamer and shipped out of the country. The next thing heard of him, he was lecturing all through the East upholding the Indians and blaming the whites; he aided in spreading the prejudice already created against the people of Oregon by writers who had never been there, and possibly never seen an Indian. To this man's efforts were largely due the results that kept the claims of the people of southern Oregon from being paid.

Many lost heavily by the Indians setting fire to their fields and homes and killing their stock, and had it not have been for gold being discovered in Jacksonville Creek, the people of southern Oregon would have suffered from hunger.

Food stuffs were brought from Honolulu ships to Crescent City, and from there brought to us by pack train. We paid one dollar per pound for sugar, fifty cents a pound for beans and \$30.00 for a fifty-pound sack of flour. This flour had been packed on the mules' backs, and by the time it reached us it was so full of hairs we had great difficulty in using it at all. After all our sieving and straining through a fine cloth, we seldom had a baking without finding a few hairs in it, much to our disgust.

One day we heard there would be sixty men come to Fort Wagner the next morning for breakfast and father said he would feed twenty of them; so the next morning we were up early and by the time the men arrived we had the white oil-cloth

we had crossed the plains with spread on the ground and places set for twenty. I guess it looked pretty good to those soldier boys, for they raced around and looked at the other places, and then forty of them came back to our table, two eating off of one plate.

(Continued in October Number)

San Gabriel's Bells

Dedicated to John McGroarty

On this sunny Sabbath morn,
Comes to me on breezes borne,
Across San Gabriels' Vale,
The sound of Mission bells,
Whose tintabulation tells,
An old romantic tale.

And across the sands of Time,
To that far Oberian clime,
The years by fancy spanned,
Lo! I see the land, whence came,
In their hearts a living flame,
Serra and his saintly band.

To California's shore,
The Spanish argosies bore,
Both the soldier and the saint.
And from San Diego's bay,
To beyond fair Monterey,
They were hungry and were faint.

But Fra Serra's mighty soul,
The faltering ones control,
And with dauntless faith inspires;
As with Christian cross in hand,
He wandered through this land,
Lighting up the altar fires.

Up and down his chosen land,
Snowy mountains, burning sand,
Many weary years he trod,
Hardships, dangers, could not daunt,
That great figure, frail and gaunt,
Dedicated to his God.

* * *

Kling! Klang! Kling!
As in the turrets they sway and swing,
Let the brazen bells the story sing.
Toll! Bells, Toll!
For the peaceful repose of that great soul.
Let your clash and clangor o'er the land roll.

And now they are tolling. They seem to tell,
That with Fra Junipero all is well.
And as in the turrets they swing and sway,
To my listening ears they seem to say,
"It needs not tolling bell
Or monument to tell
Of his Fame.
In letters large and grand,
In the annals of the land,
Stands Serra's name."

James T. Eagny,
4921 Wilton Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from August Number)



Now that I had become a full-fledged lawyer I began to shift my sails in a somewhat different course. I was tired of fighting—fighting for what was mine by every law of right and justice. My office had been the rendezvous of the poor and the weak, as well as of the strong and the efficient. I had but little knowledge of business, as understood by men of affairs, and consequently, though I had many cases out of which an experienced man would have realized enormous fees, I seldom thought of myself or my interests in my zeal for my clients, and in proportion that I forgot my rights I failed to impress upon my clients their obligation to pay for my services. And even when I received a large fee I had neither experience nor business judgment to guide me in its management.

Many incidents of this would be interesting to my readers, but in this running hurried biography I can barely touch upon the high spots and allow you to guess at the rest of them. I have about decided that in response to numerous requests I will as soon as leisure allows, re-write and elaborate this true story of my struggles and triumphs, and issue it in book form. Already many offers of subscription to such a volume have been received at the office of the New American Woman.

Strange to say that though I had started the fight on behalf of women, my clients, with but few exceptions, were men. There are many reasons for this, however, principally, that few women prior to suffrage in California did business for themselves, or handled their own estates. I had hosts of admiring friends among women, but men lawyers generally got their business. There was one woman, a born coquette, living at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco who won my admiration for the masterful way in which she domineered over the gay gallants in epaulets and gold braid and buttons

who held forth at that old time popular hostelry. Major Hooper, whose memory I lovingly cherish, was the manager, and because of his gracious and manly course with all women, the majority of them who lived at the hotel were secretly, at least, just dead in love with him—myself among the number.

Of course he was unconscious of this, nor do I believe Major Hooper had any sort of design upon the affections of his lady guests. Men loved Major Hooper; he was essentially a real man's man.

The coquette, the beautiful Madame Bazette—that was the name she gave us who were fairly worshipping at her pretty feet. She spoke with a delightful foreign accent, her gowns were inspiring, her millinery—Oh, well! Her lingerie, her jewels, her apartment, all and everything she said or did were models of beauty and sweetness unalloyed.

I began to wish I had been born in France of French parents. Indeed, Madame Bazette proposed to take me back to Paris with her—and well, of course she had no use for five youngsters, and when I demurred leaving them behind the plan of my trip to Paris gradually vanished.

Two years later on my way to Boston, where my little Virginia was studying in the New England Conservatory of Music, I stopped over at Colorado Springs, and there, before me, in the dining room of the Hotel Antlers, sat my siren with her sister, who, if it were possible, was more beautiful than Madame herself.

She came at once to my table and greeted me most cordially. "Why, Madame Bazette!" I exclaimed. "Hush," she said, with the tip of her dainty forefinger upon her pouting lips, "Sh—my name is not Bazette but Bolles—that name was assumed for a purpose; nor am I French." She must have observed my perturbed emotions, my evident surprise at her diction, the absence of her French accent, for she spoke good English—as every educated American-born and reared girl is expected to speak.

Upon her urgent invitation I joined her in her room a few minutes later, where for the first time she told me the story of her life. It is not my purpose to repeat anything she told me (for no lawyer worthy of the name will disclose the secrets of his client) save what subsequently appeared of record in the courts of Colorado Springs.

"I am," said my beautiful friend, "the wife of a millionaire resident of this city, Richard J. Bolles. I had been thinking of you, my dear, for many weeks, and longing to see you. When you walked into the dining room an hour ago I decided at once to employ you to obtain a settlement of my financial interests and a divorce from my husband. I have had just twenty lawyers in my case; you will be the twenty-first. I can't get along with any of my lawyers except Mr. Thompson (afterwards Governor of Colorado). I want you to be associated with him in my case. Of course you will do this much for me won't you dear, and without waiting for an answer Madame rang for a bell boy and dispatched a note to Mr. Thompson's room in the Antlers, asking him to please speak with a lady in the parlor who would present a line of introduction from her. All this was very hastily arranged and later I went to the parlor and sent my card, together with the introduction, to Mr. Thompson, who came at once, evidently thinking me a prospective client.

He was very charming indeed. Expressed himself

as extremely pleased to meet me; hoped I would like Colorado, etc. But when I mentioned the fact that Mrs. Bolles desired that I should join him as associate counsel in her law-suit against her husband, his affability disappeared, nor did he try in the least to conceal his opposition to and contempt for a woman lawyer as an associate with HIM. Finally he began in a sort of apologetic patronizing manner by saying something about the good repute I sustained at the California bar, etc.; that he had no objections to me as a lady, "but I will not associate with any woman at the bar; I will leave the case first," he said as he bade me a curt good evening and walked, lean and hungry-looking, with head erect, through the nearest exit.

I returned to Mrs. Bolles' room and related to her Mr. Thompson's objection to associating with a woman lawyer. Whereupon she wrote him then and there another note, wherein she discharged him absolutely from her case, saying, "If you will not have a woman lawyer as your associate, you may retire from my case."

In the excitement I forgot to mention my fee, did not ask for anything, save for the facts of her case, and so it was that for five long weeks I investigated, consulted, prepared pleadings and listened to a million stale, flat and unprofitable stories of my client's turbulent matrimonial career, gathered and weighed evidence enough to have hung a dozen husbands, and finally the case was at issue and on the calendar for hearing before a jury.

I won a verdict of seventy-five thousand dollars in money and stock and bonds in mining property which amounted to about fifty thousand more, and a decree of divorce.

My client was very grateful—she was overjoyed in fact, her happiness was complete until I mentioned my fees for my services; and then, Oh, how could she ever pay such a large fee as that! I am quite ashamed even now to tell the insignificant amount I named as compensation for my services. I remember yet that after I returned from Europe to San Francisco, my brother Sam remarked, "You must have received a good fee in the Bolles case." I told him the truth of course. He replied, "My dear sister, you ought to have a guardian," and I agreed with him.

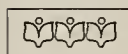
From Colorado Springs I carried certified checks of my client to the Chemical Bank of New York and invested for her, with the assistance of the president of the bank, in securities to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars.

I crossed over to Boston with my first-born, my beautiful Trella, to see Virginia, who later accompanied me to Europe. After two months' sojourn in London we crossed the Channel, stopped at 44 Rue de Cliche, with many other Americans, learned to speak the French language fairly well, and just as I began to wish I might never have to leave Paris I fell very ill, and was obliged to call a physician. He advised me to return to America as soon as I could; that I was on the verge of a very bad case of nervous break-down. Then I remembered how hard I had worked, toiled night and day for five weeks with a case that twenty other lawyers had fought over, and had no rest or repose between hours, for Mrs. Bolles hardly left my side, and talked incessantly. No wonder I was ill!

We left Paris at once, foregoing many happy occasions planned, and excursions with our friends whose dear faces I long again to see. We reached Dieppe at one o'clock p. m. and started for London via New Haven. At exactly three o'clock our ship, the Seaford, was struck by a freighter, the Lion, and in less than eighteen minutes the Seaford sank to the bottom of the English channel.

(Continued in October Number)

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In the June number of the *New American Woman* I criticised former Senator John D. Works for his attitude toward the administration at Washington and called attention to his message telegraphed to a convention of pacifists held in New York, that we had "dishonored ourselves by declaring war."

I called upon Senator Works to reverse an opinion which could not possibly have been deduced from all the evidence. I asked him to re-read the President's war message and his many other written communications and to credit him for his patient intelligent efforts to maintain the peace of America through the intricate channels of diplomacy.

I assured Senator Works that the exercise of that splendid mental poise which had distinguished him through his useful and brilliant career was never so badly needed as at this hour.

To this criticism Senator Works replied at great length and the same was published in our July number. Notwithstanding the fact that I re-published the criticism at the top of the same page containing his reply, a flood of letters have been received denouncing me for "giving publicity to Senator Works' treasonable utterances," etc.

The *New American Woman*, beginning with Volume I, Number I, has declared for the great Republican doctrine of peace, and for a preparedness that would maintain peace. In support of these views I published in the August number for 1916 an article from the pen of California's able Senator, James D. Phelan, entitled, "Peace and How to Bring It About." Again, in August of 1917 I sought the aid of Senator Phelan, who in a masterly article replied to former Senator Works.

Truth travels slowly, but surely, and now instead of letters filled with denunciation I am praised beyond measure for publishing Senator Phelan's reply to the mistaken views of former Senator Works.

I do not endorse all that is published in the *New American Woman*. A free press and free speech are sacred rights, constitutionally guaranteed, but there is a limit to the use of these rights, just as there are limits to the exercise of many privileges which may not be indulged in at all times and in all places.

In the matter of publishing the views of the leading statesmen of the country in times like these, no editor need refuse to give publicity to erroneous views when we are able to overwhelm them by arguments of statesmen such as that contained in the August number of this magazine by Hon. James D. Phelan. This the *New American Woman* has done and will continue to do without regard to the criticisms of the thoughtless.

Words of appreciation from a writer of genuine merit, whose poem's have appeared frequently in these columns: My dear Mrs. Foltz:

I want to congratulate you upon the fine progress you are making in the editing of *The New American Woman*. Its contents are good from first page to last. The excellence of the editorials are especially noteworthy and entertaining. The verse writer will surely rise up and call you blessed for appreciating him sufficiently to provide a space in your valuable columns for his effusions that go begging for recognition.

In these days of terrible warfare and confusion may you give out cheer and messages that will plant courage in heavy hearts. May continued success be yours in publishing *The New American Woman*.

Sincerely,

ADDISON H. GIBSON.

Mr. C. T. Merritt, a representative business man of Los Angeles, in a letter addressed to the editor, replies to former Senator Works as follows:

Editor *The New American Woman*:—

My attention has been called to ex-United States Senator John D. Works' answer to his critics which appeared in the July number of the *New American Woman*, in justification of his attitude in the United States Senate and in defense of his helpful aid to the pacifists since his retirement to private life.

Believing that his criticism of the present administration for entering the world war—and more particularly that visited upon President Wilson because of his insistence that the basis of peace be established only upon the removal of the Kaiser—is entirely unwarranted, I cannot refrain from responding to it.

Events evidently making so much for the security of the family of nations do not leave their imprint or impress themselves even slightly on the ex-Senator. Having read with keen interest many of his speeches delivered in the United States Senate bearing on all subjects of the nation's welfare I have been most woefully mystified at his attempt to nullify all national efforts of this country in the defense of democracy. On the threshold of this frightful war, and until war was declared, President Wilson's patient attempts to evade it were so pronounced that the jeers of the civilized world rang in our ears. Senator Works' statement that seventy-five per cent of the American people would have voted against President Wilson if his attitude at the time of his re-election had been other than peacefully inclined, is not borne out by facts, from my point of view.

Events in Mexico which transpired after President Wilson's re-election when with patience and firmness he withheld a declaration of war against a nation in the throes of revolution and torn asunder as the result of anarchy and wholly irresponsible to the family of nations—the killing of several hundred Americans were thought by his opponents to be a sufficient cause for a declaration of war. Again President Wilson's masterful move which showed the Kaiser's hand in the Zimmerman note, and which no doubt precluded the cause for danger, otherwise we would possibly be engaged in defending ourselves against Mexico and waging an offensive war against Germany.

German-American resentment against America for engaging in war with the fatherland was greatly removed by the Zimmerman note, as the undermining of their home interests in their adopted country was beyond their conception. Had such facts as became in evidence later been available, President Wilson's re-election would have imparted the sen-

sations of a great upheaval or land slide. His patience was further tried by the sinking of the Lusitania, and if further evidence of extreme patience was lacking it was justified by later events provoking hostilities. But the President stood by his high ideals.

The ex-Senator further says:

"We had the undoubted right to the freedom of the seas, but it was a right beneficial to only a favored few of our people and might have been waived with honor and this nation saved from the dreadful consequences of war."

Disregard for the rights of individuals or of nations breeds contempt, and I feel quite sure the ex-Senator did not support this contention on the bench or in the Senate, so why condone it as applied to our nation when its after-results for harm are beyond computation. We must maintain our national spirit at all hazards.

No doubt all agree as to the underlying cause precipitating the war, namely—commercialism, but the family of European nations anticipating its finality tried to rectify by treaty which was duly signed by all nations at The Hague excepting Germany. Why did she stand aloof? Because for years she had been preparing to dominate the world. The rattling saber and sounding drum were music to the ear of the Kaiser and his militaristic supporters.

You will fully comprehend the reasons prompting President Wilson to refrain from making in any of his communications to Germany the conditions we might impose, if forced to do so,—if Germany by her insistence deny to us our rightful use of the ocean highway; but the need for drastic application did not present itself until April, when the declaration of war followed. Before this event the clouds were hanging low. Hopeful rifts bringing in the sun's rays were eagerly looked for, but the storm broke, and its breaking may electrify and eventually clarify the atmosphere for the generations to follow.

Can you conceive of ending this terrible war and yet leave in the hands of the man who provoked it the right of final word on all matters which pertain to the future peace of the world? It is hard to realize that such a thought should have an abiding place in the well intentioned, and it weighs heavily when you are confronted with the characteristics of the man as shown by his own father's estimate of him, who said:

"Be careful of Wilhelm because he is just as stupid as he is square-headed. He has a religious mania, is full of bigotry and conceit. He is hollow. He poses for a strong man. He is not a strong man. The persons who want to lead him can do so by letting him think he is acting voluntarily and then giving him the credit for his actions. He is too conceited to be strong."

Ex-Senator Works further says:

"The man who resents an insult to his honor by a blow or challenge to a duel, may thus show his physical brute courage, but thereby proves his moral cowardice and lack of good sense."

The time may come—and let us hope that it may—that a blow in defense of honor may be uncalled for, but we have only to do with the present, and the nation withholding its resentment for a wrong and failing to make it effective, cannot establish confidence with the family of nations. It will in due time become an outcast. Honor imparts

courage, lightens the burdens and provides lasting memories in its defense.

The statement that we are prone to differ in our aggressive attitude towards England for maintaining a blockade as compared with Germany, and thereby allowed our rights to be infringed upon, without the breaking off of "good relations," to my way of thinking is uncalled for in the line of comparison. Germany could have sunk our merchantmen and destroyed our property, and we would have rested our claims to a final adjustment after the conflict, but when she ruthlessly took human life, this could not be condoned. No life was taken in maintaining the English blockade, and England justified her course by the establishment during the Civil War of a blockade on cotton, which affected the milling interests at Manchester.

Ex-Senator Works should reverse his view. His good judgment on great matters pertaining to the country's welfare in the past we are conscious of, and the country needs his wisdom and helpful guidance. This is amply shown by the Associated Press dispatch from General Pershing dated August 18, from Paris, in which he says, "I deplore the lukewarmness of the American people in regard to the war," adding,

"Every man, woman and child should support the administration in its determination to arm and equip the American army and to keep up its morale and that of the Allied armies. This war will not be won by talk or by subscribing to the Red Cross. The American people must come to a full realization of what the war means. It can only be won by striking hard and forceful blows."

Let us hope that heed may be given to these pregnant words, and that a loftier patriotism and a keener sense of duty to our country and to all humanity shall speedily find expression.

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By
Rev. Scott Anderson

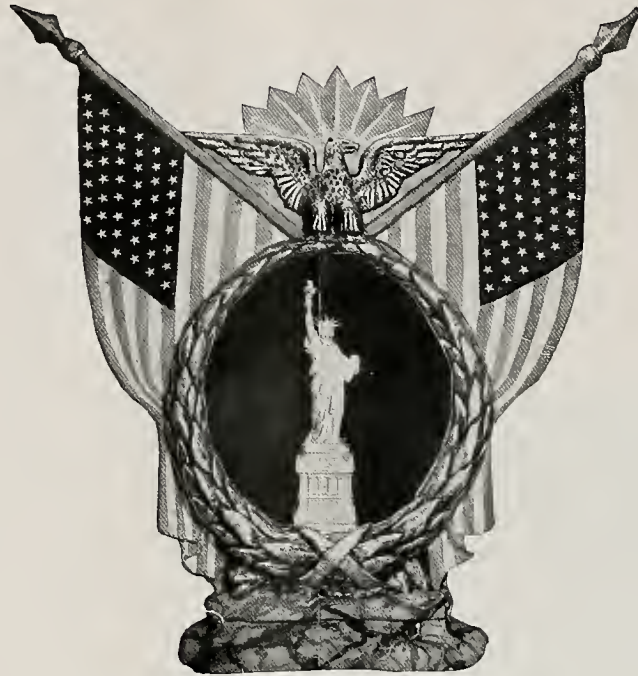
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The air-bridged harbor, that twin cities frame.
‘Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!’ cries she
With silent lips. Give me your tired, your poor—
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free,
The wretched of your teeming store.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 9

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Billy Sunday Prophet or Charlatan

By Scott Anderson, National Lecturer of the International Bible Students Association

BILLY SUNDAY is well known, popular and wealthy. He has realized his hopes, reached his goal, received his reward and seems perfectly satisfied with himself and his achievements. Nature endowed him with some splendid gifts. He has applied himself most assiduously. The temper of the world in this generation is soil peculiarly adapted to his type of genius and ambition. "Billy" Sunday would not have been possible at any other time in the Christian era. The gross materialism of our day, the unprecedented lack of faith and reverence for God and holy things, and the pleasure-seeking mania of all classes of society he has capitalized and all these have contributed heavily to his phenomenal success. Without the French Revolution there could have been no Napoleon Bonaparte. Without the prevailing substitution of Churchianity for Christianity and the fearful world conditions resulting therefrom, there could have been no "Billy" Sunday. And like the "Little Corporal" he has not saved the country, but used a crisis as a stepping stone to personal glory; but the idol of the French met his Waterloo and St. Helena, and Churchianity's idol cannot much longer ride on the crest of the wave, for the wave itself is breaking.

Had Mr. Sunday achieved success as an actor, politician, business man or Chautauqua lecturer his faults would have been less conspicuous, his course less reprehensible and his influence not so blighting and withering. But he has had the audacity to pose as a representative of Christ and God, while parading his talents and receiving the worship and gold of the people. For twenty-one years he has played a continuous ball game, with the people in the bleachers, with the preachers as out-fielders, with Christ as pitcher, God as catcher, the Devil the ball, and "Billy" always at the bat and collector of gate receipts. "Billy" has out-classed Herod. Herod was unable to influence Jesus to work miracles for his amusement, while "Billy" uses God, Christ, the Bible, Heaven, hell, the Devil, slang and near profanity to amuse the people, win their applause and coin. With this general view of the gentleman let us now proceed to analyze his character, message, methods, language and influence.

A visit to the tabernacle should convince anyone that egotism is the chief element of Mr. Sunday's character. He is extremely self-conscious, dominates every feature of the meeting, keeps himself always in the spotlight—standing, shifting from one foot to the other, or moving about on the stage,

manipulating a book or a handkerchief while a prayer is being made, or a solo sung, or someone else is speaking. He gives the impression of being very impatient with everything except his own part in the meeting and of his determination to keep the attention of all riveted on himself while the other necessary features are in progress. In his sermons and prayers he seems equally jealous of God, Christ, Apostles and Prophets, lest they inadvertently might share a bit of the glory. As an expert penman sometimes writes beautiful sentiment while displaying his penmanship, as the birdman describes graceful figures while demonstrating his skill in the air, so Mr. Sunday sometimes says flattering things of Deity while exhibiting his genius at word painting and the coining of epigrams, but it always appears incidental to his one object of self-glorification, and "Billy," not God, gets the applause. He squeezes the juice out of the orange of glory and gives God the rind. Christianity and celestials are used as a tail for "Billy's" kite. The ambassador forgets the sovereign and takes all of the honor unto himself. The Bible says that Lucifer coveted the crown of the Almighty, and thus history repeats itself. Yes, if Mr. Sunday were at a wedding he would want to be the bride; if at a funeral he would want to be the corpse, and the fact that he "gets away with it" is no compliment to his admirers.

Such men as Paul, Luther and Savonarola have recognized the strength of the enemy and the length of the fight, but this evangelistic Mont Blanc has the "Devil on the run" before he reaches town and "hell for rent" soon after. He depends more on the force of suggestion than on the power of truth. He hypnotizes rather than Christianizes, and like all high-powered egotists cannot endure criticism or opposition, but regards all who differ from him as personal enemies and raves at them as "imps of hell." This superlative egotism and intolerance have led many good people to believe Mr. Sunday obsessed.

His sermons during a 'two months' campaign cover a variety of subjects; his illustrations prove him a close observer and widely read; his message is a hodge-podge of dark age theology, politics and social reform; he preaches a God whom he has created in his own image, different from the one manifested in nature and revealed in the Scriptures—an arbitrary, revengeful, swaggerish, sensational Deity, a kind of universal bully, Who uses slang, gives, unlimited poetical license to His pets

on the firing line, and finds His chief pleasure in a good game of ball and in anathematizing and damning His foes. The Christ he preaches has a lot of pardons to place and in the evangelist's own pet phrase, "doesn't give a darn" who accepts or rejects them. He would just as soon lock the iron doors on you as to open the pearly gates to you. The Bible furnishes him a lot of stories, not very familiar to his hearers and which when translated into slang and acted out on the stage make a hit with the audience. The good Bible tells us the sentence resting on the human race as the penalty for father Adam's sin is death and that God having loved the world and Christ having redeemed the race by His sacrificial death the whole human family is to be awakened from the dead, be given a favorable opportunity for learning righteousness and obtaining everlasting life. But Mr. Sunday spits fire and brimstone at his audience for eight weeks at a time and declares there is no mercy to be shown to any of earth's millions except a handful of trail hitters of the Gospel Age, and all the rest of the race is to be roasted and toasted, broiled and sizzled for evermore, while "Billy" and God recount their exploits to the amazement of angels and a few saints in heaven. This evangelistic Samson with his hell-fire jaw bone of an ass slays the trail hitting Philistines, heaps upon heaps, and to question his God-dishonoring theology is to come immediately into possession of a "through ticket to hell;" and he declares he would like to be there to fire the furnace. If there were such a place he probably would experience no difficulty in getting a position there, but thank God, "Billy" will come up in the second resurrection and be given a chance to learn the loving character of God and His gracious plan for the race, to learn reverence for his Maker and live forever. He ought to expunge from his Bible the wonderful words, "God is love," and "Justice is the foundation of His throne," or expunge from his preaching his blasphemous eternal torment theory. He wages relentless war against one class of devils and co-operates with another bunch—hurls thunder bolts at the liquor and Sabbath breaking demons while the demons of pride, ambition, irreverence, false teaching and vulgarity are ever with him in his public ministration.

Isaiah, a true Prophet of God said, "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim and one cried unto another and said, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory,'" but Mr. Sunday addresses the Most High as an equal if not an inferior, puts slang in His mouth and makes Him a silent partner in the big evangelistic corporation of which "Billy" is boss and manager. He preaches social reform rather than repentance arising from a Godly sorrow for sin, and never urges full consecration to do the Father's will even unto death, without which there is no acceptance with God. The Galilean Prophet taught that we should love our enemies, overcome evil with good, turn the other cheek. "Billy" lionizes himself by threatening physical violence to many offenders, favorite expressions being, "They will get a fight out of me," "I will put my fist under their nose."

At one point in his sermon he preaches patriot-

ism and praises the soldiers and sailors, at another point in the same discourse he is sending them as fast as they die for their country to a devil's hell from which there is no recovery, for the whole bent of his teaching is that only trail-hitters, those that make a formal confession of Christ in the presence of "Billy" Sunday, can be saved and all the rest go "not to hades or Gehenna, but to hell." That is poor consolation for the brave dying soldiers and sailors and for their loved ones at home. His theology is a delusion and a snare. He says that "it is a good thing for some people that he is not allowed to be God for fifteen minutes." To this we all agree. Besides, if once on the throne he would never consent to abdicate.

His campaigns are managed with the skill of a P. T. Barnum. The first thought is to get the crowds and keep them coming for the full time. The organization is almost as complete as that under which Solomon's temple was built. Thousands who attend never return, but the big machine, by careful manipulation, brings in from near and far enough new delegations nightly to fill the depleted ranks. The large delegations for whom reservations are made are given prominence by the introductions given them and incidentally (?) their firm gets several hundred dollars worth of advertising, which brings vividly to mind the words of the indignant Christ, "It is written, My Father's house shall be called a house of prayer but you have made it a house of merchandise."

Mr. Sunday makes the statement that a large fund has been provided by the liquor interests with which to bribe preachers and newspapers to oppose him or at least withhold their support, "and thus he binds them to him." He has choice seats reserved for the special delegations, has their favorite hymn sung, flatters and honors them in many ways, then on the principle of "one good turn deserves another," "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," these honored delegations are called on to become trail hitters and lead the way en masse, and "Billy's" invitation is so easy and furnishes the opportunity of shaking hands with the evangelist and returning his compliments, that they seldom refuse; but oh, what a travesty on the religion of Jesus who said, "Sit down first and count the cost, if any will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." He so adroitly combines patriotism and religion as to make it appear that not to become a trail hitter is to declare one's self an enemy of the Stars and Stripes.

He declares to the world that he receives as compensation for his services only the free will offering on the last day of the campaign, while the fact is that the last week of the campaign is gold gathering week, during which Sunday committees comb the city and surrounding towns with a fine tooth comb for the coin of the realm, for the benefit of this self-sacrificing (?) follower of Him "who had not where to lay his head." This fellow-servant of him who said, "Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have I give unto thee," this arrogant, covetous, evangelistic cock of the walk leaves the city loaded with treasure, much of it from the earnings of the poor, and in addition to this the newspapers report that when he left New York he

carried with him one of John D. Rockefeller's shirts.

The "Billy" Sunday corporation is guilty of the most brazen-faced commercialization of religion the world has ever known, but his defiant rejoinder is, "It is nobody's business what I do with my money." When one who poses as an ambassador of Christ prostitutes the holy calling, becomes a buffoon, deceives the people as to what it means to be a Christian, and by sensationalism and manipulation wins worldly fame and sordid fortune, it is everybody's business, and conscientious thinking people should protest. I praise the New American Woman Magazine for taking up the fight on behalf of an outraged city and nation against this religious imposter, this "uncircumcized Philistine, who has defied the armies of the living God."

The Bible says, "By your words shall you be justified and by your words you shall be condemned;" "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Then this arch vendor of slang and mouthpiece of the demon of vulgarity stands condemned in the sight of God and pure-hearted, clean-minded, refined people. He possesses a large vocabulary, at times uses choice English, but many of his stories and much of his language is taken from the bottom of the verbal garbage cans of the saloon and redlight districts. Some mothers are keeping their boys away from the tabernacle because—they were learning to swear. He ought to close his joint or put over the doors, "No minors allowed," but of course Mr. Sunday swears to the glory of God. Paul spoke of those who do evil that good might come and says their condemnation is just. God is not that hard up for glory. I would give in this article some examples of the language of the gutter that he is such an adept at using only that my own modesty, my respect for the refined readers of this high-class magazine and my desire to suppress rather than disseminate these filthy Sunday vaporings, forbid. No gentleman would allow the language the evangelist uses on the stage in the presence of multitudes, used in his home before his wife, sons and daughters. And on certain nights when many special delegations give their yells in the tabernacle one is reminded of the orgies of the heathen and feels that pandemonium has broken loose.

Yes, he gets the crowds, but so do Ringling Brothers, but they are honest enough to call theirs a circus and "Billy" is not; they admit they are not in it for their health, but he will not; they bleed the city only one or two days for seeing their white elephant, but the Sunday white elephant refuses to check his trunk to another point for two long months. The crowds would not keep up ten days if it were left to their own volition, but the big organization keeps bringing in new blood to keep the attendance up, and we are informed that heads of firms often bring pressure to bear on their employes to attend, presumably for advertising purposes. A gentleman in Buffalo said to me, "Mr. Sunday leaves town at the psychological moment. If he had staid here one week longer he would have been as common as any man in town."

He and his party are making a fine thing out of it from the standpoint of fame and finance. The local ministers get a two-months' vacation on full

TO THE RED CROSS

O RED CROSS, blazed on field of white!
O heart of love on pure ideal!
The great world's grief-anointed sight
Has found thy color-symbols real.

Thou standest for the mighty throes
Of human sympathy profound,
That reach alike to friends and foes,
That know no race or nation's bound.

Untrammelled though by caste and creed;
That man is man, enough for thee;
His pain is thine; thy chance, his need;
Thy care, his dole of misery.

Where'er our country's standard goes,
Its shadow thou, till tumults cease;
Where'er the trumpet's war-blast blows,
Like echo sweet, thy flag of peace.

A marshaled host thy army stands,
Untiring in its pledged relief,
Responsive to the high commands
Of Duty—its accepted Chief.

Wherever Suffering lifts her voice,
In wars or devastations dread,
There ye have made your ready choice,
Ye toilers 'neath this Cross of Red.

The ills of soul or flesh ye meet
In service without stint or price;
Death's "Dolorosa" knows your feet;
Pain's "Calvary" sees your sacrifice.

Ye tread within the footsteps sore
Of Him who healed in Galilee,
Who said, "This shall ye do, and more,
Fulfilling God's own ministry."
—Amelia W. Truesdale.

pay, the churches have an eight weeks' carnival, during which they indulge the vain hope of valuable accessions at the close of the drive, the newspapers have eight weeks of paradise, the railroads haul the delegations, the business firms get good advertising at reasonable rates, the people get a through ticket to heaven (?) for the small consideration of hitting the trail, God and Christ have the biggest fraud carried on in their names that has been perpetrated since Tetzels toured Europe selling indulgences. The last state of that city is ten times worse than the first. There is not much faith and reverence left in the world anyway and "Billy" Sunday is destroying the bit that remains. The closing of a few saloons and a little moral reform will never atone for counterfeiting throughout this nation the religion of Jesus, for selling religious gold bricks to thousands, for damaging spiritually and in many cases irreparably multitudes of his countrymen, and all clergymen, church members and people generally who are duped by him

and aid and abet his low type, high priced propaganda are particeps criminis.

Two months ago at a great mass meeting in Temple Auditorium I warned the people of this city against the Sunday peril,—many heeded and were saved. Now when the gentleman is on the ground in the midst of his campaign I sound the alarm again, and to you in other cities as well on whom this evangelistic colossus has designs. "Who-soever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head." I have told you the truth, not the whole truth, but nothing but the truth. My hands are clean and I find comfort in the thought that "a word spoken in season how good it is, it is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." I have nothing but kind wishes for Mr. Sunday, would like to see him converted, filled with the spirit of Christ, and with reverence and love proclaiming the glad tidings, but otherwise would suggest that he return to his apple orchard in Oregon, raise fine Missouri Pippins and Arkansas Blacks, rather than be dealing out to the people apples of Sodom in the name of the Lord. But the clock in heaven has struck, he sees the handwriting on the wall, his star will soon reach the horizon, and when this strange age that is now closing in tumult is over there will be no more poverty, war, kings, demagogues nor freak evangelists, but in the coming golden age the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

But in the meantime let us not mistake darkness for light, vaudeville for religion, a goat pen for a sheep fold, a charlatan for a prophet of God. Americans, awake! Many of you, while perhaps too busy accumulating wealth, have been unwittingly swept off your feet religiously by a storm from the nether regions, but it is yet possible for you to regain your poise and recover your standing with God. The adversary has played his trumps, used his most promising instrument, and made a bold stroke for the worship of this nation by trying to strip Jehovah of His majesty, Christ of His dignity, and the people of reverence and obedience, by having this religious buffoon tour this country and try to make God out such an one as himself. It will require repentance in sackcloth and ashes for all of the encouragement given him, to make amends for the wrong that has been done, but this is your reasonable service. What you need is not eight weeks of religious intoxication, but a lifetime of religious sanity.

If you must have amusement you would far better go to a high class theater for it, since there it is more decent and not given in the name of the Lord. There is no sawdust trail to heaven, no vulgar road to God. Resolve this day that never again will you darken the door of a "Billy" Sunday tabernacle, but will do all in your power to tear down in this land the many altars he has built to his fire God Moloch. Life is earnest, life is real; do not desecrate that which is sacred; better try to make playthings of cyclones and forked lightnings than to make sport at the expense of the Eternal. He says to such, "I will mock when you call, I will laugh when your fear cometh, my glory I will not give unto another." But God is

very gracious to the upright, He will give grace and glory to the reverent and obedient, therefore humble yourself under His mighty hand and He will exalt you in due time. Do not sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage, stand by all that is wholesome and ennobling, prize purity and dignity, pin your faith not to a pulpit trickster, but to Him Who marshals the host of heaven and calls the stars by name. Let there be a healthy, lofty public sentiment that will make the world safe for freedom and pure Christianity.

Finally, are "Billy" Sunday's converts converted to Christ? They vanish like a vapor. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

Scott Anderson

THE SOLDIER BOY'S MORNING SONG

OUR Country's called us boys to arms,—
We're now its fighting force;
We'll care not how the en'my harms,
Nor count a single loss—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

We'll say each morning as we wake,—
Another day to win—
We'll all but honor now forsake
To join the battle din—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

We'd fight all night to do the right
(On borrowed strength, maybe)
And hail the dawn's first ray of light
With hearts that hold us free—

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

When honor's won the righteous day—
And now we're turning home,
We know what each dear one will say,
'Twill be to all, "Well Done!"

For
We'll do the best we can—
Here's the day!
Let come what may,
We'll live it to a man!

Nelle de Luce Strong.

September 26, 1917.

Racial Insanity

By C. C. Pierce

NOTHING has been more fully demonstrated, I believe, in the realm of psychology, than that nations and epochs as well as individuals may and do become the victims of insanity. Again and again in the history of the race, whole nations have been involved in some phase of thought leading to action which has been so absolutely devoid of the commendation of plain common sense and good judgment, as to admit of no explanation other than a type of insanity common to the whole community. Various periods of human history have manifested phenomena which could be accounted for in no other way than by the fact that the vast majority of the people of the time were the victims of a disordered mind, which rendered them incapable of the ordinary and sane processes of thought and reason. How else can we explain the Crusades, the dancing mania of medieval Europe or the witchcraft delusion of Salem?

To practically all the rest of the thinking world, this condition of a disordered national mind is and has been for some decades, the condition of Germany and the German people. Highly organized though they are, and having made themselves as they have in many departments of human activity, the wonder and admiration of the world, still like a highly educated mind which becomes the victim of some notion and on account of which the individual, though naturally and ordinarily so admirable, becomes the victim of fears and fancies which have no real existence in fact, so it would seem that the entire German nation has become the victim of ideas so devoid of real reason as to make them a menace to the other nations and peoples of the world, and brought about a situation which has launched them upon a course which not only destroys their own happiness, but seriously threatens their existence, at least under those favorable and prosperous conditions which it is reasonable for us to believe might have continued indefinitely.

Among other things, two may be pointed out as most prominent. The first of these was the insane notion that the other nations of the world were their enemies, and plotting their destruction. This idea which absolutely had no existence in fact, had been so inwrought into the whole German consciousness that when Germany finally "broke loose" and began this insane and sanguinary world war, it was with much the same basis in the actual situation as when some otherwise well ordered individual grabbing the weapon or weapons which he has been preparing for a long time, goes down the street shooting and maiming every innocent and unsuspecting person he may chance to meet.

The fact is Germany had no real enemies anywhere in the world, other than those which she had carefully cultivated by acts and declared intentions and which in the natural course of events, as we now plainly see, should have aroused a great deal more distrust on the part of the world than was really the case. When a nation for forty or fifty years devotes practically all of its resources

to the building up and perfecting of a vast machine of destruction, it would seem only natural that other nations should take some notice and ask what all this meant. It is a wonder now to most of the thinking people of the world, how it could have come to pass that when Germany was ready to strike with this carefully prepared machine of destruction, the other nations of the world should have been found practically without any adequate means with which to meet her. Terrible as it seems, and impossible as it would have been with the feelings and attitude in general which have prevailed in the United States for the past quarter century, what a blessing it would have been to the cause of humanity, and how many lives it would doubtless have saved had the United States had a million trained and equipped men with which to call a halt in the destructive and ruthless progress of the German army at its very outset. Now the terrible destruction must go on while we go to work and manufacture a means of defense which has at last been found to be absolutely unavoidable.

One of the strongest indications of the insanity which had taken possession of Germany is the fact that though her initial quarrel was apparently with Russia, and though she claims to have gone to war because Russia had begun to mobilize her armies, the first thing that Germany did was to turn in the opposite direction, devastate and wantonly destroy to a great extent an innocent neutral and wholly inoffensive nation, and then in madness tear her way across France toward Paris until stopped by the heroism of the French army and people. Other things indicative of this phase of her insanity might be pointed out, by reference to facts which are now well known to all the world.

The second thing that I desire to mention as strongly in evidence to show the racial insanity of the entire German people during the period which has led up to these bloody scenes wherein much of the civilized world has become the victim of a type of brutality which we had fondly hoped the race had outgrown, is the fact that apparently the entire German nation, from the highest to the lowest, from the Kaiser to the peasant, from the college doctor to the common laborer, has been obsessed by the absurd notion that their particular German nation has been commissioned by God and destiny to carry its particular "kultur" to all the rest of the benighted and needy world. The notion seems to have been very common also, that this "kultur" was such a wonderful thing to have, and so necessary for the real advancement of humanity that it must be imparted to, imposed upon and injected into the rest of humanity, no matter how much cruelty was necessary to accomplish it, and no matter what humane instincts had to be trampled under foot in the process. The whole nation seems to have been laboring under the crazy notion that without this particular thing which seems so precious to the German mind, humanity would miss

the mark entirely, and that to take the same to the rest of mankind was the great task which had been laid upon them.

Under the title, "501 Gems of German Thought," William Archer has collected from scores of German books and the utterances of its leading thinkers, a series of most remarkable statements, all of which point unmistakably to the fact that here is a race which is obsessed by the notion that it must inflict itself upon the rest of the world, no matter what the cost. The remainder of this article will consist of a few quotations from this book. There are hundreds more in a like vein.

"Our belief is that the salvation of the whole Kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German militarism is about to achieve."

"If Fate has selected us to assume the leadership of the Kultur-life of the peoples, we will not shrink from this great and lofty mission."

"If we are beaten—which God and our strong army forbid—all the higher Kulture which it was our mission to guard, sinks with us into the grave."

"The attempt of Napoleon to graft the Kultur of Western Europe upon the empire of the Muscovite ended in failure. Today, history has made us German the inheritors of the Napoleonic idea."

"The highest steps of Kulture have not been mounted by peaceable nations in long periods of peace, but by warlike peoples in the time of their greatest combativeness."

"We are beginning slowly, humbly and yet with a deep gladness to divine God's intentions. It may sound proud, my friends, but we are conscious that it is also in all humbleness that we say it: the German soul is God's soul; it shall and will rule over mankind."

"It was the hidden meaning of God that he made Israel the forerunner of the Messiah, and in the same way He has by his hidden intent designated the German people to be His successor."

"We must vanquish because the downfall of Germanism would mean the downfall of humanity."

"We must win, because, if we are defeated, no one in the whole world could any longer cherish any remnant of faith in truth and right, in the Good, or indeed in any higher Power which wisely and justly guides the destinies of humanity."

"He who fights for Germany, for its maintenance and victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst of barbarism."

"Just such a systematic transformation of the world as Augustus effected, Germany must now undertake—but on how much nobler a plan."

"We believe that man's will to life had to be intensified into unconditional will to power. We hold that hardness, violence, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, arts of temptation and deviltry of all kinds; that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, wild-beast like and serpent-like in man contributes to the elevation of the species just as much as the opposite—and in saying this, we do not even say enough." This last by Nietzsche.

These are a few of the samples of what the German people have thought, and what is in their hearts, at least in the hearts of their leaders in thought and action. Is it not high time that all

those who love peace, who love the things for which America has always stood, and the entire democracy of the world, combine to render such a menace incapable of further danger to the world? It is because America has at last become cognizant of the intensity and extent of this racial insanity that produces and follows ideals like those here set forth, that we are making the great sacrifice of entering this terrible war.

And it would seem to us now that all who possess the true instincts of Americanism, who really love humanity, honor and the truth and an actual peace which is founded upon justice and right, must stand together in this great contest. Civilization is menaced by a nation which not only dreams of world domination, but which without the least hesitation tramples upon every instinct of humanity to gain that which it vainly hopes to secure. Had Germany with all her intelligence, her philosophy and her ambition learned just one lesson, that ideas, the truth, righteousness and a fundamental justice are the only forces which can make a nation great or which can ultimately conquer a world like this, how far she might have gone during the next few decades toward seeing her dream fulfilled. If she could have known the ever changeless truth uttered so long ago by the world's greatest Teacher, that "they who take the sword, shall perish by the sword," would she not have paused long and thoughtfully before her entrance upon this insane course which has turned the whole world into one of pain and mourning?

The only course for those who still cherish ideals of love, service and humanity, is to make any and all sacrifice that is needed, to save the world from what has very evidently become humanity's greatest danger and menace.

ARROYO SECO

(By Addison Howard Gibson)

Deep gashed between the mountains' rock-ribbed sides,
Then on between the blue-veiled foothills fair,
Arroyo Seco's panoramic slides
Unfold to view in untamed beauty rare.

In early dawn-tide of our uncurbed West
Bright campfires danced along its winding way,
Where Indians pitched their wigwams here to rest,
Or in its sylvan shades to hunt and stray.

In those unhindered days the warrior bold
To timid maid sang his wild tale of love;
The saucy mocker from his leafy fold
Mimicked the song from bending tree above.

When soft-voiced Spring breathed on the low banks fair,
They flashed with tints of heliotrope and gold;
The nature-fond Red Children loitered there
Charm-held to watch the seasons' grace unfold.

Here flowed a stream from snow-fed upland rills,
Till White Man came with desecrating hand;
Then wept Arroyo dry between its hills;
Its sunken tears left but a wash of sand.

Still winds the wash, a mem'ry-haunted place,
Where woods now stand in autumn's tawny gown;
Its glens and windings dim show dreamy grace,
A symphony in varied tones of brown.

Those who do not hesitate to ask persistently for something that they ought not to have often get it.—Albany journal.

Why I Cannot Endorse the Billy Sunday Campaign

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, First Unitarian Church

I CANNOT endorse the Billy Sunday campaign because his preaching is a negation of all those wonderful revelations of truth that have come to us in the past one hundred years and from which I draw my inspiration.

His preaching is a negation of the goodness of God,—his God being a medieval, Oriental despot using arbitrary force, bent primarily on the exercise of His own power, and willing that untold numbers of the human race should languish throughout all eternity for the vindication of His own will. He degrades our conception of God by giving Him a character less merciful and beneficent than that of the average man.

He limits Divine revelation by confining it to the fragmentary literature of a single ancient people whom he alleges to have been God's chosen ones and to whom He entrusted all the truth and guidance necessary to salvation, instead of seeing in all nature, all life and in all experience a revelation from God from which we must draw those ethical principles that will guide us in the way of life.

His preaching is a negation of the larger Christ idea, confining it to a single personality who had a miraculous birth and appeared for a short time on this earth, insisting that all must accept the alleged miraculous birth and resurrection as necessary to salvation,—instead of seeing the Christ element as a universal principle operating in all upward-reaching life,—instead of seeing that wherever man is filled with a passion for righteousness, wherever there are hearts that beat with noble and unselfish resolve, there is the redeeming Christ element operative, lifting men into the heaven of a more perfect life.

His preaching is a negation of the larger conception of the Kingdom of Heaven by confining it wholly to those who accept a technical and supernatural scheme of salvation as the only gateway thereto, instead of seeing the Kingdom of Heaven as the embodiment of truth, righteousness and love in our common life and recognizing that the Kingdom is already at hand in proportion as righteousness, justice and love prevail, whenever and wherever that may be, regardless of any acceptance or non-acceptance of a technical scheme of salvation.

His preaching is a negation of the great principle of evolution from which I draw my inspiration and hope, for I see every creature who co-operates with the great evolving principle being redeemed or lifted up to a higher condition of life.

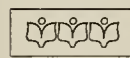
His preaching is a negation of the teachings of all our great modern prophets such as Emerson, Tolstoy, Mazzini, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony, Dorothy

Dix, and scores of others of the same character, all of whom he sends to hell without the slightest hesitation.

His preaching is a negation of the great modern Monistic principle that unity and co-operation are fundamental principles of life, progress and salvation. Instead he preaches the crassest and crudest kind of dualism, recognizing the Universe as the battlefield of two uncompromising and bitterly opposing forces each bent on the complete annihilation of the other, scrupling at no means that may be used to accomplish its end. Man, he declares, must enlist on one side or the other, for there is no middle ground; he must be a fighter for either God or the Devil and once he is sure he is enlisted on God's side and is arrayed against the Devil he need hesitate at no means that may be employed for the discomfiture of the other side; the end justifies the means and it is especially commendable to fight the Devil with his own weapons.

Such a theology must inevitably tend to coarsen and dull the inner sensibilities and impulses of those who accept it, making them suspicious, belligerent, intolerant and denunciatory. We could have no better example of the kind of character such a theology produces than to witness the coarse, denunciatory, intolerant methods of the evangelist in our midst who justifies and exalts his methods as most Christian.

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The Woman Pioneer Across the Plains

By Martha Hill Gillette

(Continued from May Number)

There were battles being fought with the different tribes all through the valley under the direction of the Indian chiefs, but September 6 will always be a marked day in my memory, for it was then we lost our dear cousin Ishem Heith. He had gone with Captain Goodall and his volunteers to a conference with Chief John, who said he was tired of fighting and wanted to lay down his arms. On the day agreed upon for the surrender Goodall was at the place of rendezvous with his eighty men to receive the Indians and their arms. He waited all



day through the rain and the Indians did not put in an appearance. During the night he was visited by two squaws who gave him information that caused him to move his camp to a higher position where he felt more secure. He also under cover of night sent to the regulars for aid.

The next morning about ten o'clock a party of forty warriors advanced up the eastern slope and signified their wish to deliver their arms to the officer in charge in person. Being warned Goodall directed them to deposit their arms at a certain place outside the camp. Thus foiled the warriors retreated, casting glowering looks upon a "howitzer" gun placed so as to sweep that side of the hill. The Indians were wild at their defeat and soon opened up fire on the volunteers, for they were well provided with rifles. The white men repelled them time and time again. Darkness came on and still no relief from the outside, so during the night the men dug pits and fixed such breast-works as they could. Early the next morning the Indians renewed their attacks, and to the other sufferings of the men, both wounded and unwounded, was added that of thirst. There was no water in camp at all, a fact well known to the Indians, who taunted the soldiers with "Mika hias ticka chuch" (you very much want water), or "Halo chuck boston" (no water white men). About three o'clock the second day of fighting, the volunteers sighted the regulars coming which put new life into them and made them fight like tigers. The Indians knew they outnumbered the white men almost three to

one, so were becoming very bold and were climbing the hill on three sides, and had it not been for the timely aid the regulars gave the small band fighting on the hill top would surely have fallen to the treacherous Indians. The Indians had not seen the approach of the regulars who soon killed about 150 warriors. Among the white men killed was our cousin, and it was three days before he was brought in for burial. As there were no boards available for a coffin he was laid away wrapped in his blanket. He was escorted to his last resting place by Captain Goodall and a company of volunteers. Our hearts were wrung with pity over our Aunt's grief, for she could not attend the funeral. It seemed sad indeed that after all Mrs. Kelley had done for others, she was denied the comfort of administering the last loving tribute to her own son.

There were no less than 4000 Indians fighting against the white settlers at one time in Oregon, and the only thing that favored the whites was that the Indians had no management or system to their fighting.

Four million four hundred forty-nine thousand nine hundred forty-nine dollars and thirty-three cents was due Oregon as expense for the Indian wars.

At last the Indians were subdued and surrendered their arms to General Lane at Table Rock in the fall of '53, and were sent to a reservation at Klamath Falls and have been there ever since. A few years ago I rode by there and saw the Indians tilling the soil with the latest machinery, and saw their pretty houses and gardens that could not have been told from the white man's. I felt it was no wonder that they wanted to own them, for they had asked Uncle Sam to throw open the reservation and let them buy them for their permanent homes, which was done. I tell this to show what civilization has done for them, for now they have their schools and churches. One of their preachers came to my home city and almost outshone some of the white ones.

The next year after the war was a very prosperous one for all the settlers in the Valley, for gold was plentiful in Jacksonville where miners came by the hundreds. But women were very scarce, so were somewhat of a curiosity, my sisters and I being the only girls in the Rogue River Valley.

When Sunday came men visited us by the dozens, and as we had our regular work to do, such as milking, cooking etc., we kept the door of our cabin closed, for if it was opened that was a signal that we were ready and the men could come in. We used to look through a crack in the door and view the men sitting on the top of the fence and would call to each other, "No hurry, girls, there are only five or six out there." We had so few stools that when the cabin would become too crowded we would go out under the beautiful oak trees and do our entertaining if the weather permitted.

One day a man came up from Jacksonville and asked father if some of the miners could come up the next Sunday for dinner as it had been so long

since they had tasted home cooking. He said they would pay well for it. Father consulted with mother and us girls and we thought it would be great fun. Father built a big table under the oak trees and benches to sit on. So we prepared for the twenty men. Father killed a beef every Saturday and sold it to the settlers, so we had plenty of fresh meat on hand. We had vegetables, butter and cream in abundance so it was easy to prepare a good substantial meal. With the table linen we brought from home we managed to make a most inviting display for the hungry miners. The prevailing style of dress for the miners was red flannel shirts, trousers stuffed in the top of heavy boots, wide brimmed slouch felt hats, and every one wore long whiskers as it was too much trouble to bother with shaving. There was one, however, who presented a strange spectacle among them. He was a red-headed, red-faced young fellow and had on a linen suit he had brought with him from the East. I suppose that in the past this suit had fitted him, but he had washed it up for the occasion and it had shrunk until the trousers and socks did not meet and the sleeves were half way to his elbows. We girls had always had great fun among ourselves in selecting our Sunday beaux for our afternoon walk and if there was one that was homelier than the rest we all claimed him. As soon as I saw this fellow in the unironed linen suit I said, "Girls, he is mine for the afternoon," and soon the word was passed around among the men who knew us and all were watching to enjoy the fun. When dinner was over I stepped up to this fellow and asked him to take me for a walk. His face grew red, he stammered and would have refused me point blank if I had given him time, but I saw his hesitation and knew that the laugh would be on me if he refused, so I took advantage of his confusion by taking his arm and leading him away. I led the way to the steepest hill around there and when we came to the foot I called to the crowd that was following that we would run them a race to the top. There was a way to reach the top that was not so steep but that way was not for me and my escort. I fell down many times before we reached the top and the young fellow was fairly exhausted by the time we finished the race. The crowd below was convulsed with laughter at my actions for they knew me to be a good climber. The red-faced young man wiped the perspiration from his brow with his coat sleeve until it was both dirty and wet and then my conscience smote me for I knew one more washing would finish that linen suit. At night when the men left they were then profuse in their thanks, but mother thought that the proof of the pudding was in the eating of it.

Our Aunt Kelley wrote to us asking if we would come to Yreka to spend the Fourth of July if someone would come for us. The result was that three of our friends came for us and we started for Yreka early the morning of the third as it took some time to travel the distance, it being a good sixty miles from our home. Part of the road was over the Siskiyou mountains, but when the road was level we ran our horses, for all were good riders and enjoyed the sport. When we were about two miles out from Yreka, my friend said he thought we had better stop by a little stream and refresh ourselves. So

we girls took off our little blue satin bonnets, washed our faces, and soon felt quite rested, then mounted our horses and started on. In a short time I saw a man coming toward us on horseback but when he saw us he turned his horse around and went dashing back. I asked my friend if he thought the man took us for Indians, but he only grinned in rather a sheepish manner, and we soon found out the cause of it all. We saw coming toward us a hayrack filled with men who when they joined us, headed their horses back for Yreka. To our utter amazement the air was filled with music, for the men on the hayrack formed the brass band from town, which escorted us through Miner Street and up to our aunt's home. As we passed along the way was lined with red- and blue-shirted miners, and to them this was the beginning of the celebration. We were anything but pleased at the display but our aunt was delighted at our chagrin and thought it a huge joke.

I shall never forget the ball on the night of the Fourth. We danced until four o'clock in the morning and even then did not feel like stopping. We only had the square dance then, and perhaps it was not so tiring as the giddy whirl and hop of today. The music used was anything but musical. They had two fiddlers and a drummer, but if the drummer wanted to dance, the two fiddlers furnished the music. Sometimes they played in tune and some times not, but we did not seem to mind it but went laughingly on our way through the quadrille.

Farm life seemed rather dull after so much hilarity, but we lived such busy lives we had no time to dream.

As years passed immigrants came in to our valley thick and fast, for news that the Indians were peaceable did much toward inducing the people to come West.

Neighbor divided with neighbor, and all seemed at peace with the world. How often I have seen father sending meat around to the people who could not afford to buy it, after he had killed a beef, for in those days "fellowship" meant just what the word spells.

As civilization left her footprints through the Rogue River Valley, school houses and churches were built, not like the beautiful houses of God that we worship in today, but just four rough walls that held the children at study through the week, and called the older ones to worship on the Sabbath.

In five years after the '53 Indian war the Rogue River Valley held about 1000 settlers, and waving fields of grain met the eye in every direction. Every one was at peace with the world, and the outlook on life was bright indeed.

Father had trouble sometimes with the Modocs stealing in at night and driving off his stock, but on the whole we felt we were in a very peaceful valley.

We considered ourselves fortunate indeed when a general merchandise store was opened up in Jacksonville about sixteen miles away, and we had no longer to go to Salem for our supplies. This was a great boon to us as both my sisters were married in the year of '55, which meant a great deal of extra buying.

In the spring of '56 my Aunt Kelly visited us

"The Day We Celebrate"

Statesmen Eulogize Women Citizens

Ah God! and yet we know
It was no dream in those days long ago!
It was no dream, the beat
To arms, the steady tramp along the street,
No dream, the banners, flinging, fresh and fair,
Their colors on the air,
Not stained and worn like these
Returning witnesses,
With sad, dumb lips, most eloquent of those
Returning nevermore!

Ina Coolbrith.

JUSTICE AND WISDOM DEMONSTRATED IN GRANTING SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN

Representative Hon. H. Z. Osborne of the Tenth Congressional District, is a staunch friend of the suffrage cause. He wires the following strong words to the women of California:

House of Representatives

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Merchants Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

For yourself and for your devoted associates in the cause of woman suffrage please accept my sincere congratulations on the splendid demonstration which you have made during the past six years in our beloved city and State of the justice and wisdom of extending the franchise to our women citizens.

H. Z. OSBORNE.

THE WARD-HEALER, THE BOOZE AND THE ELECTION DAY ROWDY HAVE BEEN PUT OUT OF BUSINESS

From the Governor of the great Sun Flower State, Hon. Arthur Capper, comes a testimonial as to real civic and political value of Woman Suffrage in Kansas that should be read by "antis" and used as a campaign document.

State of Kansas, Governor's Office

Topeka, Sept. 28, 1917.

Editor The New American Woman:

I am strong for national equal suffrage. I am for it first as a matter of simple justice. I favor it, too, because as a citizen, as a newspaper man and as a public official I have had ample opportunity to observe the effect of placing the ballot in woman's hands, and I know that woman's influence in our public life has been entirely for good. The women of Kansas have had the right to vote in all municipal elections for 30 years. They have had complete suffrage for four years. So my opinion, and I am sure I voice the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the people of this State, is not based on conjecture. We know from experience in Kansas what the effect of the women's vote has been.

Before municipal suffrage came in Kansas we had open saloons, gambling houses and all their attendant evils in all the large cities, but the downfall of these vicious institutions is largely due to women's vote at municipal elections. I have watched our city elections closely during all these years, and in every instance where the law enforcement and good government issue has been raised, the influence of women voters has been aggressively on the side of decency and good morals.

And full participation of women in our State-wide affairs has had like effect. Political parties now are impelled to include in their program and platform humanitarian projects and moral issues to which previously they had given but scant attention; greater care is exercised by all political parties in putting forward as their nominees clean, high-minded honorable men? The ward-heeler, the boozier and the election-day rowdy have been put out of business at the polls, and the combination between the vicious liquor element and corrupt machine politicians has been completely destroyed.

The women are directly responsible for the enactment by our legislature of a mother's pension law, a child hygiene bureau to promote the health of our boys and girls, and an industrial welfare commission which compels all employers of labor to pay decent, living wages, for a decent schedule of hours, and which absolutely wipes out the curse of child labor—all of them measures which make for the larger and common good.

Enemies of suffrage say the women do not want to vote, and will not vote if given an opportunity. Nothing is

REGARDS SUFFRAGE HUMANE AND FORWARD LEGISLATION

From California's popular Governor, Hon. Wm. D. Stephens:

To the New American Woman:

I fought for Woman Suffrage before it became a law. I fought to make it a law and I am thoroughly convinced that it has been for the good of California. It has "cleaned" politics and materially assisted in placing California in the very front rank, as regards humane and forward looking legislation. In my judgment if a vote was to be had today Woman Suffrage in California would have one hundred thousand majority instead of four thousand, as in 1910.

WILLIAM D. STEPHENS, Governor.

A DAY EPOCHAL AND WISDOM IS JUSTIFIED BY HER CHILDREN

Hon. James D. Phelan, United States Senator from California, telegraphed by night letter to The New American Woman the following glowing tribute to the women of his native state:

Washington, D. C., October 3, 1917.

Editor The New American Woman,

Merchants Trust Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

In reply to your kind invitation permit me to say that California has been in many respects but particularly in its experience with woman's suffrage, regarded as a model for other states. The women of the West are less dependent and more self-reliant—an inheritance from the pioneers—than the women of the older states, which are more conventional and conservative. The heart and brain must co-operate in all human activities, otherwise we would have justice untempered by mercy, and production regardless of the welfare of the producer, or the state. Woman brings the element of tenderness and humanity to the council of the commonwealth and is its saving grace.

Accept my cordial congratulations on the anniversary of California's wise decision to enroll her women as voters. It was a day epochal and wisdom is justified by her children. Where has California failed—except in the selection of her Senators, and that because however hard he tries no man perhaps is worthy of so benign, beautiful and bountiful a mother. When we personify goodness, wisdom, and liberty, it is always a woman. This is man's unconscious tribute as the granting of suffrage was his conscious act.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

farther from the truth so far as Kansas is concerned. An investigation has shown that the woman vote in Kansas is only about 15 per cent less than the male vote. When given the opportunity women not only vote, but they vote right; they use their ballot with intelligence and discrimination, and have been a distinct force in making Kansas the great State that it is.

ARTHUR CAPPER, Governor.

Topeka, September 28.

SUFFRAGE IN IDAHO HAS DONE AWAY WITH DISCUSSION OF INEQUALITY OF SEX AND SPECIAL RIGHTS

The Governor of Idaho, in addition to his re-assurance of the popularity of suffrage in his fertile State, incidentally pays its women rare compliments, not alone as voters, but as wives, mothers and daughters.

State of Idaho, Governor's Office
Boise, September 27, 1917.

Editor The New American Woman:

I am very much pleased to give my opinion and experience on Woman Suffrage in the State of Idaho, which has now had about twenty years of trial.

There is no sentiment against Woman Suffrage, it is never discussed but is looked upon as part and parcel of our organic law, and men and women are glad it is here. It forever does away with the discussion of inequality and special rights on account of sex and birth. The women vote as intelligently and as independently as the men. They keep themselves well posted upon the political issues, discuss them, and aim to be fair in these discussions. They have political preferences, and are partisans and patriots just like men. They vote about the same percentage as the men do and the only difference that can be seen where there is Woman Suffrage is that it has purified the ballot, made discussions upon political questions cleaner, abolished the ward heeler, the noisy element around the polls and has to a certain extent put more dignity in that valuable right called suffrage.

There have been reforms instituted in our State on account of the woman's ballot in relation to civic righteousness, cleaner municipalities and a general uplift of moral conditions.

Women are just as good mothers, wives and daughters as ever, and the ballot has not masculinized them in the least. The men respect the women as much as they did before they voted, and our young men are as eager to marry them and feel proud of them and call them wife as ever, and I think our women are just as womanly as they ever were.

I believe that Idaho would be a very favorable spot to investigate Woman Suffrage where it could be seen in its actual workings for the good of mankind and for the betterment of the democracy of the nation and of the world.

Very respectfully,

M. ALEXANDER, Governor.

NEVADA'S GOVERNOR ASSURES THE WORLD OF HIS STATE'S APPROVAL OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

State of Nevada, Executive Chamber,
Carson City, September 24, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 22d instant in which you request my personal opinion as to the results that have followed the exercise of suffrage by women in Nevada.

I can say in this connection that the women of Nevada have taken an active and intelligent interest in politics since their enfranchisement; that they have espoused many worthy reforms and that they have been responsible for the enactment of several pieces of most admirable humanitarian and social legislation.

They have not, as yet, spoken authoritatively on any of the larger social measures in which the people of this State are concerned, but they have made it possible to invoke the initiative in the question of prohibition and will, I am sure, be found fighting on the right side of that question when it comes upon the ballot in November of next year. They have showed no tendency to radical or extreme action in any case.

Women have been represented in the State and in coun-

ty conventions; one woman has been elected to a State office and several women to county offices since the ratification of the suffrage movement here in 1914 and it is gratifying to note that these women office holders are discharging their duties quite as effectively as they were discharged before. In short, the assurances given by those of us who advocated suffrage before it came to pass in this State have been fully justified by the conduct of Nevada women in politics since they were permitted to have a voice in the conduct of public affairs.

Very truly yours,
EMMET D. BOYLE, Governor.

FROM MR. FRANK L. RICHMOND OF SAN FRANCISCO, COMES THE FOLLOWING STRONG WORDS OF APPRECIATION

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to say that I have just received and read the September number of "New American Woman," and ESPECIALLY am I pleased and endorse with MORE than usual emphasis your article entitled, "The Mistakes of John D. Works." You have certainly answered the gentleman's arguments, and contentions as given in his article which appeared in the July edition of the "New American Woman" FULLY, COMPLETELY, DECISIVELY AND FEARLESSLY, and as already indicated above, I heartily APPROVE and ECHO ALL you have said.

I also read APPROVINGLY your article on Suffrage. I wish there were more women, and men too, like you in this world, and if there were the world and things generally would be a lot better. There is too much narrowness, and lack of vision in this world. People generally are not BROAD, nor GENEROUS in their view of things, and can only see things from their own BIGOTED standpoint. With good wishes I am,

Very sincerely yours,
F. L. RICHMOND.

VERY BRIEF BUT GOOD WORDS COME FROM THE MIGHTY NORTHWEST

State of Washington, Office of Governor
Olympia, September 26, 1917.

Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Madam:

I have at hand your letter of the 22nd inst., asking an expression from me regarding woman suffrage in the State of Washington.

Replying I desire to say that the women of this State have had the right to vote for over five years. I know of no one who was in favor of giving them the ballot who today opposes it and large numbers of those who were originally opposed to allowing women to vote are today in favor of it. The results in the State of Washington have certainly indicated that women assist in public affairs, rather than otherwise, by having the ballot.

I have received the sample copies of "The New American Woman" which you sent to me, and beg to thank you for the same.

Yours very truly,
ERNEST LISTER,
Governor of Washington.

MAJOR M. D. HAMILTON, A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, WRITES US AS FOLLOWS

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 17, 1917.
The New American Woman,
Los Angeles, California.

When your notice of expiration came to my address I was abroad, which caused my delay, and to make amends I herewith send check for two years renewal. We must have the New American Woman.

I am glad to see that you set former Senator J. D. Works to thinking and that he has now repented of his pro-German sentiments. You certainly deserve great credit for your loyalty to the true cause of Democracy.

Wishing you success and happiness, I am respectfully yours.

M. D. HAMILTON.
Jamacha, San Diego, County, California.

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No. 9

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SIX YEARS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN would nourish no weak pride, nor indulge in vain glory over the achievements of the women voters of any State. However, we should be pardoned for the genuine pride that fills every woman's heart as she reads the following testimonials from the Governors of States where full suffrage prevails, and from statesmen who represent us at our nation's capital. "Out of the mouth of two or more witnesses everything shall be established."

And when everybody who is any body worth while testifies to the universal good results of woman suffrage in all States wherever tried, the time has come to forego discussion and count the cause as won.

"Come, let us rest ourselves a bit
Worry? Wave your hand at it,
Kiss your finger tips,
And smile it "Farewell" a little while.

MALONE ON THE RAMPAGE

Cuts Loose From the President and Lines Up with Militant Suffragists

We heartily concur with the San Francisco Chronicle in its editorial opinion of the performance of Dudley Field Malone in resigning one of the

best-paid and most important political Federal jobs to join the militant suffragists, who insist on insulting the President and making themselves ridiculous. It will not strengthen either Malone or the suffragist cause in the hearts of the women voters of the West or elsewhere, who have won the suffrage by rational argument, and not by making themselves offensive to the mass of the people.

The President is and was known to be in favor of equal suffrage, but opposed to using the power of the Nation to force it upon unwilling states. In that he is in full accord with the Democratic platform. He has absolutely no official function in the submission of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which rests wholly with Congress. And if members of Congress have any more respect for their pledges than Kaiser Wilhelm, very few of them can vote for proposing a constitutional amendment until the people, upon reconsideration, have changed their national party platforms.

What the militant suffragists really ask is that the President shall not only violate his convictions as a citizen and his pledges as an official, but shall go into Congress and lobby for action in which the Constitution does not permit him to take any official part. And because he will not do that a lot of foolish women, against the protests of all the recognized leaders in the equal suffrage cause, insist on disgracing the Nation by persistently picketing the White House with insulting displays of banners.

Such things hurt and do not help the cause for which they purport to be done.

ALL HAIL TO THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN CITIZEN!

If all are sincere whose good words appear in the pages of this number of the New American Woman as to the operation of woman suffrage where it has existed as in Wyoming since 1869, and in the remaining suffrage states for a period of from three to thirty years, then it would seem that the argument so long protracted ought now to close and the case be submitted to the jury—the voters of the country.

Great has been the patience of the women of these United States as they have contended for their rights, rights inhering to them and growing out of the very nature of our republican form of government.

The spirit of democracy which now and henceforth and forever must hold the center of the stage, forbids the disfranchisement of women citizens and calls for the immediate relief from a situation which harms them, works injustice to men, and operates to the disadvantage of all.

There is, there can be no confusion in the minds of the sons of women as to just what we demand. For three-quarters of a century the subject has claimed the attention of the press and the people. From the very first words uttered upon the subject by Abigail Adams to her distinguished President husband, wherein she urged him "to be just to women," to President Lincoln, who said, "I stand for all sharing the privileges of Government who bear its burdens, by no means excluding women," to President Wilson, who said in a great speech before the late National Suffrage Convention, "I am

fighting with you, not against you," the principle has been endorsed.

These and hundreds of others, living and dead, might be quoted, the character and weight of whose testimony upon any other question, however vital, would be accepted, and their judgment approved.

Let us end the whole matter at an early day—though by no means abruptly, nor in such undue haste as would distract the Congress from the present world-wide demand upon them for the consideration of measures of war which in themselves must necessarily protect the very principles for which we contend—the preservation of democracy.

In the meantime, State by State will pass upon the question and women will be thereby better prepared for the arduous duties of citizenship.

WOMAN BOYCOTTS LIBERTY LOAN

It is quite impossible to believe that an American woman of the fine personal character conceded to Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer would turn a deaf ear to her country's call for a loan with which to equip and maintain its defenders. Is it true that Mrs. Havemeyer has declared a boycott against the second Liberty Loan only because picketette—"suffragettes" were thrown into jail? Where else, pray, would she have them thrown? Would she send persistent law-breakers back to their comfortable and generally luxurious homes, to have them come forth flamboyantly and with malice aforethought to renew their attacks upon the President?

America is a government of law and courts are established to maintain it. Sentence women to jail for violating the law, is what every judge must do or commit perjury. Women who violate the law are no worse than men who violate it, nor are they one whit better. Women are not entitled to any more consideration from the courts than are men. Once women get that truth firmly fixed in their minds they will rise in character; they will be better citizens, better wives, and the character of the children they bear will be in exact proportion to the improved quality of their mothers.

There is absolutely nothing in sex to call for a distinction in punishment for crime. Unequal punishment is not equal justice, and excusing from punishment is an invitation to crime.

The sentiment that sometimes prompts courts and jurors to acquit a woman where they would convict a man upon the same testimony has no basis in law, is contrary to good policy and is at war with their oaths of office. Jurors sworn to try a cause and a true verdict render who acquit a woman not because she is innocent of the crime charged, but

because she is a woman, are guilty of rank perjury.

We know certain eastern advocates of equal rights declare that women are not amenable to laws because they have had no voice in their making. This position is utterly defenseless and vicious. Such a theory put in actual practice would release from prison every tramp and criminal and relieve each of them from all obligation to obey the law.

Unless laws are enforced equally against all classes they are more mocked than feared. When the laws are equally enforced justice is promoted, courts are respected and stability is secured. Surely Mrs. Havemeyer and her coterie of splendid women advocating suffrage will recognize the soundness of this position and call off the boycott of the Liberty Loan.

For their repeated malicious and premeditated attacks upon the President, particularly in times like these, when the world's heart is breaking, it was the plain duty of the Washington City Judge to send the picketettes to jail. The White House is the home of the President. The Common Law made the peasant's home his castle, the winds might whistle around it, the rains pour through its thatched roof, but the King himself might not enter. It would seem but fair and just that the Chief Executive of the American Republic should likewise be protected from the assaults of the lawless of every class, and without regard to sex, or social or financial importance.

WHY NOT CHANGE THE METAPHOR

Colonel Roosevelt in a recent great speech denounced Senator LaFollette as a pacifist and a condoner of brutal German murders, a copper-fastened and copper-bottomed liar whose rightful place is in hell on the personal staff of the Devil, and closed by tendering "Bob" as a loving gift to the Kaiser.

Then turning his batteries on David Starr Jordan he heaped Ossian upon Pelion when he likened that erstwhile scientific expert on the subject of the finny tribe as "an old woman of both sexes." Epigrammatic! Fine! But why, Colonel, an "old woman?"

Metaphorically your denunciation would have been more accurate, and you would have made one more notch in your certain flight to where you're going in 1920 had you charged Jordan with being an "old man" of both sexes.

But the new American women have become so used to the gibes and flings and quips of men that we don't mind—in very truth we half like the badinage. Besides, we know they don't mean it and too, we women have a few "smart" turns of phrase to fling at the men occasionally! Verb. sap.

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THE NEEDS OF THE MODERN CHURCH

As Illustrated by Billy Sunday, Mary L. Allen, Former Religious Editor, Los Angeles Examiner, Writes:

Editor The New American Woman:

It has taken the efficient methods of the Billy Sunday Campaign Association to demonstrate to the present day churches what is necessary to make them successful.

Committees! Committees for Finance, Attendance, Contributions! Visiting committees! Committees to arrange special attractions! Committees to secure the attendance of noted persons or prominent families, etc., etc. In fact nothing should be left undone to make it known that the United M. E. Church is in the community.

Then having secured a full attendance the church should advertize the fact extensively to let the people know what a popular religious resort they have in their midst, and how much the building needs enlarging in view of the hundreds of truth-seekers who are turned from its doors.

But, then, of course, there is the preaching! Here is the stumbling block. Must our ministers resort to the kindergarten method of arousing attention? Will it now be necessary for the Rev. Dr. X. to stand on one foot, holding the other high in air and aim an imaginary ball in order to let loose a religious truth?

Evidently it is no longer necessary for a young theologian to take a painful course in Divinity. What he needs is a strenuous course of physical culture. He must be able to send out his Message on a left curve, followed by a full swing of the body carrying the thought around a home run, maybe making a few short stops!

It is wonderful to see how impressive is this course of treatment upon an intelligent(?) audience! No marvel is it that tears of repentance start from the eyes of the sinner and perspiration from the brow and body of the preacher! Surely this is the Twentieth Century method of conversion!

The piano beats out a rag-time tum-tum; the sinners fervently sing, "Somewhere in the corner," changing from singing to whistling and from whistling back to singing at the word of command. Here is magic to melt the heart of the most hardened example of human depravity. Is not this the atmosphere in which he best can understand the great Truths of Life?

And these Truths—such Truths—must no longer be given in correct English, but must be garbed in quaint device of double-barrelled adjectives quadrupled, set off with punch-hammer, diamond-pointed aphorisms, dolled to make you laugh; for this is surely an occasion of great joy. You are undergoing the delightful process of becoming a—Christian!

What a shame it is that so many of us have needed all the years of our lives to work out our salvation. Little did we know that with a rag-time song and a base-ball sermon we could have been saved—in a day!

The Susan B. Anthony Amendment

"Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Conferring Upon Women the Right of Suffrage.

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each house concurring therein), That the following article he proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures, shall be valid as part of said Constitution—namely:

ARTICLE —

"Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied nor abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

"Section 2. The Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article."

"Out Where the West Begins" was published in the August number of The New American Woman and credited to Mr. Chas. G. Forbush. We submit the following letter from Mr. Forbush, who is quite capable of writing a poem equally worthy:

Sept. 11, 1917.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I was horrified when I ran across the familiar poem, "Where the West Begins" in the last issue of The New American Woman, with the authorship ascribed to me. I admired it so much that I used it in some advertising matter, and would have given the author's name had I known it. Will you kindly set me right in the matter?

Yours very truly,

CHAS. G. FORBUSH.

YELLOW WARBLERS

The first faint dawn was flushing up the skies,
When, dreamland still bewildering mine eyes,
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long—
A winter wild with war and woe and wrong—
Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue.
Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles—
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measured miles
Innumerable over land and sea
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee.

Foretelling in delicious roundelays
Their dainty courtships on the dipping sprays,
How they should fashion nests, mate helping mate,
Of milkweed flax and fern-down delicate,
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once more
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open door,
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things.
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.
—Katherine Lee Bates, in the May Atlantic.

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VICTIM OF LIQUID FIRE

By J. W. Sheeley

They brought him from the battle trench,
All swathed in white and reeking stench.

A charred and mangled living soul,
They brought him from that hellish hole.

A victim of the liquid fire,
Brewed from the Kaiser's awful ire.

Burned black, his arms and chest and face,
By cruel things of an inhuman race.

Roasted and cut and mangled and torn,
Bleeding and aching and haggard and worn.

Suffering so cruelly and almost insane,
Wild and half bestial, knew naught but pain.

Out from that ruin stared one living eye,
Seeming the one thing not willing to die.

It seemed so strange that life still stirred,
And never a murmur from him was heard.

Oh, Kaiser brute, what a fool thou art,
To want to break a whole world's heart.

In the Divorce Court

"How long after you were married before your wife
spoke crossly to you?"

"She yelled at me the minute I stepped on the train."

"My goodness! What for?"

"Well, you see, I tore off about four yards of it."

—Judge.

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THE WOMAN PIONEER ACROSS THE PLAINS

(Continued from Page 11)

and begged father to let me return to Yreka with her. I had a most enjoyable time, for as a courtesy to my aunt, the residents were doing their best to make my stay pleasant, when I was suddenly called home. Twelve men were crossing the Siskiyou mountains with their ox teams taking provisions to Yreka; as they were going up a very steep grade, they were attacked by Indians who were in ambush on either side of the road, killed all the men but one, and he was left for dead. The Indians took all the provisions and oxen and burned the wagons. The man they thought they had killed was shot in the leg at such close range, that it shattered the bone and tore away the ligaments, and in this condition he crawled four miles to the Mountain House; but as there were no women there they brought him on down to our home for mother to care for.

When father learned of this, he feared another uprising, so sent my brother posthaste to Yreka for me. We had two very fast Spanish horses, and these my brother took, riding one and leading the other for me to ride home. Father, at the head of as many men as he could call together, went out to rout the Indians and secure the stolen oxen. When brother arrived he said we must start home early the next morning. Now I wanted to stay a little longer, for it was at this time that I met the man of my choice, but I felt that father knew best, so with promises to return soon again we left Yreka at eight o'clock the next morning and started on our perilous ride, for we too had to cross the mountain where the men had been murdered a few days before. I took my new silk dresses I had had made while there and put them in a carpet bag which I hung across the horn of my saddle. You seldom saw a Southern girl in those days who was not a good horsewoman, so the ride on this fast horse would have been a delight to me had it not been for the reigning terror of the Indians. We arrived at the Klamath River at ten o'clock, and when the ferry men saw us coming they began to cheer, for a woman riding like the wind was to them an uncommon sight. After crossing they said to us, "Over there is a level road, let your horses out," which we did, much to their delight.

When we came to the foot of the mountain brother said he had better tighten the girth to my saddle, after which we were soon on our way again. When we arrived near the top I noticed to my dismay that the carpet bag, with my precious silk dresses, was gone. Brother left it lying on the ground after tightening the girth. We stopped our horses, and brother said he would go back for it, but for me to stay where I was and to keep a sharp watch on my horse, for if Indians were around he would be the first to discover it. It seemed he had only been gone a short time when I heard the pounding of his horse's hoofs behind me, and at the same time my horse gave evidence of some one coming in the opposite direction, but from his actions I hardly thought it to be the Indians. It was with a heart full of thankfulness I found it be W. W. Beetman, driver of the Pony Express between Jacksonville and Yreka.

Mr. Beetman died a short time ago in Jacksonville, Oregon, after a useful and happy life, passing many years as president of one of the banks of that city.

We were soon on our way again and reached home unharmed, to the great joy of our mother. We had made the sixty miles, most of it over a rough mountainous road, in less than eight hours.

We had been home but a short time when father and his volunteers returned with the stolen oxen, bringing with them a man by the name of Keen who had been shot by the Indians, and who died soon after father reached him.

Father set aside a piece of ground for the dead which is known to this day as the "Hill burying ground." There they laid Mr. Keen wrapped in his blanket, beside the grave of our cousin Isham Keith. We often picked up small bones by our cousin's grave that the squirrels had carried out, and reburied them, for fear our aunt would come and see them, for we knew how badly it would make her feel.

In '61 came the Civil War, and as we were Southern people, we were much alive to the situation. By this time I was married to a Northern man and was rather between two fires. Father was very strong for the South, and although we were far away from the scenes enacted, we devoured every bit of news we could get. Mail came across the plains by "Pony Express." Carriers would run their horses at full speed from one station to another, where the other mounts would be held in waiting. But even at this rate it would be a month before we could get the only paper that reached our coast at all, and that was published by Horace Greeley in New York City. About once a month we got a little bulletin that was published in San Francisco, but it only held very scant news and never any details; for instance, it would read, "Big battle fought at such a place," but we never knew which side were the victors, and it only seemed to raise our tension the more.

How well I remember one day when we were entertaining a friend of my husband, a Northern general who was on his way South, how my family thought I was a traitor to the South. One of my neighbors had borrowed an iron kettle from me, and this day as we were sitting down to lunch, she came to the front door of my home and threw the kettle in and told me I was a disgrace to my father. The kettle went with such force against the table leg that I feared it would break, and my mortification knew no bounds. This was only one of many instances that showed how high the feeling ran.

In the spring of 1871 trouble began with the Modoc Indians which ended in the terrible and bloody war in the Lava Beds. The Modocs were placed on the reservation with the Klamaths, which seemed to be a very bad move, for the Klamath Indians were a bad, overbearing lot and taunted the Modocs, telling them that every thing belonged to them, that of course the Modocs could stay there and split rails, etc., but in the end they were their rails; so the Modocs left and went back to their old haunts on Lost River. Twice they were taken back, and twice they refused to stay. The last time they left Captain Jack and fourteen others were camped on the banks of Lost River; among them

were Scronchin John, Scar-faced Charlie, Black Jim, Curley-haired Doctor, Boston Charlie, and Hooker Jim. Captain James Jackson and thirty-five soldiers were sent to escort them back to the reservation. The Indians were taken by surprise, Jackson ordered them to lay down their arms; all complied but Scar-faced Charlie, and when a soldier tried to disarm him, Charlie fired a pistol and in an instant all was confusion. The Indians seized their guns again and opened fire on the soldiers. Jackson lost one man and several wounded, so left the place in the possession of the Indians.

Soon after this affair, the State of Oregon called out several companies of volunteers, about four hundred in all, and sent them to the Lava Beds whither Captain Jack and his fighting band had fled.

The Indian called "Curly-haired Doctor" laughed and said he would make a medicine that would turn the white man's bullets.

On January, 1873, the soldiers advanced, and said they would make short work of Jack and his band of fifty-three warriors. But as they marched down into the Lava Beds, the Indians concealed among the rocks opened such a deadly fire upon them that soldiers fell right and left, and not an Indian could be seen. It seemed as if "Curly-haired Doctor" had been right—"The great Spirit" was with the Red Man. Such a slaughter could not be endured, so the soldiers retreated.

A few days after this fight a Peace Commission was proposed at Washington, and E. L. Applegate started the Oregon militia. But Captain Jack and his men held sway in the Lava Beds. How to conquer them was a thing that worried the heads at Washington as well as the Commissioners here. Many a bloody skirmish was held but always with the same result—the loss of the whites, for there was only one advance into the Lava Beds, and the Indians held the vantage ground.

Among the whites employed as interpreter was a white man named Riddle and his Modoc wife called Toby. Riddle had traded for his wife from a Modoc chief, but had been married to her for about twelve years at this time.

At last the Modocs sent a messenger with a "truce," saying they wanted peace, but Riddle and Toby thought they were only thirsting for war again, and did not believe them.

Meacham, Canby, and Thomas went to confer with Captain Jack with the returning truce bearer, but could get no satisfaction. Not long afterwards a messenger came saying that Toby was wanted in the Modoc camp. She did not want to go, but Meacham sent word that if a hair of her head was injured, every Modoc would pay the penalty. So she entered the camp and the Indians tried to find out from her the plans of the soldiers but on failing, let her return to the white man's camp uninjured, but, as she left, an Indian hidden behind a rock told her as she passed by, "White man not come to Modoc camp more for Indian kill sure." Toby told the Commissioners, but Canby and Thomas thought they were safe enough, but Meacham knew how treacherous they were and did not want to pass the warning by. Next day the other two men insisted on entering the Modoc camp again and Meacham rather than be called a coward prepared to accompany them. He wrote a note to his wife that "she

might be a widow that night, but not a coward's wife." Canby and Thomas went unarmed, but friends persuaded Meacham to carry a revolver, which he slipped in his hip pocket. Upon arrival at the Indian camp Canby passed around cigars and soon all were smoking, apparently at peace with each other. Before Meacham dismounted he removed his overcoat and threw it across the horn of his saddle, so he could reach his hip pocket if need be. Hooker Jim put the overcoat on and said, "Me old man Meacham now," and Meacham said, "Better take my hat too;" Jim said, "kill old man pretty soon." So the men began to feel that they



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were in a trap. Captain Jack arose and gave the signal, and the Indians uttered their war whoop, and without a moment's warning Canby and Thomas were shot down. The attack was made on Meacham by Schonchin John, but he was so excited he drew his revolver with his left hand, and was slow in firing. Meacham fired but Schonchin dodged, and returned a shot that passed through Meacham's collar and grazed his neck. Toby threw herself before Meacham and tried to save his life, but he soon went down on his face and fell as dead. Boston Charlie came up to take Meacham's scalp, but before he had succeeded in finishing his task, Toby cried out, "The soldiers are coming," and frightened Charlie away. Toby found Meacham still breathing, so called for help and had him moved back to headquarters on a stretcher.

I saw him a few years after and he still carried the scar of Boston Charlie's knife across his forehead.

It was not until 1873 that Captain Jack and five others were put on trial for the murder of Canby and Thomas and the attempted murder of Meacham. The trial lasted about a week and then the prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. On the morning of October 3 these blood-thirsty warriors paid the penalty for their crime.

Although scouting parties were kept out for months afterward to protect the immigrants that were coming in, the death of these Indians had a lasting effect upon the other tribes.

So through all these years our valley has had a steady growth until now our whole State blossoms forth like the veritable rose; in fact, Portland raises a rose known all through the West as the "Rose of Oregon."

You often hear the remark, "The best thing raised in Oregon is the umbrella," but not so, for our State produces thousands of feet of lumber each year, and every one knows of the famous "Hood River apples."

Many an evening as I sit in my peaceful home in southern Oregon I think of this great Western Coast of ours, and in particular of my home town which I entered as one of the first white women with my mother and sisters in '52.

It is such a wonderful thing to live through the growth of a city and see it develop from a wigwam to a great center of civilization.

When I look at our beautiful churches standing in all their grandeur and dignity, and think that I was one of the twelve who founded the first little church, the first monument to God in our midst over sixty years ago, I am filled with thanksgiving to my Maker, who has kept me to the age of eighty-three, and has blessed me with the richest of his blessings, good health. Many happy memories cling around the past, and the struggles we twelve had to build the original edifice, seem now but a dream, or a great hope realized.

After all, hope brings strength and comfort to our lives. All through the hardships, all through the big efforts of pioneer days, it was the hope of what was to come that kept our souls buoyant. It was the great hope that young men and women brought from the East, more than their store of riches that built up the country.

I have just returned from a trip to Southern California, and cannot help comparing this mag-



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nificent country with the barren wilderness of fifty years ago.

Los Angeles, with its wonderful harbor, now the port for our largest vessels, its fine buildings, factories and lovely homes, the beautiful orange country producing a wealth that is a source of pride to all who live in that earthly paradise.

As I came through the valleys once filled with sage brush, I felt young again as I looked on the efforts our people had made, and saw what they had accomplished in such a short period.

The Panama Exposition in San Francisco was a revelation to the thousands who visited the Coast in 1915, and will be remembered in history as showing what wonderful strides the West has made, and what wealth and resources have been drawn from the land of sunshine.

The Sacramento River with its golden treasure, the rich Santa Clara Valley, the great raisin country of the San Joaquin Valley, the magnificent redwood trees, are among the wonders of the West, but above all are the smiling people rich in the wealth that Mother Earth has given them in return for the toil of their hands.

As I watch the lovely sunsets in my dear home town it sometimes seems like a rare story of adventure to think over the past. Now life is all astir, for the town is celebrating the bringing of the Lithia water to the city, which gives Ashland the distinction of having the greatest Lithia, Sulphur and Soda Springs in the State. Its resplendent joint farms are each year increasing the wealth of

the country, and far away on the mountains rich copper mines are being opened up, and they tell me strange stories—if any thing is strange to me now—of new veins of gold being found close by.

Very few of those who crossed the Plains are still with us. My sister Hasselteen lives not far from me and although eighty years of age carries on an extensive marble works, some of her work winning the prize at the Chicago World's Fair. Another sister, Mary, who lived on the farm most of her life, helped largely to make that fortune which she now enjoys.

Yes, the West was the land of opportunity, and those who came here were the best of our race. They were the most daring, risking their all to secure an outfit with which to cross the Plains. They were generally men of education, often men and women of culture, but above all they had character. Dauntlessly they faced whatever obstacles they met, and this same courage is still, thank God, the spirit of the West.

I have made many observations in my experience of life, and one that has never proven false is that the hard worker lives the longest and usually enjoys the best of health. This health gives me today joy in my surroundings and in all the new efforts of human life around me.

Well may they call this United States of ours the New World. We have a glorious country to praise God for, and we can thank Him too for the strength he has given us to make it what it is.

(The End.)

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FASHION VERSUS ART

By Luella Price

Over a year ago in Los Angeles a reform idea was born. A group of artists set for themselves a goal. And whoever reaches that goal will have performed a service to humanity.

Each member of the group stands for the highest ideal of her special art. Sketching, etching, portraits, pottery, jewelry, costumes and ceramics are represented by such names as Nell Brooker Mayhew, Emma Waldvogel, Leta Horlocker, and Caroline Wood. Coming as they do from the varied interests of studio, high school faculty, home and shop, with one accord they are studying the practical application of their art. And thus their name—the Guild of Design Applied.

Three times a year they come together from fifty to a hundred strong to focus their combined talent upon questions of dress and the household arts. In so doing they come abruptly face to face with the fleeting whims of fashion.

Thinking women are rebelling against the slavery of fashion. They acknowledge the fact that feminine nature must express something of her personality through dress. But shop-window personalities are constantly held before her. Certain colors, materials, and lines are the "last word in fashion," which is no sooner said than changed with radical rapidity. Broadway is tramped, brows knit, and purses strained in the effort to follow the pace. Bargain counters soon hold the duplicates of many a well planned wardrobe. Then to rip, dye, and make over—in some desperate way to disguise the tender age of the innocent costume becomes the chief aim of existence, till at last milady sits her down in hopeless confusion. Europe's bloody warfare and the groans of suffering humanity do not touch her half so keenly as the danger of being critically eyed by some woman in the latest togs, whom she never saw before (and hopes never to see again!)

The Guild of Design Applied is alive to this problem, trivial as it may seem, yet a problem indeed. They realize that something sweeping is to be done. They see a fact of psychology to be overcome. They long for a day when women shall assert their independence, when they shall study their own God-given individuality, and shall dress not as a race of parrots, but as individual women, each with her own particular charms.

Larger issues than the whims of manufacturers are to be considered. From the artist's viewpoint, good lines are always artistic lines, and if good today, why bad tomorrow? Why should the gown so pleasing last season, seem so dreadful today? Why, in a time not far past, should a dancing costume five inches from the floor have been shocking, while today we complacently turn our hems at eleven inches?

Dress should be an artistic production. Line and color and division of space must all be considered. To dress artistically, the individual's strong points must be emphasized, her weak points concealed. Then, and only then, will the millenium of dress arrive.

Then the cross-eyed woman will not trim her hat

in the middle front, stringy locks will not repeat themselves in drooping feathers, drooping hats will no longer match drooping mouths, nor will long noses protrude beneath beaked turbans.

The field is a difficult one and broad in its scope. But when an unvarying, practical simplicity and beauty in woman's dress is reached, dress will cease to be the all absorbing problem. Perhaps some of the real problems of humanity can then receive their share of time and energy, and the ministry that belongs to the heart of womankind.

Subscriptions, unsought by personal effort, continue to flood the editor's desk. The sincere purpose to do good, the unfailing and untiring devotion to the things that count for a better race, and the determination to fearlessly stand for and encourage women to enter the world's service now—at the time when they are most needed, have brought amazing results.

In less than two years the New American Woman has reached the proud distinction of having upon its subscription list readers in every State in the Union. Statesmen have referred to the merits of this magazine, and it has been liberally quoted and praised upon the floor of the United States Senate.

We reach all classes. We offer the columns of the New American Woman to high class advertisers only. The magazine will be off the press by the 28th of each preceding month. We should receive copy by the 15th.

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GOOD NIGHT, DEAR HEART

Good night, dear heart, good night,
And may there be
A magic wand, to summon from the dark,
A thought to dream of me.

Good night, dear heart, good night,
And may there creep
A breath of roses o'er your pillowed head,
To soothe you in your sleep.

Good night, dear heart, good night,
Till morning dew
Has bathed each bud and flower and then
Let sunbeams awaken you.
—Justice James, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from September number)

MY memory hesitates as I strive to recall the heroic incidents that everywhere abounded among the three hundred passengers aboard that sinking ship, the *Séaford*, as related in the September number of this magazine.

Ships crossing the English Channel have large open cabins or staterooms below, with comfortable couches, easy chairs, writing tables and stationery, with a capable, refined English woman in charge.

Such was the accommodation of the ill-fated ship on which we took passage. All was quiet; the ship moved over the glassy surface with the ease of a swan. Women sat in little friendly groups, chatting over the fashions, while others reclined drowsily watching through half closed eyes the pretty gowns and other things which the more opulent had purchased in Paris. Many of them were sound asleep when like the traditional clap of thunder out of a clear sky, a heavy stroke that seemed like the call of death roared in my ears. I rose quickly and literally dragged Virginia from where she lay asleep, and as I crossed the cabin to the foot of the stairs I shrieked aloud, "Come on, women and children! To the deck! The deck! This ship is sinking! Hurry for your lives!"

At this moment the stewardess reached my side, and grabbing me by the arm she tried to expostulate with me. "Hush, madam!" said she to me, "Hush, you have no right to frighten these passengers in this way. Cease your"—. But I screamed the louder, and still holding to Virginia I pushed the stewardess to the head of the stairs leading to the upper deck, while all the rest of the imperiled women by this time were fast upon our heels.

As I turned at the head of the stairs I glanced back and saw the water pouring through the port holes. We each, including the stewardess, barely escaped death. We reached the upper deck where already the crew of the ship were fitting life preservers upon men, women and children, striving in low gentle voices to reassure the passengers of our certain rescue, while life boats were lowered, and made ready for the emergency.

We watched the freighter the *Lyon*, that had dealt the ship its death blow, as she slowly moved toward us, while already we were not able to stand separated, because of the sunken bow, which moved downward so perceptibly that our hearts almost stood still. Orders were given us by the captain to jump from the sinking ship at his command, again assuring us that the *Lyon* was nearing the side of our ship and that we would all be landed safely upon its deck.

Just then the *Lyon* hove to and the railing having been torn from the *Seaford* we leaped to the deck of the rescuing ship and cleared a stretch of sea beneath, which foamed and hissed and surged like molten lava. Three hundred men, women and children were miraculously saved! One only fell between the two ships which threatened to collide at every second, but all honor to Her Majesty's



sailor boys! Two of these highly-trained and marvelously efficient seamen dropped into the water as quickly as a flash of lightning, caught the woman by the hair and held her to the surface until two other fine lean-limbed fellows came to the rescue, and dragged her to safety, where the ship's doctor and other fellow physicians among the passengers restored her to consciousness and bound up her wounds.

All were subdued; scarcely a word was spoken, as we stood in close contact upon the deck of the *Lyon*. All the vanities and frivolities of life gave place to gratitude to God, and thankful expressions abounded in recognition of the wonderful scientific skill of the officers and seamen who stood with us and watched the big beautiful new liner, the *Seaford*, go down fifty fathoms! Not a passenger was lost, though all the baggage went to the bottom.

Want of time prevents elaborate details of the disaster. I should mention, however, that the *Lyon* was loaded with horses—three hundred of them. It was a two-compartment ship and the contact with the *Seaford* had torn a deep hole in the outer one, and as we learned later the pumps barely kept us from sinking. The passengers were all warned not to remove their life preservers, while life boats hovered near and all about us.

We were five hours trying to reach New Haven. The news had gone to London that the *Seaford* had gone down and that all on board had been lost! Ten thousand people were waiting the news. The *Lyon* finally reached shore towed by another and larger ship, and as we walked down the gangplank a shout of joy and welcome rang from those sympathetic English cousins.

While on board the *Lyon* the question was quietly mooted that the accident which caused our loss of baggage was, or that it would be considered an 'Act of God,' and hence there would be no possible indemnity coming to any one of us. I had, as my readers will recall, received a fee of considerable importance just before sailing from America. For once at least, I gratified my sense of love for the beautiful, and had purchased in Paris and also in London many exquisite articles of apparel for myself and the dear ones of my heart and home, in-

cluding my wise good mother, and also many pretty gifts for my friends.

There were several lawyers among the passengers—two from Philadelphia and others from New York and other Eastern cities, among them an Admiralty lawyer who made a specialty of maritime practice. While they and other passengers were conceding the impossibility of securing damages for our lost baggage because of the principle of law I have mentioned, I could not but take polite issue with the lawyers and I reasoned against their views as to the cause by which the passengers had sustained heavy losses. I tried hard to see it their way, but at least I was honest with myself in the premises. The sun was shining, the water was smooth, and had the ships' officers performed their duty no such catastrophe would have occurred. And so, I maintained my position unbendingly, that it was not "An act of God," which precipitated the Seaford to the bottom, but that it was the result of the negligence of the officer's agents and servants of the steamship company—all this was to the evident amusement if not contempt of the wise (?) lawyers who had a thousand years' advantage of legal training over any woman lawyer that ever lived.

At last we were all seated in the compartments of the long train just pulling out from New Haven for London when the conductor cried in at the door, "Tickets, tickets." Each of the passengers handed up his or her ticket, while I withheld mine and gave as my reason for such action that I had lost five large trucks filled to bursting, for which I had paid excess baggage, etc., all of which proof I desired to offer at the office of the London, Brighton and South Coast Steamship Company, to secure in some measure recoupment for my lost baggage.

Here the lawyers as also many passengers—women among them, who had taken part in the conversation, as to our lost baggage and possible damages, were evidently disgusted with me. Poor little Virgie! She did not relish the haughty attitude of the ladies toward me, and urged me to "give the conductor the tickets." However, I refused to part with the only bit of evidence I possessed whereby I might hope to intelligently present my case to the company, and secure some compensatory relief for my lost property.

We reached London at 2 o'clock A. M. and in all our bedraggled and worn condition we went to the Grand Hotel, just opposite Trafalgar Square, where we had spent several delightful weeks before going to the Continent.

(Continued in November number)

MISSION BAKING POWDER A CALIFORNIA PRODUCT

Many manufactures have been developed in California in the last year or two and Mission Baking Powder is one of the food products which is enjoying considerable popularity at this time because it is helping to solve the food problems of this locality.

Southern Californians are advising all housewives to test California products first so that these goods may be used here and not only save freightage but release products manufactured in the East held for use in the war.

Mission Baking Powder is being exploited at the present time for three reasons: its quality, because it is a California product, and because it fills in its food values where other products are needed in the East.

Owing to the splendid contributions made by our South-

ern California people vast sums of our money are sent East to buy war supplies and as most of this money is used to purchase Eastern goods it has been found economical for our people to purchase Home Products to replace this drain on the East and to give our own market a chance to regain its balance.

Mission Baking Powder, known as the "Healthful and Perfect Baking Powder," responds to one sure test: use three times the amount of Mission in a given baking, and then use three times as much on another batch with other baking powder: the result is that the Mission product is sweet and wholesome, while alum baking powder gives a bitter taste and a yellow tinge of color.

Mission Baking Powder is made of phosphates which have distinct food values and therefore are food as well as a reagent. No matter how much one uses it will give no harmful results, while on the other hand the food addition is distinct.

Mission Baking Powder was developed in California by Neal P. Olsen, City Councilman and secretary of the Southern California Retail Grocers' Association.

Mr. Olsen is president and manager of the company which has recently been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000; Mrs. B. C. Olsen has active management of the business.

Mission Baking Powder is a home product. It has been endorsed by members of the women's clubs of the State of California.

Heretofore a large majority of persons who visited the public library asked, "What shall I read?" Now they go straight to the magazine department and ask for the files of the New American Woman.

"And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The New American Woman, published monthly at Los Angeles, for October 1, 1917.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Clara Shortridge Foltz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the owner of The New American Woman, and—the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Managing Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles.
Business Manager, Clara Shortridge Foltz.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and chief security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1917.

(Seal)

JAMES H. LONGDEN.

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

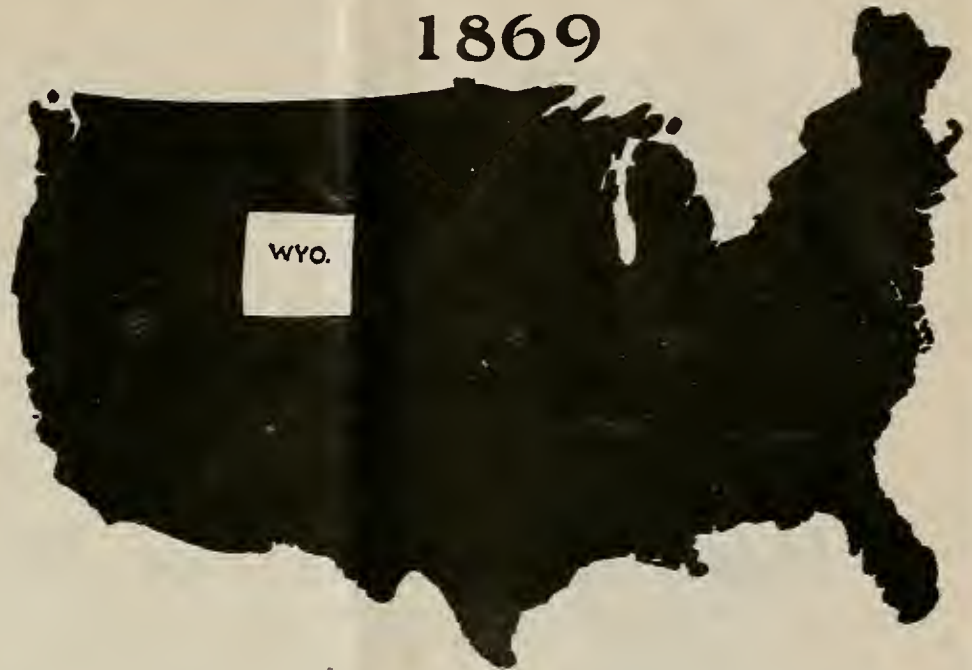
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"Straws Show Which Way the Wind Blows"

1869

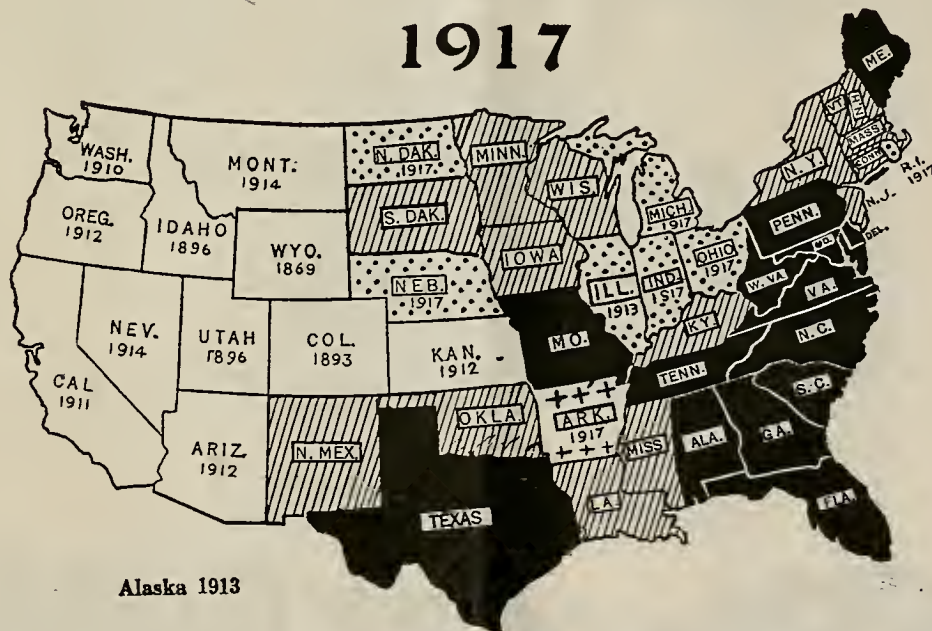
History in
Maps

Hints for the
Antis and
Other
Salurians



Whether Women's Suffrage comes through a Federal Amendment
or is adopted State by State

1917



Alaska 1913

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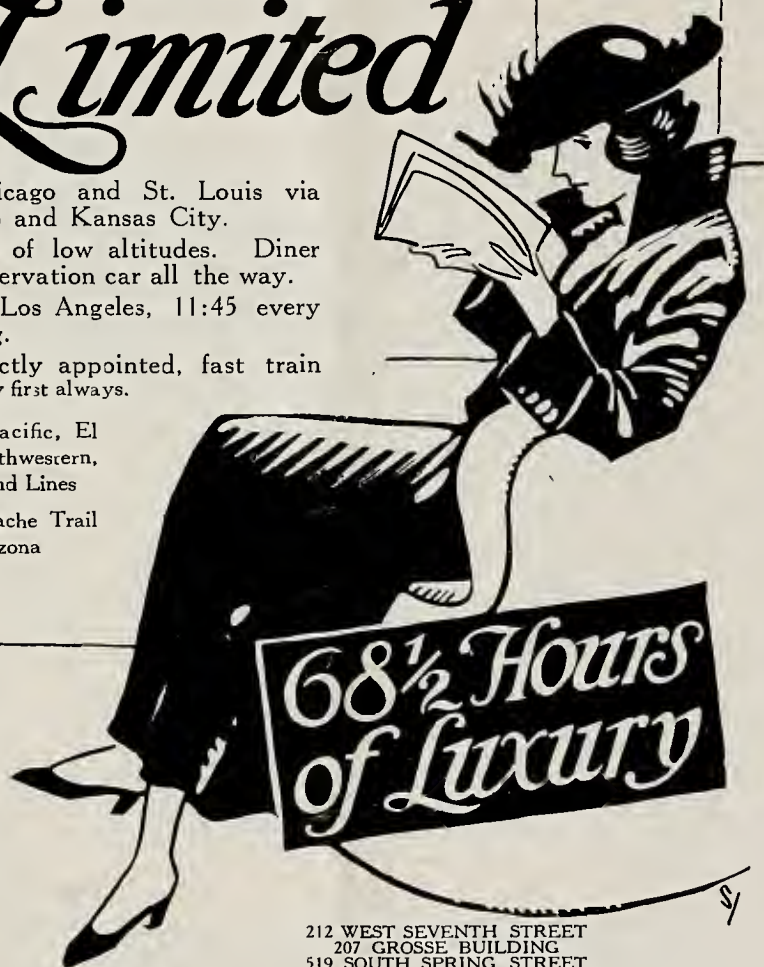
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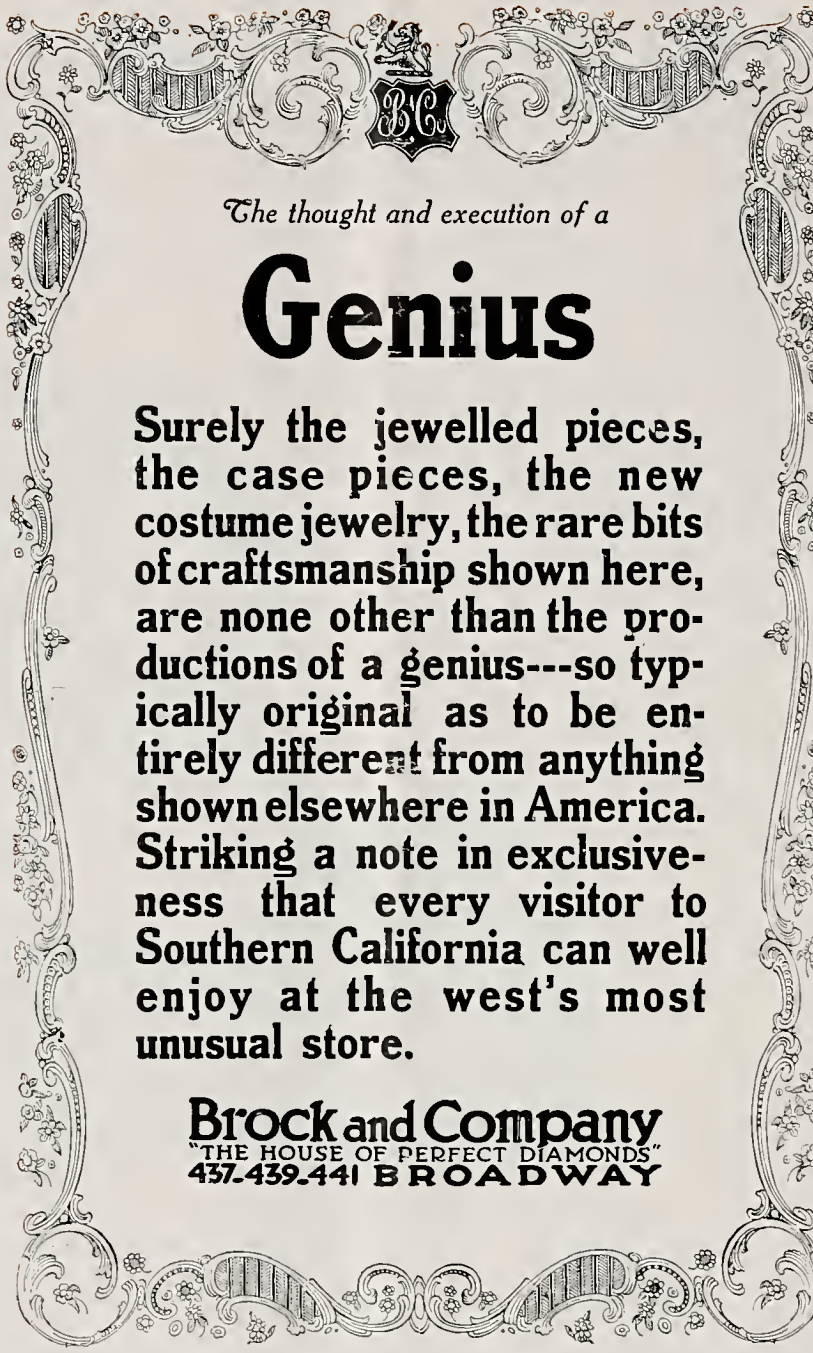
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Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!
Float on, in ever lovely allegory,
Kin to the eagle, and the wind, and light,
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CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1917

NO. 10

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Chivalry Old and New—Change of Ideas

Modern Chivalry More than Fine Words

Ethel M. Johnson

Librarian, Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, Mass.

FANCY that all who have discussed the question of extending citizenship to women have at some time or other met with that popular bogey known as "The-Chivalry-That-Now-Is-But Won't-Be-Much Longer." In the course of volunteer work I have frequently encountered this statement: "Grant women suffrage, and you kill the chivalry of men." And oddly enough the argument was generally offered by the sterner sex.

There is an ingenuousness in such a statement coming from such a source. The modest implication that the speaker is a shining example of the aforesaid chivalry, together with the naive conclusion that if the ladies are not properly discreet, he will remain modest no longer, has always delighted my inner self, particularly as few of the individuals whom I have heard utter this dire prediction seemed to have a very clear conception of what chivalry really means.

I remember in connection with one of the debates before the Massachusetts Legislature on the perennial suffrage question, a member of the opposition stated with all seriousness that if the vote were granted, he would no longer remove his hat for the ladies. Now with all due respect for the gentleman, I cannot help feeling that he took himself a trifle too solemnly. It is quite probable that the world would wag on pretty much the same whether he continued to bow in the conventional manner or not. And as for the implication tied up in the threat, that he was like to lose his chivalry, he should be advised for the good of his soul that one cannot lose what one never has possessed. The particular piece of gallantry to which he had reference belongs to the chivalry of the past, and to a certain extent symbolizes the spirit of that past.

We are apt, I think, to surround the olden chivalry with a romantic glamour—to picture a valiant knight on a prancing charger riding forth to rescue some fair damsel in distress; a courtier spreading his velvet cape on the ground that his sovereign may cross a muddy path dry-shod. And we are so enraptured with the charming picture, that we do not stop to consider that the damsels in question are always young and beautiful, and generally supplied with lands and castles with which to reward their noble rescuers, and that the silken mantles are

sacrificed—if not in the cause of youth and loveliness—at least in the interest of ladies with gold and titles at their disposal.

It would be rather interesting to know what was the attitude of the Sir Walters and the knights-errant towards women who were neither young, nor fair, nor beautiful; or if fair, who lacked the romantic accompaniments of beauty—title, wealth, position. What for example was their attitude toward the cook and scullery maid? But with such prosaic questions the pages of chivalry are not concerned. However, if we turn from the romance, the courtly epic, and minne-song, to the more popular writings of the period, we get pictures of human nature so frankly brutal, that we are forced to regard the chivalry of that day as a mere veneer over the primitive savage. And even in the courtly epic, if we read between the lines, we come to the conclusion that the veneer at times wore very thin.

The chivalry of a later day, of the 18th and early 19th centuries, for instance, lacking the picturesque setting of feudalism, concerned itself mainly with the question of a lady's honor. And directly connected with this was the duel and the unwritten law. Now upholding a lady's honor sounds very fine and romantic. And I have no doubt the women of that day felt mightily puffed up and exalted, as being made of quite superior quality of clay. But in reality this heroic attitude was an outgrowth of that ancient iniquity, the double standard of morality.

I confess it sounds very pretty and charming for men to say: "Women are the finer sex, so more is expected of them." But stripped of its pleasant verbiage, it stands forth something like this: "I may tread the primrose path, and nevertheless enter in at the pearly gates; but you, my sister, must walk in the straight and narrow way; and even then it's a lucky chance if you are admitted."

It means on the part of the person expressing it, "I will palliate conduct in myself which I will not tolerate in another." If that is chivalry, we will have none of it. It certainly is not justice. It lacks even a sportsman-like quality of fair play. It's frankly—contemptible. For the reverse of that romantic picture which shows such jealous guardianship, such touching devotion for the lady so long

as her honor is unsullied, presents nothing but scorn and harshness for the woman in misfortune. Think of the bitter chivalry of the Puritans as revealed in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and contrast with that the action of the Nazarene, "the first true gentleman that ever lived."

We feel less regret for the chivalry of the good old days when we consider how narrow much of that chivalry was. You remember Goldsmith's story of the young gentleman who was so timidly reverent towards a lady of his own station that he hardly presumed to speak to her. Yet this same chivalrous hero—whom today we should call a booby, and consider not at all worth stooping for—regards a pretty bar maid as fair prey.

There seems to have been also in those old days, an equally marked contrast between the reverent attitude of a man to the lady of his heart before she has bestowed her hand, and after she had made him "the happiest mortal upon earth." Else how shall we account for such ungallant institutions as the gag and ducking stool? The chivalrous Common Law of England apparently recognized the change such a contrast implied, for it tenderly provides that the loving spouse shall not chastise his better half with a stick larger around than his thumb.

For the loss of chivalry of this type we shed no tears. And for such as still lingers, the sooner it is relegated to the scrap heap, the better. True chivalry, not the spurious kind, we love. So much for the chivalry of the past. What of that we are told about today? The chivalry our anti-suffrage friends warn us we shall forfeit if we do not stop asking for justice?

I think it is time we inquired of ourselves what we mean by chivalry; what real chivalry stands for. Is it something very fine and poetic, but quite incompatible with equality? Is it a delicate flower that withers before the keen wind of justice? Is it a boon so precious that to keep it we must forego the claims to citizenship and economic progress? Perhaps we can best gain an idea of this chivalry by scrutinizing its results. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is still an admirable test. Now in order to avoid confusion I am going to call the particular brand of chivalry in question, "anti-suffrage chivalry." For it is the antis who quite modestly lay claim to it. And it is this that we are like to lose if we do not properly deport ourselves.

You will admit, I think, that we have a right to ask of chivalry something more than fine words. In its essence, we say, it means protection, the tenderness of the strong toward the weak. We shall demand therefore certain definite results from anti-suffrage chivalry. In the anti-suffrage sections of the country, we shall expect to find the weak—which of course means women and children—everywhere tenderly surrounded and protected by the provisions of chivalry.

As this is an industrial age, a factory age, and as factories are in themselves harsh and unfeeling, we shall expect to find in the gallant anti-suffrage States the smallest percentage of women and children engaged in such employments. And, in so far as they are permitted to enter the shops and factories, we shall expect to find them safe-guarded

by the best of labor laws providing the highest standard of working conditions. We shall expect to find the best enforcement of such laws. And finally we shall expect to find that these protective laws have been enacted through the direct efforts of anti-suffrage chivalry, and that they are being upheld and enforced by the same benign influence.

Now as to the facts in the case. It seems unfeeling, I know, to confront poetry and romance with cold and cruel figures, but it must be done. So I invite you to turn with me to a very prosaic and unromantic document—the Statistics of Occupation volume of the 1910 Census. You will keep in mind, meanwhile, I trust, the chivalrous anti-suffrage picture of woman the queen of the home, seated on her pedestal, and tenderly guarded from even the lightest burden.

Let us begin with the stronghold of chivalry and anti-suffrage, the Solid South. Here is Alabama, for example, with a female population of 768,160. That represents every woman and child from one to one hundred years. Of course, you at once say, they are all gallantly protected from the hardships of this work-a-day world. Well, not exactly. 314,330, or nearly half, are wage-earners outside the home. And stranger still, their work is largely heavy, manual labor or monotonous drudgery, farm labor or work in the cotton mills.

The suffrage States of Arizona, California, and Colorado, where we should naturally expect to see the homes abandoned, and the women, every last one of them, forced into industry—if we are to credit the warnings of our opponents, have only about one-sixth of their women and girls employed outside the home. Arizona, for example, out of a female population of 63,000, has 10,589, or less than one-sixth, so employed.

But we must not jump at conclusions from a few instances. In the anti-suffrage States of Georgia, North Carolina, and Mississippi, nearly one-half of the women have been forced from their proper sphere. Of 500,000 women in South Carolina, 270,000 are working outside the sacred walls of the home. Let us turn to the conservative anti-suffrage States of the East. Here certainly we shall discover ideal conditions. Nevertheless, in New York and Massachusetts between one-third and one-fourth of the women are employed as wage-earners. And in Rhode Island and Connecticut, one-fourth.

What about the suffrage States? Here are the percentages for a number,—Washington, one-sixth; Wyoming, about one-seventh; and Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, only one-eighth. It certainly looks as if it were the suffrage States that are guarding the home, while the chivalrous anti-suffrage States are breaking down its sacred portals!

Now let us look at the matter of child labor. And to keep more strictly to our subject we will confine it to girl labor. Have you any idea how many little girls in Alabama are hard at work in the field, or factory, or kitchen when they ought to be in school or at play? At the time the Census was prepared, there were 61,000 from ten to fifteen years of age so employed. And 37,000 were only ten to thirteen years old. In Mississippi there were 55,000 girls employed outside the home, with 34,000 under fourteen. In North Carolina, 53,000, and 31,000 under

fourteen. In South Carolina, 50,000, and 30,000 under fourteen. In Georgia, 60,000, and 35,000 under fourteen.

Compare with these figures the ones for the suffrage States and we have: California, girls under sixteen employed outside of the home, 2,600; Colorado, 1,800; Oregon, 500; Arizona, 376; Idaho, 274; Nevada, 51.

We hear a good deal about the wonderful laws protecting women and children in the anti-suffrage States, laws born of chivalry, which you know must die when equal suffrage dawns. If you have noticed, the ones who are the loudest in praise of the laws of anti-suffrage States generally confine themselves to a few examples. When they speak of the ten-hour law for working women in Massachusetts, they forget to mention that Alabama, New Mexico, Florida, Arkansas, Indiana, Iowa, and West Virginia place no limitation on the number of hours a woman may be worked. They forget to mention that the opposition to the national child labor law came from the anti-suffrage States, from the cotton factories of the South, and from representatives of the manufacturing associations in the East.

Only last winter during the discussion of the Keating-Owen child labor bill, a chivalrous Southern physician testified before the Congressional committee that was considering the measure, that it doesn't hurt a little girl of twelve to work eleven hours a day, day after day, in a cotton mill!

Odd as it may seem, the only States that have an eight-hour day for women are the suffrage States of California, Washington, Arizona, Colorado and Wyoming. The District of Columbia has an eight-hour day for women. This however, represents National rather than State legislation. Seven of the equal suffrage States have mothers' pension laws, and laws under which the pensions are not administered as a charity. Massachusetts, after much opposition, put through a law providing that aid for needy mothers may be secured from the overseers of the poor.

Six of the equal suffrage States have minimum wage laws, and laws that are effective. Only five of the thirty-seven anti-suffrage States have laws of this sort, which are among the most important for protecting working women. And in two of these five, Massachusetts and Nebraska, the law is not compulsory, but only recommendatory.

The statement is sometimes made that Massachusetts is the pioneer in minimum wage legislation, and that the suffrage States later copied her example. This is hardly in accordance with the facts. In the first place, the suffrage States did not copy the Massachusetts law, as their laws are enforceable. And in the second place, Massachusetts did not originate minimum wage legislation. It started in the suffrage commonwealths of Victoria and New Zealand.

We are forced to admit that anti-suffrage chivalry does not make much of a showing when it comes to actual accomplishments. But what about the introduction and enforcement of such laws as there are? Surely here we shall find our gallant friends "at the front" in all efforts to secure better protection for women and children. And such laws as have been enacted, we may of course ascribe to them.



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Let us begin by considering the Massachusetts minimum wage law, a somewhat wobbly law to be sure, but a triumph of anti-suffrage tenderness. Alas, our romantic vision fades before the cold light of actuality. It was the suffrage organizations that introduced the measure, fought for it, and saved the fragments from the enemy. The bill providing for a Commission to investigate the need for a minimum wage law in Massachusetts was introduced at the instance of the Women's Trade Union League, and it had the support of the labor unions, the Massachusetts branch of the American Association for Labor Legislation and of the Consumers' League.

Incredible as it may seem, the opposition came from anti-suffrage interests. The chivalrous legislators—whom we are informed are always delighted to grant women anything they ask for—tried to kill the measure at the outset by leaving the Commission without any appropriation with which to conduct their work of investigation.

A prominent suffragist came to the rescue, and personally financed the work of the Commission, and herself did a large part of the investigating. A number of prominent anti-suffragists were outspoken in opposition to any bill proposing to investigate and regulate wages paid to women and girls. The measure recommended by the Commission provided for a real law, one based on the principle of the New Zealand law. But the Legislative committee saw to it that it was made as innocuous as possible. And one of the opponents, also an anti-suffragist, boasted after its passage that its teeth had been drawn.

As one of the oldest manufacturing States in which a very large number of women and girls are employed outside the home, one-third of the total female population, Massachusetts certainly ought to have many laws to protect working women. Now the Massachusetts laws affecting women are everywhere held up by the anti-suffragists as models of perfection. On close acquaintance with them, however, it appears that a number have provisions which largely nullify their effect.

The 54-hour law for example, covers only certain groups of occupations employing women. A phrase, "in laboring," inserted before the enumeration of industries included, apparently exempts from the provisions of the law women and girls in the occupations not actually engaged in manual labor. Again, a provision that in occupations in which the employment is seasonal women may be worked 58 hours a week, does away with much of the protection for a reasonable week's work—since almost any occupation can claim to be seasonal.

Another interesting provision of this ideal law is that exempting mercantile establishments from the necessity of giving their women employees any lunch period. And so it happens that on days of big sales when the girls are worked to the limit of endurance, and when more than at any other time they need a chance for a quiet lunch and noon rest, the stores can, and some of them do, keep the girls at their posts all day with no opportunity to eat except when they can snatch a moment at their counters.

I think without any further examples we may say that a good deal of anti-suffrage chivalry has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yet I do not wish for a moment to suggest that all opponents of suffrage possess chivalry of this type. There are kindly intentioned persons whose opposition comes from lack of understanding of present-day conditions, and the needs of persons whose interests are different from their own. There are gentlemen of the old school who firmly believe that woman's place is the home, and that equal suffrage means taking women out of the home.

A young woman engaged in volunteer work had some amusing experiences with men of this type of mind. Once when she was distributing literature near a theater a very indignant gentleman approached her.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he demanded "You look like a lady, and I suppose you call yourself a lady; yet here you are out in the public streets—" and he paused, overcome with emotion.

"But," she answered demurely, "I don't mind it at all. Do you know, I feel quite well acquainted with the public streets, as I use them every night and morning going to and from my work." And when she looked around, her questioner had vanished.

People of that sort seem hopelessly blind to the fact that a great army of women and girls is already outside the home, and that because they are disenfranchised, it makes it all the harder for them to secure better working conditions, and a living wage, thereby rendering them, through the physical exhaustion of long hours and over-strain, together with under-nourishment, less capable later of making happy homes.

I have no doubt that if the daughters of some of the men who pay starvation wages to the women in their employ were forced to struggle along for a few weeks on the same amount, there would be much less opposition to a minimum wage for women workers. I fancy the pin-money theory—that women are in industry merely for the sake of getting a little extra spending money—originated with some chivalrous old gentleman who wanted to satisfy any qualms he may have had as to what the wages he was paying were actually accomplishing. It is significant that the movement for equal pay for equal work should have the support of the men and women who believe in equal suffrage, and that the opposition should come from the chivalrous ranks of the antis, who are the chief supporters of the pin-money theory. That is such a comfortable theory for ladies and gentlemen who are themselves pleasantly situated. It spares them a great many harrowing thoughts. So the fact that it does not at all accord with actual conditions, that every reliable investigation of women's work and wages has shown that the great body of working women and girls are dependent on their earnings for support, and that in many instances they are contributing from their scanty wages to the support of others, is too trivial a detail for consideration.

Perhaps you have reached the conclusion that I think of chivalry as Sairy Gamp's friend came to think of Mrs. Harris: "There ain't no sich person." Nothing could be further from the truth. True chivalry I love and reverence; and I believe there is today a finer, cleaner chivalry than the storied age of errantry ever dreamed of. It was Ruskin I think who said that chivalry is to be found only among women and working men. If we broaden the term "working men" to include the professional classes, the statement is not so far from the truth as it may at first sound.

It is significant that the labor unions, which represent the more intelligent and progressive type of working men, are the most loyal supporters of the suffrage cause. They are also the staunchest supporters of better labor laws for women and children. Indeed, nearly all of the protective legislation for these groups has come as a result of the splendid fight that the labor men have made in their behalf, and against the opposition or indifference of conventional chivalry.

I recall an instance in connection with the organization of the telephone operators of Boston, a few years ago. The girls were young, many of them in their teens. And they were rather frightened by the action of the company in importing a lot of girls from another State as strike breakers before any strike had been declared. The operators had asked for a little more humane working conditions, and something nearer a living wage than they were getting. Meantime they kept at their posts, and service to the public went on as smoothly as ever, while the girls were trying to gain the attention of their employers.

Now it happened that the men employed by the company had a strong union, and through that had won pretty good conditions for themselves. They had nothing at the time to complain of. The question of relief periods and split tricks for the girls, did not in any way affect them. Yet they sympa-

thized with the justice of the requests and wanted to help. So they held a meeting for the operators to discuss the situation with them. The linemen and electrical workers employed by the company were there, and they said to the operators:

"You're in the right. Stick to it. Don't be afraid. Don't let the company scare you. We'll stand by you; and if you go out, every man of us will go out too."

They were just plain working men, with no pretension of gallantry. They probably never thought of themselves as chivalrous. They didn't stop to ask if the operators were of the same political and social views as themselves. They only saw that their help was needed. And they didn't hesitate even though it meant the prospect of losing their jobs—a loss which I assure you is a far more serious matter to the working man than is the sacrifice of the most costly mantle to a gallant courtier.

No, the age of chivalry is not dead. There are many more really chivalrous men today than in any period of the past—men who are giving freely of their time, their money and themselves in an unselfish effort to bring about better living and working conditions for others less fortunate than themselves. Think of a man like Justice Brandeis, who as a lawyer could command princely fees, giving his services without charge in the fight to protect working women from the forces of selfishness and greed that would exploit them. The upholding of the laws limiting the number of hours a woman may be worked, prohibiting night work, and supporting the constitutionality of the minimum wage laws in so far as the State courts are concerned, is the

splendid work of Louis D. Brandeis, assisted by Josephine Goldmark. And it is worth noting as no mere accident that both of these social workers are staunch suffragists.

If you look at a list of the names of men who believe in equal suffrage you will find that it includes the majority of those whose chivalrous desire to protect women goes beyond poetry and pretty phrases. Think of the splendid type of men that have stood for suffrage from the time of John Stuart Mill to the present day: Phillips, Garrison, William Dean Howells, Chief Justice Brewer, Senator Hoar, Judge Lindsey, ex-President Roosevelt, President Wilson, and greatest of them all, Abraham Lincoln.

We need not limit the list to men. For chivalry, true chivalry is not a question of sex, any more than it is a question of class, or race, or creed. It is not incompatible with justice for it is based on justice. And there can be no real chivalry without justice. Justice is Chivalry!

We walk away from the woman who gabbles about nothing and the man whose language needs scrubbing. Why not toss the worthless book aside?—Tom Fitch.

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Confessions of a Pacifist

By C. C. Pierce

I AM a pacifist. I believe that war is an anachronism, a brutal, cruel, wanton, wasteful, insane and inexcusable blunder. I am wholly and entirely opposed to militarism. The doctrine that war ever has or ever will in any wise, benefit mankind, that it is a part of any sane program for the advancement of the race, neither appeals to the dictates of reason, nor is borne out by the teachings of history. The words of the world's greatest Pacifist, "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword," have been demonstrated again and again by the leading warlike nations of the ancient world. The greatest military autocracies of the past are every one of them dead, buried and would be forgotten were it not that from them we learn the things to be avoided.

I believe that it is better to save life than to destroy it, that happy homes, laughing children, contented people, the busy interchange of peaceful commerce, the amenities of friendship, and all other things which sweeten and beautify life, are better than belching cannon, mangled men, blood-drenched battlefields, and the hard, cold, cruel, brutal and agonizing scenes of warfare. I believe it an unspeakable crime to divert the industries, activities and energies of human beings into channels whereby all their efforts, all their resources are devoted to the destruction of life, and to the desecration and ruin of all that makes life worth living.

I believe that the time is surely approaching when the brutal instincts lingering still, it would seem, in the hearts of many, making it possible for them to trample upon all that men love and revere, must give way to the sentiments of humanity, of mercy, love, and mutual helpfulness.

And because I believe in these things, I am a pacifist, and in favor of devoting every resource that America can possibly command to win this war that has been so wantonly thrust upon us and upon the rest of the world. I am in favor of going through to the very bitter end with the great undertaking in which America is now engaged. We hate war; every American worthy of the name hates it, nevertheless he should do all in his power, through war if need be, to see that this whole bloody business of war shall be relegated to the fate of other outgrown cruelties, inanities and brutalities of a dark and ignorant past. I am in favor of staying in this war now and fighting it through to a definite conclusion. Every victory of the Entente Allied armies is just one more blow at all future war.

Americans do not believe in war, do not want war, and will accept war only as a last resort—only when it is a choice between it and surrendering all that America has ever stood for.

Americanism is synonymous with peace; Prussianism stands for war. Hence, Prussianism and Kaiserism must be put down by the only means that Prussianism and Kaiserism seem to be able to recognize. America believes in treaties, and seeks to guide her actions by the law of nations. Germany has demonstrated the fact that she looks upon treaties as mere "scraps of paper"; she knows no purpose,

other than the robber-like ambitions of her war lords, no law but that of her own will, or rather the will that has been imposed upon her by those who have ruled her and still rule her with a rod of iron. America is only another word for democracy, for justice, for humanity, for peace, and for a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." Prussianism believes in and practices autocracy, advocates inhumanity as a "war measure," and has no use for any government other than that imposed by the few upon the many; hence this war in which America is true to her ideals and her mission.

America will go through with this war to the victorious end. The American Republic was founded upon ideals and principles which it will never abandon, nor repudiate, principles for which our ancestors struggled and died upon the glorious battlefields of the Revolution, and for which my father offered his life in the Rebellion, and which still live and ought to live in the hearts of men.

The real pacifists are those who are in this war, on the side of the Allies, hopefully and courageously engaging in the struggle which was forced upon them. And these pacifists are going to stay in it and fight it to a final and glorious consummation. The real pacifists believe in the Government of the United States; they are loyal to the President in the tremendous task which is laid upon him, and these are the ones now willingly and loyally devoting all their resources and influence to hasten the coming of the time when men and nations who deliberately plunge the world into war, shall be forever shorn of their power.

Those parading in numerous "pacifist" movements, with various adjectives attached, those who are criticising the President, denouncing the government, and demanding an inconclusive and premature peace, are not pacifists, they are pro-Germans. They do not really believe in peace, but in militarism, and are working in the interests of the most absolute, military autocracy the world has ever seen. These so-called pacifists do not believe in the fundamental ideals of the American republic. They are not loyal to that which is of vital interest to all who defend and uphold the integrity of democratic institutions. Those who retard the great and vital work undertaken by the United States, are not only doing nothing to hasten the coming of a true and lasting peace, but they are actually exerting all their power and devoting all their influence to bolster up a form of government which for countless generations has filled the world with slavery, with ruin, and the horrors of war on land and sea. To talk of peace with such powers still in the ascendancy is to join with those who look with scorn upon human rights, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of justice, innocence, and humanity. There is but a single word in our English tongue which adequately and accurately characterizes people of this stamp, and that word is "traitor."

America is not the proper place for men and

women of the type just referred to. Their message of "peace," if they really have any such message, should be delivered in the ears of those who need it, and who have for years enthroned radically different ideals and standards. Their utterances can only do harm to that glorious cause for which our heroic soldiers of all the past have laid down their lives upon a hundred battlefields. A weak and wavering policy at this time will only assist in holding back the realization of the ideals which all true men and women love, and will relegate to a still more distant future, the establishment of an enduring peace.

A few possibly well-meaning people have been foolish enough to enter this weak, ineffective pro-German movement. But during these days of humanity's supreme crisis, no loyal American hesitates to let his sentiments be fully and clearly known. All defenders of honor, justice, mercy, and democracy, must unflinchingly stand together in this great Cause upon which America, true to her inalienable traditions, has now embarked; all must unhesitatingly contribute their support to the one movement of the world which has in it the promise of establishing and maintaining a lasting peace for this and all nations.

The glorious Peace for which all true pacifists dream and for which they are now willing to sacrifice, can, in the opinion of the great rank and file of the American people, never come until the arrogant and insane, the cruel and unscrupulous autocracy of Prussian militarism shall have been swept by the armies of freedom into that irretrievable defeat and oblivion which we still have faith to believe is the ultimate and inevitable destiny of all who seek to bind the fetters of their cruelty and lust and power upon the hearts and destinies of mankind. With all clear-visioned lovers of justice and democracy, with all heroic souls of the past who have sacrificed and died in the cause of human advancement, with the vast rank and file of the American people true to the ideals which have been enthroned in more than a hundred million hearts through the aspirations, struggles and dreams of all the past, we say today, even though it must be enthroned at the cost of a bloody and unwelcome war, let the divine and deathless cause of Freedom, Brotherhood, Liberty and Democracy reign.

THE WOMANLY WOMAN UNMODERN

By Dora Chelgrene

My Dear, I did not know how long the time would be without you;
Did not know the weary days and nights and restless eves and morns;
If I had, do you believe that I had ever dared to doubt you?
Or had feared to let you know my love, or thought about your scorn?
But they say: "A man cares naught about an easy giver."
And they say: "A woman's cheap, unless she's hard to win."
"Let her learn to hide her heart without a muscle's quiver,
Or she wins his scorn as if she'd stooped to sin."

And so, altho' I'd learned to think of truth alone as master,
Hating lies as I'd been taught,—but loving you so much!
I must learn to hide my heart—or court my own disaster
In your scorn of my poor, loving heart that fluttered at your touch.
So I learned to use deceit and guile because my love was blameless,
Learned to feign timidity with all my soul aflame,

Feigned a maiden shyness at what others said was shameless,
Kept my voice from trembling when I spoke your loved name.

For they said: "All men are thus, and women must be careful
Not to show their hearts too soon but feign a coy retreat,
Show a cool exterior altho' her heart be prayerful,
Hold herself superior to bring him to her feet."
And men teach their daughters to pretend a cool aloofness
From all passions, all desires, until the priest has blessed.
Then they say: "Men are more frank than we and women sly and ruthless,
Playing with men's hearts as toys—the truest and the best."

If I had been an angel, without passion, mild and holy,
My sympathies, I fear would soar to other worlds than ours.
How could I join your lighter moods or cheer your melancholy
Unless I, too, had felt the limitations of our powers?
I am a woman, and I tried to be as earthly men would have me;
My father taught distrust of men, my mother of my heart,
I hid my human nature for I thought deceit would save me
From their contempt who hold that coldness is our part.

And so I walk alone through life and hide my nature wholly,
Pretending that I love my work without your love to bless,
Pretending that a headache causes all my melancholy,
Pretending I'm not lonely when alone with my distress;
Pretending that I never think of man as God intended
As mate to woman—father of the child I might have had;
I'd have been thought unwomanly if I had not pretended.
And that, dear Heart's, the reason why we're both alone and sad.

KWAS

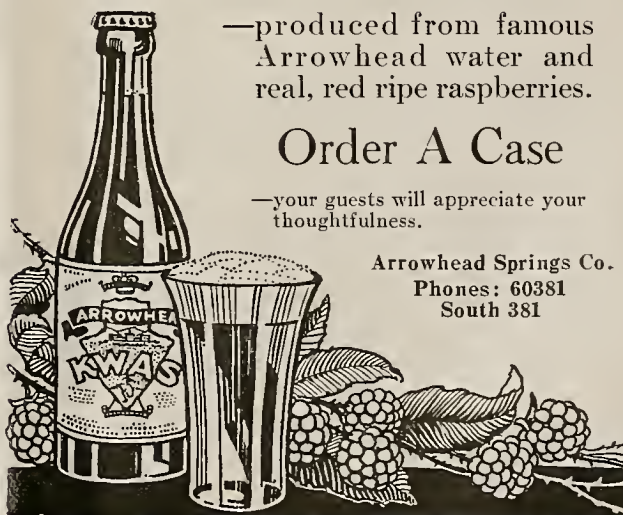
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OLD GLORY (Chant royal)

Enchanted web! A picture in the air,
 Drifted to us from out the distance blue
 From shadowy ancestors, through whose
 brave care
 We live in magic of a dream come true—
 With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed
 In dewy flower-heart the stars that passed.
 O blood-veined blossom that can never
 blight!
 The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
 Is in each star and stripe declamatory,
 The Constitution thou shalt long recite,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."
 O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare
 Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new
 Reverberations of the Bell, that bear
 Its tones of Liberty the wide world
 through.
 In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast.
 Symbol of land and people unsurpassed.
 Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.
 On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,
 No face so friendly, naught consolatory
 Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee be-
 dight,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."
 Thou art the one Flag, an embodied prayer,
 One, highest and most perfect to review;
 Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square,
 Has properties of all the numbers, too—
 Cube, solid, square root, root of root; best-
 classed
 If for His Essence the Creator cast.
 For purity are thy six stripes of white,
 This number circular and endless quite—
 Six times, well knows the scholar wan and
 hoary,
 His compass-spanning circle can alight—
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."
 Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare;
 As when o'er old centurion it blew
 (Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare!)
 God favored seven when creation grew;

The seven planets; seven hues contrast;
 The seven metals; seven days; not last
 The seven tones of marvelous delight
 That lend the listening soul their wings for
 flight;
 But why complete the happy category
 That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm
 and might?
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."
 In thy dear colors, honored everywhere,
 The great and mystic termanum we view;
 Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there,
 And the three nails the Crucifixion knew.
 Three are offended when one has trespassed,
 God, and one's neighbor and one's self
 aghast;
 Christ's deity, and soul, and manhood's
 height;
 What wonder that thou conquerest in
 fight,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Envoi

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
 Triumphant Present, and our Future vast,
 Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset
 bright
 Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!
 Float on, in ever lovely allegory,
 Kin to the eagle, and the wind, and light,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Emma Frances Dawson

THE WOMAN OF IT

She gives my cue in books and art,
 And when I follow, as I do,
 I'm sure to always choose the part
 That fools and silly fops eschew.
 She's a wise girl, no doubt of that!
 I sometimes fail to quite take in
 The wondrous scores that Wagner made.
 But quick they lose that awful din
 If through her ears the music's played.
 She's a bright girl, no doubt of that!
 Her church is mine, and so is her creed,
 And if I only stick to them
 I know I'll never feel the need
 Our heavenly system to condemn.
 She's a good girl, no doubt of that!
 Her wisdom rare and goodness sweet,
 As precious draughts from crystal cup,
 She freely lets my parched lips meet,
 And so she keeps my courage up.
 She's a dear girl, no doubt of that!
 But when she deals with human kind,
 Her sister maid and brother man,
 To all their faults she's strangely blind,
 And paints in virtues where she can.
 She's deftly landed with the hook
 Where dangle gudgeons in sad rows.
 Nor aids her lore from out a book,
 And knowledge more than savant shows;
 She's but a girl, for all of that!
 —L. Worthington Green.

To Prevent Desecration of the Flag

Prepared by Chairman D. A. R. Committee



THE FLAG of the United States had its statutory beginning on June 14, 1777, with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; thirteen stars, white in a blue field, the stars five-pointed. On April 4, 1818, "An act to establish the flag of the United States" provided for the addition of one star on the admission of every new State, to take effect on the next succeeding Fourth of July. On October 29, 1912, President Taft, in executive order No. 1637, established the proportions of the flag, its length one and nine-tenths times its width.

Today the union (the blue field) contains forty-eight stars, "six rows of eight stars each, with the corresponding stars of each row in a vertical line." The union is in the upper left-hand corner, is two-fifths of the length of the flag, crosses seven stripes and rests upon the eighth, which is white. The rules are fixed. No other arrangement, no other proportions, can be called the United States flag.

Many who keep within the letter of the law to prevent desecration of the flag nevertheless show it great disrespect, usually thoughtlessly. Its misprinting, its misproportionment, its misuse, its careless soiling, its neglect, may be avoided by observance of these five simple rules:

1. Display Old Glory from its own pole, by day

only, with union at top of pole.

2. If no staff or pole is available, hang the flag undraped against a wall, right side out, which will bring the union in the upper left-hand corner if the stripes are horizontal, or in the upper right-hand corner if perpendicular.

3. Put it higher than your head.

4. See that the flag you sell and the flag you wear is not of a type obsolete since 1912. Let it have forty-eight stars in even rows, with its length one and nine-tenths times its width and two and one-half times the length of the union, the latter crossing seven stripes and resting on the eighth which is white.

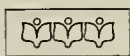
5. For draped decorations and profuse expression of the patriotic spirit use the red, white and blue without stars. Give the flag itself an elevated conspicuous place.

A group of patriotic Pasadena women has begun a campaign for a more thoughtful use of the national emblem by motorists. They have asked for the co-operation of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

They point out that it amounts to desecration to spread the flag over the hood of a machine or attach it to any part of the body of a machine. It is suggested that only one flag be used and that this be placed at the front of the machine. Following is an extract from the recommendations:

"The motor car seems to be a ready channel for thoughtlessness for the flag. All seeming rudeness to the flag is due to lack of education on the subject. It is wrong to take a large flag and spread it over the hood of a car like a tablecloth, or to use the flag to cover tires, cover windows, or to place it in the headlights. There should be but one flag on a car, and that straight in front as our leader. The ensign is the only rear flag."—Press Dispatch.

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THE TURKEY'S THANKSGIVING

Thankful? Ah, yes.

Though my head you may sever

I still will be thankful for many a feather

And I'll not even kick

When the last one is picked.

Because of my dressing

I'll keep you all guessing

Where's the bone that you wish

In your Thanksgiving dish,

Till you've eaten me up

For your Thanksgiving sup,

Still thankful the while

For your Thanksgiving smile.

Though I may disappear

Look for me next year.

Della M. Davis Wheeler.

The New American Woman

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all nationalities.

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CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ, Attorney,
Publisher and Editor.

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Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 10

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Before You Go Shopping Read the Advertisements IN THE
NEW AMERICAN WOMAN.

THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING

THE cynic says, "What have I to be thankful for?" The man or woman who can see no merit in the President's proclamation addressed to all the people advising them to gather in their respective homes and places of worship and offer thanks for blessings, is not to be scorned, but pitied, not to be slighted, but commiserated.

Gratitude for life, for liberty and the manifold comforts and luxuries enjoyed by the people of the United States while thousands of men and brethren are falling on foreign battlefields in defense of Liberty, is akin to personal participation in the bloody work. True thankfulness is the heart's best tribute, and prayer, silent or audible, its expression.

With one accord and in that spirit which moves men's hearts to loftier deeds let us proclaim our gratitude for the peace we enjoy, for the gift of courage to endure, and for a faith that passes understanding.

The First Thanksgiving Described

The "History of Plymouth," by Governor Bradford, records the first Thanksgiving day in December, 1621. It should remind us of the Twentieth century how great were the sacrifices of the Pilgrims, who gave this Republic to the world. It reads:

"Our harvest being gotten in our governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. The four killed in one day as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company almost a week. (No doubt the wild turkeys mentioned by Governor Bradford as abounding at this same period formed part of this provision.) At which time amongst our other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoyt, with some 90 men whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us yet by the goodness of God we are so far from want that we often wish ye partakers of our plenty." The Thanksgiving recorded by Governor Bradford is also described by Winslow in his book, of which the title page reads: "Good Newes from New England: or a true relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimouth in New England. Showing the wondrous providence and goodness of God in their preservation and continuance, being delivered from many apparent . . . dangers. London: Printed by I. D. for William Bladen and John Bel-lamie and are sold at their Shops at the Bible in Paul's Church Yard and at the Three Golden Lyons in Corn-hill under the Royal exchange. 1624." He says the drought was so bad that they judged their corn already past restoration; the beans were parched "as they had been scorched before the fire." Seeing themselves "deprived of all future hope," these considerations "moved not only every good man privately to enter into examination with his own estate between God and his conscience," but also to the assembling themselves together before the Lord by fasting and prayer. A day was set apart from all other employments. God was "as ready to hear as we to ask," says the scribe. Though in the morning the drought seemed "as likely to continue as ever it was yet (our exercise continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain . . . as it were hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived; such was the bounty and goodness of God." And the day of Thanksgiving followed. Thanksgiving days are recorded in several of the Massachusetts settlements in the early years and after the revolution the custom began to spread over other states until in 1863 it was proclaimed by the President a national festival.

SALOONS MUST GO

"SALOONS MUST GO" sounds trite, but never in the history of the world did it mean so much as at this writing. Good women and upright men have belted the earth with white ribbon. Against organized whiskey and its cohorts they have stood their ground, carrying aloft their banner of good will, good order, sobriety and temperance!

The very government itself fought the forces of

order and sanity and not only legalized the manufacture of the liquid fire that steals away men's brains, but defended it by the decisions of courts and by armed interference, and it has punished by imprisonment and otherwise those who defied the entrenched evil.

At last temperance is in the saddle. The Rominger bill having been defeated in the California Legislature, which at best but temporized with the evil it sought to restrain, now let every man and woman declare by their votes, **Saloons Must Go**—and stand not upon ceremony. That is the cure and the only cure not alone for Los Angeles, but for the whole United States. **Women will lead the way to this greatest of all achievements.**

THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

WITH this issue we begin a ninety-day drive for new subscribers, new readers, new advertisers and a new all-round New American Woman from cover to cover.

Two years of unparalleled success for this ambitious forthright magazine has emboldened us to brave efforts, enriched us with confidence and armed us with a new zeal to win—win that which in the first instance seemed doubtful, but which is now made certain by thousands of readers composed of all classes.

Every State in the Union has its subscribers. In every large city throughout the East and middle West this magazine has its readers.

The middle and Western States have responded to the impact of big ideas, and new subscriptions and new orders from news agencies arrive.

Will you, dear Reader, help us? Send us one subscriber. Will you ask your neighbor to join you? Send your names and addresses to the **NEW AMERICAN WOMAN**, Los Angeles, California.

THE NEW YORK VICTORY

WHAT else may we say—we have shouted, three cheers for the splendid leaders of that great fight. We telegraphed our resolutions, and did our best to express our joy and satisfaction over a result as stupendous as it was glorious. We tried to be enthusiastic without being hysterical. We wanted men to note "how different" we were from them in moments of great achievement. We did not propose to let them see us lose poise and act as they do in national conventions, or upon news of a party victory.

Under the auspices of the Million Club women of Los Angeles held an impromptu jubilee. The air was electric; the flutter of the women was like unto the flur of the wings of a flock of birds.

Mrs. Mary Kenney, leader of Los Angeles suffragists through the long years of educational work preceding the final victory in California, Mrs. Wm. C. Tyler, who, though she had not taken part in the campaign for suffrage, rejoiced that she had been privileged to participate in the general good results, and Mrs. Edward Rankin Brainerd, who is leading the work of women of California for the Liberty Bonds, spoke eloquently of the New York victory.

Miss Mary Foy, Democrat and patriot, spoke

glowingly of her faith in the future under the new order of things which classed women citizens among the nation's reserve forces.

The following telegraphed night letter was unanimously approved by the large gathering of suffragists at the Hamburger Theater, in honor of the New York victory.

Los Angeles, California,
November 7, 1917.

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw,
171 Madison Ave.,
Headquarters American National Woman Suffrage Association,
New York, N. Y.

California Votes for Women Club join in your jubilee over greatest victory ever achieved by intelligence against prejudice, right against wrong.

New York has proudly acknowledged the wisdom of her stateswomen who first proclaimed the fundamental truths of democracy and demanded suffrage for women.

Three cheers for President Wilson and his associates for their patriotic approval and loyal support.

Accept our congratulations.

Clara Shortridge Foltz,
Mary E. Foy,
Mrs. Edward Rankin Brainerd,
Committee.

NOT ONLY CLUBWOMEN The Advocate of All Women

THIS publication represents not only clubwomen, but all women. It urges upon women the necessity of joining the Red Cross, organizing leagues, clubs and societies for better co-operation, that they may meet promptly the multiplied demands of a world on fire. With renewed zeal let us go forward to the work we have in hand.

The need of intelligent direction of energy was never so important as it is now. The New American Woman is a monthly magazine, a home industry with a vast field for operation; it will prove its worth by its intelligent co-operation with its readers and its loyal devotion to the interests of its advertisers.

From an economic viewpoint a reliable monthly magazine is the very best vehicle for the steady news of the merchant and the manufacturer. The daily newspaper has a brief existence at best. The ordinary citizen, the buyer of products, is too busy to read more than the headlines, when he must throw it down and then away to the shop or other place of business.

Women are unable to peruse the daily papers largely for the same reasons.

The monthly local magazine is upon the table where the family and friends may find it, and in its pages the facts concerning the shops and very best places to go for the things we want and need, are to be found. The New American Woman offers its services upon terms the most reasonable.

Steady advertising in this popular fearless magazine will reach clubwomen and all women. It is read by all the wide-awakes—including men, of course. Why not advertise where the reading is good? Send in your copy; you may even call upon the editor if you will promise to be brief and direct in your statements. Otherwise you will be waited upon by our representatives who know the game and upon whom you may rely for truthful statements and a square deal.



REAL MEN THE BUILDERS NEW YORK NEXT

The Anti-Saloon League of New York, in a recent statement issued, declared that it would have introduced at the next session of the New York Legislature a bill to prohibit the manufacture, sale, importation and transportation of alcoholic liquors in the State during the period of the war and during demobilization.

This announcement comes close upon the heels of the great suffrage victory and is just exactly what every thoughtful person predicted.

The real men, the builders of national worth, though, in common with hosts of good women, they may have heretofore regarded "regulation of the liquor traffic" sufficient to stay the evil, must now see that regulation is not a remedy against fools and weak-headed men and women. These must be protected against themselves. The only way to do this is to prohibit the manufacture, sale, importation and transportation of alcoholic liquors in the United States, not only during the war, but for all eternity.

NO FUN IN BEING A MILITANT

FURTHER comment on the picketettes in Washington is useless. The Western view of the matter has already been stated in the New American Woman. We do not regard seriously any attempt to work up sympathy for women who would pose as martyrs, who wear the mantle of a great cause for flashlight performances while they violate the laws of the land and incidentally the laws of their physical being.

Let us hope they will soon retire to a decent obscurity and allow the cause they have disgraced to move on without further interference.

FREE SPEECH

Federal Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe in a ringing speech before the Los Angeles City Club referring to free speech said:

"Free speech is all right, but if you go so far with it as to impede the government in the winning of the war, you are a traitor. Free speech does not prevent the government from staying the hand that would preach sedition or anything that would work against the interests of our country.

"This war is the consuming question of the hour. We are confronted with a serious situation. It is not a picnic party. It is a life and death struggle with a most ruthless power. Is this old world of ours to be ruled by an autocracy? Let us fully acquaint ourselves with the seriousness of the situation."

On the same occasion Congressman Osborne, who was cheered to the echo, spoke at length, detailing his experiences in Congress. He spoke in favor of unreserved support of the President and asserted that it is the duty of the people to get behind him, regardless of party lines.

THE ANNUAL ADMONITION

Do your Christmas shopping early,
That's the word—
Though perhaps you do not know or
Haven't heard
That it's nearing Christmas season,
If I must give you the reason—
Even though it makes you surly—
Why you should shop just as early
As you can.

Do your Christmas shopping early,
For you know
Just as well before I tell you
That's it's so,
The tired clerks are often hurried,
And sometimes they get quite flurried—
Give a kind thought to the girl.
Do your Christmas shopping early
If you can.

Do your Christmas shopping early;
Do not wait
Till the bargains all have vanished,
It's so late.
Get the best you can afford
From your little private hoard—
Avoid the rush and hurly-burly—
Do your Christmas shopping early
As you can.

Della M. Davis Wheeler, Los Angeles

The women of Idaho are, it is said, thinking seriously of making Mrs. Borah, wife of the present United States Senator from that State, their candidate for the vacancy to be created by her husband's resignation. The primaries are a year off, Senator Borah may change his mind, and other things may happen, but if matters remain as they are, the prospects of Mrs. Borah's election may, at least, be regarded as fair.

EDISON'S INDULGENT WIFE

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the inventor, never insists on his doing anything he does not want to do. This is what Mrs. Edison said to Nixola Greeley-Smith, who has written of the inventor's wife for the People's Home Journal:

"You see, I like to think that he has everything just exactly as he wants it in the few hours that he is at home. Sometimes when my daughter and I have been motoring with him we have wanted to go one way and Mr. Edison has suggested another route. My daughter would sometimes be a little irritated. But I would think always. 'Well, whatever he shows us will be interesting, too, and we have so much more time than he has and can see what interests us especially some other time.'"

GOOD READING FOR LAGGARDS

Will some Eastern scribe please send the names of that species, *natura naurata*, known as "Antis," that we may furnish them with the Suffrage Anniversary Number of this publication?

Of course this species of well-fed, always beautifully-gowned person prefers her smug berth of ease and incense, but the world needs her, and the mighty urge of service beats relentlessly against her long entrenched unused energies.

Will the Little Sister Antis accept a gratuity from one whose heart is in the right place and allow the New American Woman to place you en masse upon its free list?

Come now, Girls, don't be pikers. You are new American women all right, but you're near-dead and don't know it. Your name and address please?

At a trial in Arizona a woman witness for the plaintiff, on being asked a question, answered, "I have been told—" "I object," interjected counsel for the defendant, "to this witness giving hearsay evidence, and I ask Your Honor to instruct her to testify only to such facts as she knows of her own knowledge and not to testify as to what has been told her."

The instruction was given as asked. When the turn of the witness came to be cross-examined the counsel who had objected to hearsay evidence said, "Madam, what is your age?" She replied blandly, "I do not know of my own knowledge; I could give only hearsay testimony."

OLE MAMMY'S SOLILOQUAY

What's dis yer wah-fussin all about!
Peers like ders sutthin dats wrong—
De air am full o' wah-talk,
& Wah-doin's all day long.

De pickininnies e'en in line
Am toein' ter de drum—
I'se shore dere marchin fo' dere lives
An' mebbe Kingdom come.

Ain't we got our freedom!
Who else is der ter free?
Der may be white folks slavin'
Somewhar beyant de sea!

Ah nebber done believe in wah
Nor killin' yer feller-min,
But whar ders wrong an' 'pression
What kin yer do—what kin!

Ah reckon ah'll buy a Lib'ty bond—
Ah don know who its foah
But sounds ter me its mighty good—
Ah 'member befo' our wah.

Ef dars a peoples got ter have
Der freedom given 'em
Ah'm prayin' now wit a' mah soul
Ah'm prayin' ter heav'n—"Amen"—

Nelle de Luce Strong.

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JUST CALIFORNIA

By John Steven McGroarty

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried land
And ocean's coral caves;
It lies not east nor west,
But, like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath flung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of his eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry,
Beneath his shining skies,
With the green or woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers
And the flash of popped plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay, that was of old,
Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant, new born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California, stretching down
The middle of the world.

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DISAPPROVES MILITANTS

The October number contained excellent testimonials from the Governors of the suffrage States, and other statesmen. Many others came too late to be included.

The following letter from Hon. Simon Bamberger furnishes conclusive evidence regarding the women citizens of the State of Utah.

State of Utah, Executive Office
Salt Lake City

October 9, 1917.

Clara Shortridge Foltz,
c/o The New American Woman,
723 Merchants Trust Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Madam:

May I not through you congratulate the women of California on the sixth anniversary of suffrage in that State? We have had woman suffrage so long in Utah and the results have been so beneficial, that it is hard for us to realize that there are sections in the United States in which the women do not vote. While not at all in sympathy with the spectacular efforts of some women to secure notoriety through the campaign for suffrage, and while regretting very much to see that in some quarters efforts are being made to make political capital out of the campaign, I am thoroughly in sympathy with the effort to secure votes for the women throughout the United States; and I trust that in the very near future all intelligent citizens, men and women, will share the elective franchise.

Respectfully,
SIMON BAMBERGER,
Governor.

Los Angeles' efficient City Mother, Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, writes:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed subscription for The New American Woman, which I thoroughly enjoy reading, and to you, dear lady, I wish to say that I do not think there is anyone in the City of Los Angeles who appreciates your value and your grand thoughts and big heart any more than I do.

I wish you continued success and prosperity in all your undertakings. I assure you that I will not fail to recommend The New American Woman whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Sincerely,
ALETHA GILBERT,
City Mother.

ULTRA CONSERVATIVES

Over the Editor's desk comes an article entitled, "Smaller and Better Families," by L. E. Eubanks, of Seattle, in which there is an abundance of sound common sense. The subject, however, does not appeal to women when thousands of the male children they have borne are on foreign soil offering their lives for the defense of common humanity.

Women cannot take more than a passing interest in a subject which by all the rules of argument seems to have been answered by the logic of events. "More chil-

dren," "more sons, to replace those we have lost"—that may yet become the shibboleth of the modern potential motherhood of our race.

We quote briefly from Mr. Eubank's excellent article, returning the unpublished part of it for his personal perusal in the present light of the world-wide war. It reads:

Every step in the advance of science is met by opposition. There are ultra-conservatives in every human endeavor whose awestruck respect for established dogmas and fear of the untried retard progress.

When scientific limitation of offspring was first discussed openly it had few supporters. Many believed in it and practiced it surreptitiously, many more wished they could employ it successfully; only a few had the courage to proclaim their convictions.

What the world wants it will have. Anything so much needed, so beneficial, so reasonable, so practicable withal, will not be denied. There is a wisdom in every universal demand. What Holland has done, every civilized country in the world will do sooner or later. The time is coming when there will be no excuse for more children than can be properly reared, when quality will be the first consideration, when public dispensaries for the dissemination of the necessary knowledge will be justified, when contraception will be regarded just as any other prophylactic measure.

"The race will die out," cries the alarmist. This is the objection that the protagonists of limitation have had to fight. A reduced birth rate does not mean race suicide nor necessarily a reduction of the population, because the death rate decreases *pari passu*.

In France the birth rate has been declining ever since the Revolution, but according to Drysdale, probably the world's greatest authority on the subject, the population has slowly increased since the Franco-German war. Fewer births gave the children that were born a better chance—not only to live but to make something out of their life. The world does not need more people, but better people. There are four hundred million people in China; we have less than a fourth of that number. Populous nations boast vast armies; but man's highest mission is not warfare. Militant nations may find it advantageous to encourage rapid propagation, but in the last analysis the status of the family is the measure of the civilization of any country.

Dr. Hamilton studied the comparative mortality in large and small families. She says: "Our study of 1600 families of the poorer working class shows that child mortality increases proportionately as the number of children per family increases, until we have a death-rate in families of eight children and over, which is two and a half times as great as that in families of four and under." Dr. Hamilton's table:

Deaths per 1000 births in

Families of 4 children and less.....	118
Families of 6 children.....	267
Families of 7 children.....	280
Families of 8 children.....	291
Families of 9 children and more....	303

The anti-limitationists harp on the objection that contraception is unnatural. They point to the Biblical injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply." What is more unnatural than to undertake responsibilities we cannot support? As one writer has said, "The whole history of progress consists in the working over by human intelligence of the raw materials and crude activities of unintelligent nature." Is it unnatural that the world at its present age should require different laws from those most useful when there were only eight people on the earth? Assuredly multiplication was necessary then.

Mrs. Georgia P. Bullock, successful lawyer and gentlewoman, writes us cordially:

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Enclosed my check in payment of my subscription to The New American Woman.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the great success your magazine has attained, and please accept my heartiest wishes for the future.

Sincerely your friend,

GEORGIA P. BULLOCK.

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Frank I. Wheat

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from October Number)

The hotel manager was equal to relieving our embarrassment, provided us with gowns and toilet articles, evidently determined to make us comfortable at least. Daylight and we were up, ready for



most anything. We managed to have a little fun over the situation. Our travelling gowns were a sight to look upon, our hats and all other accessories necessary to a genteel appearance were beyond recognition. We cabled for money and were promptly supplied.

Nevertheless, at 8 o'clock sharp we were at the door of the American Ambassador, and very soon every American who had been on the sunken Seaford had arrived and was seeking an audience with Mr. Bayard. Fortunately I had carried with me from my home city, San Francisco, a letter of credentials written and signed by our then Mayor, Hon. Adolph Sutro, under the great seal of the city. This important document, together with my professional card, I handed to a sergeant with the request that he present it to the Ambassador, since, as it then seemed, it would be midnight before I could hope to secure an audience with him.

The sergeant was very obliging and within a few minutes my name was called. Immediately I related my views as to the cause of the accident, and I asked the Ambassador if he would introduce me to Throop and Son, on Threadneedle Street, Admiralty lawyers, whom I had been recommended to retain to secure an adjustment of my losses. Mr. Bayard replied, "You will not require an assistant attorney. Just state your case to the officers of the steamship company as you have stated it to me;" and he added, "If there is anything an Englishman likes it is a clear and truthful statement of what one believes are his lawful rights."

I followed the advice of Mr. Bayard, stated my opinion as to the cause of the ship sinking, produced my tickets for my excess baggage and after having gone with Mr. Humphrey, the president of the company, under the direction of Sir Phillip Rose, its General Solicitor to New Bond Street, where I had bought several splendid bags and trunks, and then to Peter Robinson's on Piccadilly, I returned to the company's headquarters just opposite London Bridge, adjusted my claim and came down the marble steps an hour later with my handbag full of ten-pound notes; and as an appreciation of the admiration of my new found friends, Sir Phillip Rose included an annual pass over his company's lines to the American Lady Barrister—and this was indeed a triumph.

We secured passage for home on The City of Paris, where we found many of the passengers from the Seaford. The lawyers, too, were among those present; but alas! neither passengers ordinary, nor admiralty and maritime practitioners had secured a settlement with the company, though as I learned later, almost every one of them had tried to do so.

The lawyers in talking over the matter of my success paid me a very fine compliment when they said the reason the big company had settled with me was that it feared I might remain and be retained by the remaining two hundred and ninety-nine passengers who had sustained losses! To which I naively replied, "And I would have won every case where loss was proven—so eminently just are the English people."

In retrospect, here in my study, I close my eyes and hear again the resound of the buckling straps of the life-preservers and the whisk of the strings in the skillful hands of those English seamen, as they prepared us for what seemed inevitable.

I feel the tremor that convulsed my being as the Lyon lunged to and halted again, struggling to release herself from the suction of the seething waters that were rapidly engulfing the Seaford. I had not then learned to swim, but I was consoled in the fact that my little girl was master of that fine and almost indispensable art. So, realizing the situation, I released her skirts from my clutch and she leaped with the grace and agility of a young tigress over a space of four or five feet to the deck of the Lyon, clearing the distance with several inches to spare.

I recall how philosophically I regarded the situation. Knowing of the perils of girlhood, which time does not seem to lessen, I pinned my letter of credit to Virgie's vest with my diamond brooch and gave her full though brief instructions as to what she must do in the event we did not meet again. For myself, I was resigned to whatever might be my fate. But with few exceptions all were at last

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transferred safely—"a miracle," said the London Chronicle, referring to the sinking of the Seaford, and added, "The presence of mind and the quick action of the American lady barrister contributed immensely to the achievement," etc.

I appreciated this high compliment of course, nevertheless, it was due to the sound judgment and the fine courage of Captain Sharp, aided by his disciplined and efficient seamen, that our lives were saved. Life-boats manned by soot-blackened stokers who had stood by the ship until signalled to quit their posts of duty, hovered near to rescue the now terrified passengers, who, though entire strangers to one another, born the world apart, were now brothers and sisters. Verily, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Breathlessly we watched Captain Sharp, who refused to leave the doomed ship until sure that all were safe, as he swung from the halyards down into the waiting life-boat, where, with cap in hand he saluted the lost ship as the waves closed over her. Instantly a mighty explosion followed from the bottom of the deep. The water rose mountain high and fell in sparkling cascades; the brilliant afternoon sun shot its glory through and God's bow of promise entranced the eyes of the rescued passengers as they gazed awe-struck from the deck of the Lyor.

(Continued in December number)

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WOMEN

Lord Northcliffe Declares Five Million Have Taken Posts Formerly Held by Men

Lord Northcliffe, head of the British mission in the United States, in a recent address to the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce said in reference to woman's part in the war:

"Do you understand how with 5,000,000 men in the field, Great Britain maintains her credit and her exports as before? It may seem a paradox, but I want to say that it has been done only by the women of every class going into the great industrial plants and proving as efficient as men at tasks which a few years ago were considered impossible for women.

"Five million women have taken the places of as many men. I am not sure that all these are proper tasks for women, but war is war and in many cases the spirit of the women is stronger than their physical strength."

And Abraham Lincoln uttered these words: "If all that has been said by orators and poets since the Creation in praise of women was applied to America, it would not do them full justice for their brave conduct during the Civil war."

CALIFORNIA—THE ANSWER

Chilly Blues in Minnesota

(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

The jinx of the Chilly Blues was king of St. Paul last month.

Willing or not, every one of his subjects had to bow to the meanest weather ever recorded for October here.

With a frown which let the sunshine by but once, and a frigid glance which chilled gradually from the first and warmest day to the last and coldest, he played the mischief with every one's expectation of the usual October outdoor cheer.

Last month the mean temperature was 38.5 deg., as against the normal of 41.1 deg. The nearest approach to this record was in 1873, when a mean of 40 deg. was recorded.

October 1 was the warmest day, with a showing of 68 deg. Yesterday was the coldest, going down to 18 deg.

There was only one sunny day all month—the 15th. Normally, there should be eleven. There were thirteen

partly cloudy days, instead of the normal ten, and seventeen altogether cloudy days, instead of the usual ten.

Just the same, St. Paul was drier than the books show it should be. Only 1.68 inches of rain fell all month, instead of the conventional 2.34 inches. This is not a stable average, however, as only six-tenths of an inch of rain fell in October, 1911, and 7.55 inches fell in October, 1908.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL

A cubic is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
There are 2,450 languages.
A great cubic is eleven feet.
Two persons die every second.
Bran, twenty pounds per bushel.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
Oats, thirty-five pounds per bushel.
Barley, forty-eight pounds per bushel.
A hand (horse measure), four inches.
A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.

Not Identified

Visitor (at private hospital): Can I see Lieut. Barker, please?

Matron: We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?

Visitor (boldly): Oh, yes! I'm his sister.

Matron: Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother.—London Punch.

AUTUMN EXCURSION

MT LOWE

NOW UNTIL DECEMBER 3rd INCLUSIVE

\$1.50

—Round trip from Los Angeles \$1.50—Pasadena \$1.25—every day including Sundays. Tickets on sale by agents only—return limit seven days—

—Spend a delightful week or week-end at MT LOWE RESORT—Ye Alpine Tavern and Cottages—American plan \$3 per day, \$15 per week, up—House-keeping Cottages cheaper—Camp supplies at City

prices—Lunch or dinner \$1.00.

—Reservations at P. E. Information Bureau—SECURE FOLDER—Five trains daily from Main St. Station, Los Angeles, 8, 9, 10 A. M. 1:30 and 4 P. M.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

BUILDERS

Grand are the men of prayer,
Warning from danger's brink
Them that would leap and sink,
Heavy with heart's despair;

As grand is the soul that heeds,
That leaps to a sure success
From failure's too strenuous stress,
Translating the prayer of deeds.

Great are the souls that see,
Hear and perceive as one
That which hath once been done,
Now is and what is to be;

As great are the minds that plan,
As precious the hands that do,

Brown Sugar Taffy—Boil 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of molasses, 4 tablespoons of water and a piece of butter the size of an egg until a teaspoonful of it will harden when dropped into cold water. Pour into a buttered pan and cut into small squares when cool.

Vinegar Candy—Boil together for about 20 minutes 1 cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of molasses and a piece of butter the size of an egg. As soon as it is cool enough to handle, pull it until as white as possible.

Cream Coconut Candy—Boil 2 cups of white granulated sugar and 1-3 cup of water until it is stringy, usually not quite 5 minutes. Let it cool, then beat with a fork until it becomes creamy in appearance. Then thicken it with shredded coconut and flavor with extract of vanilla.

Marshmallow Fudge—Boil 2 cups of sugar, 1 heaping teaspoon of white flour, a pinch of salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ squares of unsweetened chocolate and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of cream or rich milk until a little of it will harden, but not become brittle, when dropped into cold water; add 1 tablespoon of butter. Remove from the fire and add 1 teaspoon of extract of vanilla. Beat and, when almost ready to pour into the buttered pan, fold in about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of marshmallows which have been cut into quarters.

Gingerbread Candy—Mix well 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of white granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt. Let boil over a good fire. When it looks as though it were almost done, add 2 tablespoons of butter. Try by dropping a little in ice water. When that is brittle, the candy is done. Add 1 teaspoon of vanilla, stir that in and then beat in 1 heaping teaspoon of saleratus. Pour into a buttered pan.

The Origin of the Word "Hello"

A distinguished philologist states that "holler" is the word halloo in its proper form, and halloo is a root common to all Indo-European languages. The root is spelled in the comparative grammar of the Indo-European language, by Heinrich Fick, hlu, and is pronounced almost exactly, h'loo. It appears in whole classes of words signifying to call (call itself being derived from that root), and to hear, and meaning very nearly, "stop and listen to me."

The first word in the old Norse Edda is hlioths, and it means a listening silence, so that the concrete meaning of halloo is, to be in a state of listening silence, or "be still and listen." This is one of the most interesting philological contributions to the literature of the telephone, illustrating the exact meaning of the word "hello."—Telephone Topics.

Unlucky Answer

Her husband had just come home and had his first meeting with the new nurse, who was remarkably pretty. "She is sensible and scientific, too," urged the fond mother, "and says she will allow no one to kiss baby while she is near."

"No one would want to," replied the husband, "while she is near."

And the nurse was discharged.—Tit-Bits.

Neither seer nor sophist can change the tide of liberal thought coursing through the brain of man.

Please say—"I saw your advertisement in "The New American Woman."

Progressive Independent Fearless

The New American Woman becomes more popular each issue, and well it should, for it contains the best and most up-to-date articles upon the leading topics of the hour. Read by men and women,

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MERCHANTS TRUST BLDG.

Los Angeles

California



YOUR NEXT TRIP EAST

Should he in the Los Angeles Limited or the Pacific Limited over the Salt Lake Route and Union Pacific. Both trains run through to Chicago in less than three days, with the best of Pullman equipment, both standard and tourist. The Pacific Limited also has a through tourist car to Chicago via D. & R. G. & Burlington Route, and through chair cars (with one change) to Chicago via Union Pacific.

Let us give you full information about a trip to any eastern point via

SALT LAKE ROUTE

LOS ANGELES OFFICE—501 SOUTH SPRING ST.
Main 8908 Home 10031

THE PLAINS

By Addison Howard Gibson

The long gray stretch of desert pale
Turns to dull blue where winds the trail;
Stray clumps of cactus and mesquite
Dot barren flats where sand-gales beat,
And fill with dust the heated air,
Hiding the distant mountains fair,
While shadowy foothills lie between,
Fringed with the pungent sage's green.

The mountains with vague haze-veiled walls,
Loom more remote as twilight falls,
Enwrapping in its opal mesh
The sun-baked, arid wilderness;
An antelope darts fleetly by,
While down the gulch coyotes cry;
Parched weary day draws to a close
And folds its cares in Night's repose.

CONSERVATION

Kind Mother Nature in these later years
Hath given birth to lusty twins, the while
Must prove the Saviours of a world in tears,
Oppressed by nameless horrors, pain and fears,
All bred by that great giant, Love of Gain,
Who now over the earth appears to reign
And by the blood of peoples growth rich.

Co-operate and Conserve are they,
Sired by that gentler monarch, Love of Man,
Who builds his kingdom in the heart always,
Invisible, eternal, day by day;
Who in the end will rule, and bring to earth
Fulfilled, the promise of its Saviour's birth,
Peace and good will to man, in God's own plan.

And when he does in strength ascend his throne
Upon his right hand and his left will stand
These two, and wield a power each his own,
But useless if he has to work alone.
Together must be wrought all pure, undaunt,
The fabric of the world's release from want,
And peace and plenty overspread the land.

—Bertha E. Fitch.

November, 1917.

QUARTER MILLION DOLLAR BOTTLING PLANT OPENS IN LOS ANGELES

Arrowhead Springs Establishment Great Credit to City

With the Prohibition movement gaining greater momentum it is interesting to note the large number of soft beverages which have recently been introduced upon the market. One of the latest drinks introduced is a Los Angeles product, produced from Arrowhead Springs water and raspberries. Its commercial name is Kwas and the bottling concern expects to gain a large distribution for it during the next few months.

The plant where it is manufactured is claimed to be the largest and most sanitary establishment of its kind west of the Rockies and \$264,000.00 have already been expended in its erection. In addition to Kwas, which by the way is pronounced like quass, all Arrowhead Springs products will be bottled there, including Indian Spring water, Pen-Yugal Spring mineral water, ginger ale and Arrowlax.

The bottling establishment is located at the corner of Washington Street and Compton Avenue and visitors are always welcome to visit it.

"How useless girls are today. I don't believe you know what needles are for."

"How absurd you are grandma!" protested the girl. "Of course I know what needles are for. They're to make the graphophone play."—Exchange.

—take luncheon at Pin-Ton the next time you shop. You will find supreme quality at moderate prices.

ality at  **Pin-Ton**

LOS ANGELES
427 So. Broadway

4%

on

Term

Savings

BROADWAY *at* EIGHTH

NIGHT AND DAY BRANCH SECOND AT SPRING

7 BRANCH BANKS
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Don't fail to visit our Safety Vaults

BEST IN THE WEST

Checking Account

Great

Convenience

for

Household

Bills

Make the Home Bank Your Bank Home



How Much is a Boy Worth?

YOU HAVE PLANNED, SCHEMED AND DREAMED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THAT BOY OR GIRL—THE TIME HAS COME WHEN YOU SHOULD ACT.

Thousands of young men and women who dispense soda or vegetate at the ribbon counter, have in their make-up the material from which leaders of finance are developed, did they but realize the great power that is within them. These young people talk, eat and sleep, use their muscles and earn a pittance. They have not been properly advised and may never realize their loss. They have never had a CHANCE. They have been cheated of their BIRTHRIGHT.

Young people should be given a thorough business education before they are permitted to learn the joy of earning money. A great responsibility rests upon parents. What a splendid opportunity to do a service for society and mankind! A word from parents at the proper time will do more to influence a boy or girl than the combined efforts of all the preachers and teachers in Christendom. Napoleon hit the nail on the head when he said: *"The fate of a child is the work of his mother"*

The cost? From \$50 to \$125. It may mean a struggle, a sacrifice, but upon the action you take in this matter hangs the future of your boy or girl.

BUSINESS EDUCATION

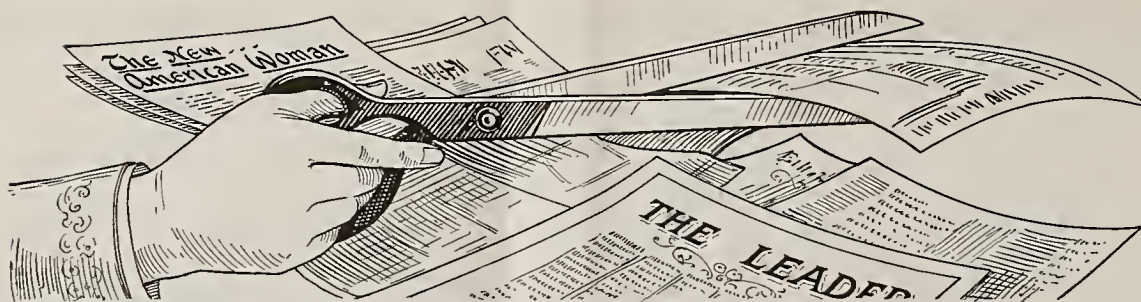
WILL build up a vocabulary by thousands of words.
 WILL give you the confidence and inspiration that goes with ability.
 WILL enable you to write a good business letter.
 WILL enable you to conduct any business in an intelligent manner.
 WILL aid you in conversation and salesmanship.
 WILL strengthen your mind and arouse your enthusiasm.
 WILL make you broader, bigger, better.
 WILL develop personality and win success in life.
 WILL give you courage to face the world and its problems.
 WILL, through environment and associations, develop the best that is in you.
 WILL open the way to greater intellectual development.
 WILL, at the very least, give a boy or girl a CHANCE.

WRITE TODAY FOR CATALOG.

Students can earn board and room while attending school.

Mackay BUSINESS COLLEGE

Corner Ninth, Spring and Main St., Los Angeles, Calif.



BE A HOOVER HELPER

Hang These Rules on Your Kitchen Hook

Save the Wheat—One wheatless meal a day. Use corn, oatmeal, rye or barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods. Order bread twenty-four hours in advance, so your baker will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. Use stale bread for cooking, toast, etc. Eat less cake and pastry.

Save the Meat—Beef, mutton or pork not more than once daily. Use freely vegetables and fish. At the meat meal serve smaller portions and stews instead of steaks. Make made dishes of all leftovers.

We are today killing the dairy cows and female calves as the result of high prices. Therefore eat less and eat no young meat.

Save the Milk—Use buttermilk and sour milk for cooking and making cottage cheese. Use less cream.

Save the Fats—Use butter on the table as usual, but not in cooking. Other fats are as good. Reduce use of fried foods. Soap contains fats. Do not waste it.

Save the Sugar—But do not stint sugar in putting up fruit and jams. They will save butter.

Save the Fuel—Coal comes from a distance, and our railways are overburdened hauling war material. Help relieve them by burning fewer fires. Use wood when you can get it.

Use Perishable Foods—As a nation we eat too little green stuffs. Double their use and improve your health. Store potatoes and other roots properly, and they will keep. Begin now to can or dry all surplus garden products.

Use Local Supplies—Patronize your local producer. Distance means money. Buy perishable food from the neighborhood nearest you and thus save transportation.

General Rules

Buy less, serve smaller portions.

Preach the "gospel of the clean plate."

Don't eat a fourth meal.

Don't limit the plain food of growing children.

Watch out for the waste in the community.

Full garbage pails in America mean empty dinner pails in America and Europe.

If the more fortunate of our people will avoid waste and eat no more than they need, the high-cost-of-living problem of the less fortunate will be solved.

HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Commissioner.

UNWORTHY CITIZENS SAYS COLONEL ROOSEVELT

"The women who do not raise their boys to be soldiers when the country needs them are unfit to live in this republic. The women who at this time try to dissuade their husbands or sons who are of military age from entering the army or navy are thoroughly unworthy citizens. The kind of affection

which shows itself by refusing to allow the boy to face hard work when it is his duty to do so, the mother who brings up her boy to be a worthless idler, because she is too fond of him to see him suffer the discomfort of hard work, and the mother who desires her boy to play the coward or the shirk, in time of war, are not merely foolish; they are poor citizens. They are the real enemies of their sons, for there can be no more dangerous enemy than the human being, man or woman, who teaches another human being to lose his soul in order to save his body. The wise mother is the best of all good citizens and the foolish mother stands almost at the other end of the scale. I wish every mother in the land could read Theodosia Garrison's poem, recently sent out by that stirring body of patriots, The Vigilantes. It describes the youth of twenty years, eager to play a manly part, while his mother seeks to hold him from the post of danger and duty, and one of the verses runs:

'Mother of his twenty years, who holds against his will
The eager heart, the quick blood, and bids them to be still,
What of the young untrammelled soul you seek to blunt and kill?
You would save the body stainless and complete,
Fetters on the hands of it, shackles on the feet;
And in the crippling of them make soul and body meet.'

—Los Angeles Tribune.

THREE FLAGS IN ONE

Three flags ablaze in morning's sun,
Their colors red and white and blue,
The fluttering breeze blends into one,
One flag to truth and freedom true,
How lovingly their folds entwine,
Their flag, our flag, your flag and mine.

—Anon.

A Lady Mayor in Florida

Moorehaven, Florida, has the distinction of being the first town in the old South to have a woman mayor. Such elections are not uncommon in the woman suffrage states of the West, but in the non-suffrage states are rare enough for each incident to be something of a landmark of the march of public opinion. Mayor Marion N. Horwitz at first refused to think of public office, but was persuaded to accept by a petition of a majority of the town's voters; a clear case of the office seeking the man, or, in this instance, the woman. Her program, as announced to the new town council, includes a non-partisan administration, a referendum on municipal legislation, and various improvements in public sanitation, schools, policing and local finance.

Golden State Limited

- for Chicago and St. Louis via El Paso and Kansas City.
- the line of low altitudes. Diner and observation car all the way.
- Leaves Los Angeles, 11:45 every morning.
- A perfectly appointed, fast train
- and Safety first always.

Southern Pacific, El Paso & Southwestern, Rock Island Lines

See the Apache Trail of Arizona



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207 GROSSE BUILDING
519 SOUTH SPRING STREET



Christmas Gifts

---an early display

Our Christmas selections are being shown earlier than in past years, so that the holiday shopper may make selections at greater leisure and before the holiday rush is under way. Just now our stocks are complete and by far the most attractive we ever have shown. We urge you to anticipate your Christmas needs---both for your own convenience and so that we may give service of the high standard set for this house.

Brock and Company
"THE HOUSE OF PERFECT DIAMONDS"
437-439-441 BROADWAY

DECEMBER

1917

The New AMERICAN WOMAN



Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong

Can
the
United
States
Feed
the
World?

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

15 CENTS A COPY
\$1.50 PER YEAR

To all our Readers, our Friends, our Advertisers!



We wish you A Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year



“I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you:
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow.

Through days of labor, and nights of rest,
The love of good Allah make you blest;
So I touch my heart—as the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you.”

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 11

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Can the United States Feed the World ?

By Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong

PRESENT irrigated lands in the Southwest are already cultivated to the utmost. We cannot send armies to Europe and not feed them; we cannot feed them and see the nearby troops half-fed and people starving—women and children in their homes, cripples and the aged, hungry. The only spot where America can produce in large quantities is the land of the Colorado, that is counted by the hundred thousands of acres, and the water supply by acres, not inches. Can it be handled? Yes, by the Government as a great irrigation district; co-operation, unification and a plan huge in its proportions, for the demand is huge, and to meet this demand the supply must be gigantic. We have already several great units to consider, acreage below the boundary line approximately 150,000 acres; Imperial Valley West 350,000; Laguna Dam system and Imperial Valley East mesa land, another 200,000 acres; Palo Verde, 180,000 acres; besides other lands not booked or mapped. The Colorado has water supply for these acres, unheard of in quantity elsewhere, and yet to put other land under the present system will divert water from present users and jeopardize production, for at low tide the dry season about October, there has been shortage. Again, one Government improvement costing \$1,000,000 washed away like a passing cloud, and another work is said to increase the danger from floods in an upper valley; while at the present time the lands richest in production through the use of the waters in the great canal are insecure from the fact that it passes under a foreign flag and a stick of dynamite could cut it off for a time longer or shorter.

What is needed is a combination of the whole to secure additional water and absolute safety to the districts. Co-operation among the present sections for obtaining these ends is needed and security to present land owners that their rights will not be disturbed. The advantages to settlers will be great with the dangers and expense of litigation eliminated; to transportation companies, increased freight and passenger service; to people below the line a stable neighborhood near by for protection; for the State increased revenue; for the Government not only revenues, but a positive food supply for the undreamed-of demands of the present war requirements, and for the philanthropic uses and demands that famine-stricken humanity is calling upon us to supply. The distressed world has become our world. This world needs every acre of produce from lands irrigated or that can be irrigated by the Colorado river.

This necessity comes from the war-starving people and from the coming needs of our own men sent into war-starving zones. There is no argument, no time to argue.

California and the Government must learn the facts herein related, must know the danger from further loss of time, the possible litigation that may threaten any movement that might benefit one section at an assumed cost or loss of water to another, thus stirring up antagonisms that are prolific when water rights are encroached upon. To be brief, any movement that does not comprehend all sections is fraught with dangers to the productions now vital to this whole country. Bear in mind the mistakes Imperial Valley early experienced and remember the protective work that cost the Government \$1,000,000 which washed away in a moment, the Yuma project, the Laguna dam and, its limited acreage, and the increased danger to Palo Verde country from flood damage, and the question is pertinent—why not better success?

It would seem because of lack of unification of the interests of the different sections, and also lack of knowledge of the whole considered as a whole by the Government and the public in general, a comprehensive general plan adhered to by and with all the sections placed before the Interior Department would start with the great advantage that the head of this department is said to desire the consummation of harmonious action lined up for success.

Enough time and money has been wasted by experiments, and for humanity's sake let a move in the right direction follow, and cease not your efforts until success is reached. Benefit to all, loss to no one, but a pull-together move must be effected on the Colorado river and a definite plan mapped out. This is the foundation upon which to build, live and let live; consider all the units first. In the plan consider not only the lands below the mouth of the Grand Canyon, but the Grand Canyon itself, which, it is understood, is a reservation, and under Government control.

The Plan

- (1) Insure adequate water supply to all present users.
- (2) Increase the supply and handle it so it will do greater service. Also control the flood waters.
- (3) Make it safe from foreign meddling or interference.
- (4) Development of new lands for a great popu-

lation. As we are considering this project as one great irrigation system, it will be comprehensible to irrigators of small systems. The same principles apply.

To increase the supply, great as it is, will involve the employment of new methods of impounding. The Grand Canyon supplies the means to this end. The lower portion of the canyon proper is from 1000 to 1200 feet solid granite (archaic rock, which by the way is the oldest earth formation the sun shines upon.) Blasting the rock and filling in to construct dams across the river, making them to begin with from 150 to 250 feet high. These restraining dams will form storage reservoirs. The Colorado is comparatively free from silt at flood tide. This water so held will give electric power, as well as water supply.

By this method, the whole canyon can be filled with water at comparatively low cost; while a system of check dams invented for storing slickens in hydraulic mining and running the water off clean can be employed in side canyons to clarify the water that feeds these canyon reservoirs.

The settlers will be asked to irrigate during flood times by spreading the water, where possible, to a depth of from one to two feet, thus letting the water soak into the ground while the deposit of silt will spread thinly over the surface and enrich the soil. Land so treated will require less irrigation later in the season. This is a lesson from Egypt and China.

Third—Make it safe by constructing an all-American canal along and above the boundary line. This can be done at an expenditure of approximately \$6,000,000. This plan is the open cut and must be patterned after the Panama Canal, handled in the same manner and spirit and may be considered very properly a Liberty Loan project.

Fourth, the new lands irrigated and placed under cultivation will give homes and employment for possibly 1,000,000 people.

Is this worth while? There is no doubt it is a vital necessity to insure a great food supply.

The employment of the grandest canyon on earth to serve in the great war for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, unification of interests, harmony in place of possible legal warfare, homes for a vast population, perchance a great citizen soldiery, all under our flag; damage to none, benefit to all, is a worthy object indeed. Where is the selfish interest that will say "Nay" to this most beneficent work, the most important war measure before the American people today? And further, the Grand Canyon is ideal for storage reservoirs; power for electricity to carry water to higher levels must also be considered, as well as the complete handling of floods and saving that waste for crop products.

Have our people gone to war without considering the cost in food? They are calling upon present producers to do more on the same acreage than is possible! Then take notice.

With great things to do, it is not safe to underestimate the task we have assigned ourselves. With the financial backing of the Government, the world can be fed from the United States.

"They helped everyone his neighbor; and everyone said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'"

A Perfect Day



By Carrie Jacobs Bond

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought;
Do you think what the end of a Perfect Day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a Perfect Day,
Near the end of a journey, too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this Perfect Day
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a Perfect Day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

MRS. HARRIET W. R. STRONG, of Los Angeles, California, whose handsome life-like portrait adorns the front cover of this magazine, is a leading authority on the complex question of water and water rights. Mrs. Strong is a member of the advisory board of the Arizona and California River Regulation Committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Her studies of the water needs of California and other Western States and her views as to the practical development of water ample to provide every barren acre of the desert lands, are read with ever increasing interest.

Mrs. Strong is in no sense visionary. Indeed, she is well known for her wonderful poise and fine legal mind. Her vision of the Imperial Valley and its possibilities have been more than realized. Touched by the magic wand of water Imperial Valley sprang from a barren desert almost in the winking of an eye into an empire, covered by vast fields of cotton, large acreage of cantaloupes, of corn, wheat and alfalfa, representing in the aggregate many millions of dollars, not to mention the almost innumerable enterprises such as poultry, the culture of dates, and the inexhaustible summer and winter gardens which furnish to the now thickly populated community every human need, has enlisted the wildest interest among statesmen in Washington.

Congressman Hon. Frederick C. Hicks, of New York, a son-in-law of Mrs. Strong, will present to the present Congress this great woman's conservation project as a Federal War measure. It will be placed before Secretary of the Interior Lane, also, and copies of the memorial will be in the hands of Congressman Osborne and Congressman Randall of Los Angeles, and Congressman William Kettner, within the limits of whose district lies the greater portion of the lands that will be affected.

After the War—The Regeneration of America

By Hon. John S. Chambers, State Controller

LITTLE that is worth while is accomplished without effort; and, generally speaking, the greater the accomplishment the greater the effort. Real progress is the outgrowth of struggle, sacrifice and tribulation. Responsibility develops strength and character if the basis exists for such a manifestation. And as it is with the individual so it is with the nation.

The truth of these observations is so obvious that to assert them almost makes one guilty of repeating platitudes. But it is well in these trying times to keep before us these fundamentals. If such a terrible war as now engulfs the civilized world could come, wreak its anger upon mankind and go without also greatly benefiting humanity as the adjustments follow, then, indeed, would one be justified in doubting the existence of a beneficent Supreme Being.

A great thing, a very great thing, indeed, was done by President Wilson when, rising above the direct issues of the hour, he placed America's entry into the war upon the highest possible plane—the plane of making the world safe for democracy; the plane of saving the freedom of the free peoples of the earth and making possible the extension of that freedom, eventually, to all the nations of the world; the plane of saving civilization itself and raising mankind to a higher moral level than ever yet has been attained.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; war for a great principle ennobles a nation; justice is peculiarly indispensable to a nation. America is in this war in defense of a great principle; she is in this war that justice may rule the world; she has no selfish interest to serve, no ulterior purpose concealed from view, no vengeance to wreak, no aggrandizement in contemplation. Righteousness marks her course.

And, so, I believe from the bottom of my heart that the blessing of God will rest upon this country. I believe, in the end, that not only will all the nations now in the war, including Germany, be benefited, but that all the nations and all the peoples of the world, also, will be benefited.

Could it be otherwise and a merciful God exist? That we as individuals, that we as nations must develop through trials, must advance through suffering, is and ever has been the law of the universe. Why, we need not ask; we can never know. History merely records the fact. But also it records—and therein, now, lies our inspiration and our hope—that out of trial and suffering mankind ever has emerged stronger and better.

Prosperity, peace, happiness—these things do not constitute the supreme purpose of the world. Justice, tempered by charity, is the goal. And only the prosperity, the peace, the happiness that comes through justice, is the prosperity, the peace or the happiness worth while.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I am neither a preacher, nor the son of a preacher; neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. But

it is tragedies such as that which racks the world today that forces one to think, that causes one to turn from the ordinary pursuits of earth to the deeper, broader things of life, the things that are fundamental and eternal.

We of the world have drifted far from God. We have put religion in the background and the church to one side. We have pursued the things material to the exclusion of the things spiritual. We have sought the dollar and the glad things the dollar will buy. Business has been our goal. We have dwelt in peace; we have prospered; we have become fat, slothful, selfish, extravagant, content; ignorant of, or, if not, indifferent to the fact that such a life, unless checked, must end in the weakness, the disintegration and the ruin of the nation.

And the check has come. Terrible, fearful, horrible as is this war, it means the regeneration of our country of all the civilized nations of the world, I believe—to a great extent, at least. The price is tremendous; but the blood of millions of men and the treasures of kingdoms will not have been sacrificed in vain.

Not that this regeneration will take place in a day. It will come through evolution rather than revolution, although based upon revolution. The great world war today is in reality a revolution. It became such with the entry of the United States into the war in the name of liberty, in the name of democracy against autocracy, and with the overthrow of the Czar. And so it will continue. The two great human forces of the world are in conflict. The issue is the freedom of men, of nations, or their bondage. And the result is not in doubt. The world ever moves forward, not backward, slow though that progress may be, almost indiscernible at times.

We not only face in this country, and in Europe, great social, economic and political changes, but some of these changes even now are in process of accomplishment. A greatly altered conception of life, its problems, its purposes is being forced upon us; not swiftly, perhaps, but surely. The individual will become a better man or woman; the nation and its units, composed of these better men and women, necessarily will become better, and so, too, the international relations. Justice, tempered by charity, will have its place in the sun.

And this is not an idle dream. If much good is not to come out of this great evil, what hope has mankind? The future as I see it may not appeal to some, for one reason or another; it may not bring comfort into the home where death has entered, where other loss has come, or where apprehension prevails. It may bring little solace, now, to the stricken people of wonderful Belgium, of gallant France or of desperate Italy. But those who survive and those who are to follow, will see the truth realized or its realization well begun.

Victory by force of arms cannot come to Germany now. Victory such as that government seeks—a victory which would turn back the wheels of time

a century and more and hold them back for centuries to come perhaps, can only come to it now through the making of a peace the terms of which would ignore the lessons taught by the war, which would close the eyes of the Allies to the menace of the future and blot from consideration and memory the inspired words and warning of our President.

Such a shameful peace will never be arranged. Out of the horrors of the past three years will come a better world. We of today merely play a passing part, big or little as it may be, and go on. But the purpose of the great Architect of the Universe is unfaltering and eternal, sure of fulfillment, with the betterment of mankind the all-absorbing motive. So history teaches, so faith in a beneficent Supreme Being must make us believe, so our inner consciousness assures us.

"KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'"

Homely phrase of our southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touche to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown,
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Sorrow will shade the blue sky gray—
Gray is the color our brothers wore;
Sunshine will scatter the clouds away;
Azure will gleam in the skies once more.
Colors of Patience and Hope are they—
Always at even in one they blend;
Tinting the heavens by night and day,
Over our hearts to the journey's end.
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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CALIFORNIA BY THE SEA

By Edwin Kingsley Hurlbut
(of the Scribblers Club)

There's a land of fruit and flowers
By the peaceful Ocean's strand,
Where the sun-blest valleys nestle,
Guarded by the mountains grand—
Golden State of California,
Magic sun-land of the West,
Where world-cares may be forgotten
And the weary ones find rest.

When King Winter chills the Eastland
With his breath of snow and ice,
Then with warm and genial welcome
California's charms entice;
From her bower of vines and blossoms,
Orange groves and hills of green,
She to all the world calls: "Welcome
To the Rose-Court of our Queen!"

Then all hail to California,
By the balmy summer sea;
Welcome glad to all who greet us
From whatever clime they be.
Come and join us in our Eden,
There is room for millions more—
California invites you—
Come and share her golden store!

California, land of beauty,
Though afar our feet may roam,
We, thy children, still adore thee,
Ever think of thee as home;
While the people of all nations
Turn their longing eyes toward thee
As to Paradise or Heaven,
California by the sea!

The New Liberty Bell

By Madge Morris

Author of "Ode to the Colorado Desert," "Rocking the Baby," and Other Poems



Madge Morris

“THERE's a legend told of a far-off land”—
The land of a king—where the people planned
To build them a bell that never should ring
But to tell of the death, or the birth, of a king,
Or proclaim an event, with its swinging slow,
That could startle the nation to joy or woe.

It was not to be builded—this bell that they planned—
Of common ore dug from the breast of the land,
But of metal first moulded by skill of all arts—
Built of the treasures of fond human hearts.
And from all o'er the land like pilgrims they came,
Each to cast in a burden, a mite in the flame
Of the furnace—his offering—to mingle and swell
In the curious mass of this wonderful bell.

Knights came in armor and flung in the shields
That had warded off blows on the Saracen fields,
And freemen brought chains from prisons afar—
Bonds that had fettered the captives of war.
And sabers were cast in the molten flood
Stained with the crimson of heroes' blood.
Pledges of love, a bracelet, a ring,
A gem that had gleamed in the crown of a king,
The coins that had ransomed a maiden from death,
The words, hot with eloquence, caught from the breath
Of a sage, and a prayer from the lips of a slave
Were heard and recorded, and cast in the wave
To be melted and moulded together, and tell
The tale of their wrongs in the tone of the bell.

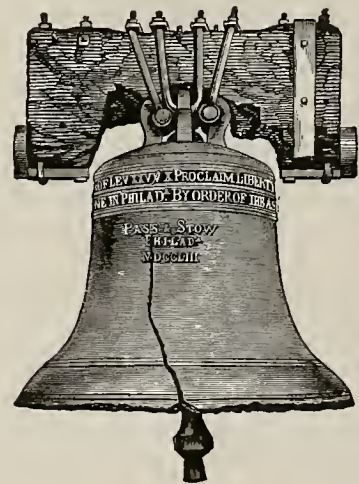
It was finished at last, and, by artisan hand,
On its ponderous beams hung high over the land.

The slow years passed by; but no sound ever fell
On a listening ear from the tongue of the bell.
The brown spider wove her frail home on its walls,

And the dust settled deep in its cavernous halls.
Men laughed in derision, and scoffed at the pains
Of the builders; and harder and harder the chains
Of a tyrannous might on the people were laid,
More insatiate, more servile, the tribute they paid.
There was something they found far more cruel than
death,
And something far sweeter than life's fleeting breath.

But, hark! in the midst of the turbulent throng,
The moans of the weak and the groans of the strong,
There's a cry of alarm. Some invisible power
Is moving the long silent bell in the tower.
Forward, and backward, and forward it swung,
And Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! rung
From its wide, brazen throat, over mountain and vale,
Till the seas caught the echo, and monarchs turned pale.

Our forefathers heard it—that wild, thrilling tone,
Ringing out to the world, and they claimed it their own.
And up from the valley, and down from the hill,
From the flame of the forge, from the field and the mill
They paid with their lives the price of its due,
And left it a legacy, Freeman, to you.
And ever when danger is menacing nigh,
The mighty bell swings in the belfry on high,
And men wake from their dreams, and grasp in affright,
Their swords, when its warning sweeps out in the night.



It rang a wild pean o'er war's gory waves
When the gyves were unloosed from our millions of
slaves.

It started with horror, and trembled a knell
From ocean to ocean, when brave Lincoln fell.
And again its wild notes sent a thrill through the land
When Garfield was struck by a traitorous hand.
And once in each year, as time onward rolls,
Slowly and muffled, and mournful it tolls
A dirge, while Columbia pauses to spread
A tribute of love on the graves of her dead.
While Washington's name is emblazoned in gold,
While the valor of Perry, or Sherman is told,
While patriots treasure the words of a Hayne,
The fiery drops from the pen of a Paine;
While dear is the name of child, mother or wife,
Or sweet to a soul is the measure of life,
America's sons will to battle prepare
When its tones of alarm ring aloud on the air;
For Liberty's goddess holds in her white hand
The cord of the bell that swings over our land.

Some Lessons from the War

By Aramantha Miller

Though the whole world shudders at the horror of the titanic struggle across the sea and weeps at the pity of it, the stern, grim teacher, war, has already impressed many lessons of the greatest value upon the nations and especially upon Americans—lessons practical, moral, intellectual and spiritual for us all.

It is to be hoped that America has learned the folly of taking into her inmost heart and cherishing millions of ignorant, vicious, criminal, diseased aliens, a large proportion not speaking or understanding English, and other millions saturated with ideas and principles totally opposed to all that this country stands for, many of them professing the heresy of double citizenship.

True, our country had warnings from time to time as to this evil within her gates, but craven, selfish politicians, afraid of the "foreign vote" of whatever hyphenated brand, allowed the danger to grow to vast proportions.

But the American people were incapable of even dreaming that a highly civilized (?) and supposedly friendly nation could erect a vast structure of espionage and conspiracy within the borders of a country that opened its doors to the oppressed of all lands with an implied condition that its hospitality would not be traitorously abused and contemptuously taken advantage of.

And almost incredible as it seems, some citizens of native birth, spurning their great inheritance and apparently ignorant of history, psychology, economics, and the first principles of common sense, have become infected with unsafe, unsound, un-American, imported views. Spurious Americans they are, unworthy of their birthright.

"The world has learned," says Miss Agnes Reppier, "that civilization was a very thin veneer separating us from barbarism." Verily, it has learned the terrible power of a wrong idea instilled into a nation by its writers, teachers, statesmen and political leaders until the whole people are obsessed by a form of "persuasive delusion of power-worship and world-dominion," poisoned by "insane ambition and fanaticism."

The world has also had a demonstration of the effect of curiosity carried too far. The Germans, after spending so many years perfecting their engines of "frightfulness" were apparently consumed with curiosity to see how they would work. Well, they work all right! Gas bombs, tear shells, liquid fire, explosive lead pencils, war Zeppelins—all do credit to the diabolical ingenuity of their inventors.

The Teutonic emulation of the deeds of Attila's Huns, so earnestly advised by the Kaiser in 1900, which has left the original Huns a very ineffective and pale second in the realm of cruelty, shows what the wrong kind of "Kultur" can accomplish even in the twentieth century.

All the nations now comprehend that the alleged "decadence" of the Latin races was a mere myth—perhaps originated in the north of Europe.

Deeds of supermen have been the exploits of the Italian army in its progress through the mountains toward Italia Irredenta. They have overcome obstacles that would have daunted any men but those of the highest courage, determination and endurance. And with what superb firmness they made their stand at the Piave river to protect if possible their beloved Italy and its Venetian jewel from the threatened invasion!

What a revelation of the "Soul of France" we see in the patient, heroic self-sacrifice of its civil population, and the valor of its armies. And "red Verdun"! That supreme battle cry, "They shall not pass," will ring through the pages of history to time's latest day.

The knowledge of food economy and food chemistry gained under the stress of war will be of inestimable value to the people of the United States. American housewives have become familiar with terms that many of them never heard before. They are beginning to feel rather well acquainted with calories, protein, and carbo-hydrates.

Women are now realizing their importance in the economic life of the nation—the fate of the world depending upon them. Depending upon their loyalty and willingness to learn economy, how to cook the right kind of food with limited rations, to properly nourish their families under the limitations of meatless, wheatless, ice creamless, almost sugarless days, lest the eatless days come later!

Men have heretofore considered the work of the wife and mother of the most negligible value in the economic scheme of things, and too many women, hypnotized by assumed masculine wisdom, have coincided with this view. But now, when the government of the United States is pleading with the women in the homes of the land to stand by or the Allies perish, the most modest and meek little housekeeper in the most obscure hamlet of America will feel her significance as never before.

She is told by the government that if each of the country's homes wastes a slice of bread a day it will amount to 365,000,000 loaves in a year, representing the loss of 7,000,000 bushels of wheat. This shows to what unbelievable dignity the American garbage can has attained!

Our surplus wheat is now exhausted and the kitchens of the country must save 125,000,000 bushels between now and the first of next July to send the Allies.

The little housewife must learn the substitutes for meat and for wheat. All America will learn that meat three times or even once a day is not necessary to keep the country from starvation. A few enforced lessons in vegetarianism and abandonment of their traditions on the meat question will be a blessing in disguise.

The people of California have a wonderful opportunity to ascertain the food value of the immense store of fish in the ocean at our doors. We at least, need not fear starvation while the waters are

swarming with hundreds of varieties that swim off our coast and in our streams. We must not be obstinate about confining ourselves to a few kinds, thus making two or three varieties high in price and no demand for the others. We can even learn to eat strange foods, like whale meat, for instance.

Instead of brooding too much over the horrors and piteous circumstances of the great conflict we can gain an immense amount of historical and geographical knowledge with a little effort. Two leading magazines of the country publish questions and suggestions for study in history, geography, literature, political science and other subjects inspired by the war—an example to the rest of the magazine world.

Every day is flashed around the world news from places famous since the beginning of history. Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine, the Caucasus, Bagdad, Arabia, Constantinople, Persia, India, are all involved in the mighty conflict.

Then, too, the history and geography of all Europe, with slight exceptions, must be familiar in order to understand the true relations of the events of each day.

We have found out where Przemyśl, Litovsk, Czernowitz, Kampolung, Dvinsk, Minsk, Tobolsk are and can easily ascertain the situation of Pskof, Novoherkask and Chernlyar.

It is plain that some study is needed by the public when we are told of the quiz at a neighboring "college" wherein one of the students stated that he understood that Bolsheviki is the name of an

admiral in the Swiss navy; and a newspaper writer announced to an astonished world that the scene of the fighting between the Austro-German invaders and the Italians in the Venetian plain and the Asiago plateau, is "the same ground that Caesar and Alexander trod."

We can and should learn the long story that lies behind the present conflict. If we have a knowledge of European history we shall know what is meant by "Italia Irredenta," and why the Italian army spent two years blasting their toilsome way over the mighty mountain barriers ever toward the east.

The wonderful news of the taking of Jerusalem by the Allies ought to cause us to review the story of that city that "is set upon a hill," of the sieges and captures it has undergone, of the Crusades and great Saladin, of the glorious Temple that once stood within its walls of Richard the Lion-Hearted, of the Mighty One who walked there nearly two thousand years ago; in fact, more than 3000 years of history are brought to our minds in the events of one day.

There is none (none) ever feared that the Truth
should be heard

But they wham (whom) the Truth would indite.
—Burns.



Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, California's Beloved
Queen Among Women

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

—Theodora O'Hara.

THE TUNE THE GUNNERS PLAY

By Ula Burford Barrie
(of the Scribblers' Club)

O the fleets of fears
On a sea of tears;
That go out from our ports each day
On their way to France;
Where the demons dance
To the tune the gunners play!

O the eyes, red! red!
With the tears we shed;
For the boys we send away!
Who must fight in France
And must die, perchance;
To the tune the gunners play!

O our hearts may break
For their dear, dear sake!
But we must not bid them stay;
They must take their chance
With the rest in France;
To the tune the gunners play.

They may win the cross
That will mark our loss
And a hero's bed of clay;
But they'll earn it well,
As the Hun could tell;
To the tune the gunners play.



"THE FLAG GOES BY"

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky;
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
 Hats off!
 The colors before us fly;
 But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the State;
 Weary marches and sinking ships;
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;
 Days of plenty and years of peace;
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right and law,
 Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sing of a nation, great and strong
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride and glory and honor, all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high;
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

H. H. BENNETT.

IN AN AUTOMOBILE

After the war, let's all go camping!

All the conveniences of home have been provided for in a one-ton truck which started a few weeks ago on a journey from Boston to Seattle and of course on to Los Angeles, and which is described and illustrated in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine. Immediately back of the driver's seat is a steel framework supporting three spring beds, one above the other. To the rear of the beds the body of the car takes on the aspect of a kitchen and dining-room combined. On one side is a gas stove, a set of drawers, a sink, and a cupboard. On the opposite side is a bureau with eight drawers, and an ice box with a capacity for fifty pounds of ice.

AN APRECIATION FROM AN OLD RESIDENT

As December Dawns

A wholesome helping of heaven; a hint of hell; a portly portion of paradise; a pinch of purgatory—such is our California.

Here you may run from the sublime to the ridiculous; from cellar to attic; from Dan to Beersheba; from A to izzard; from start to finish; from the snow-strewn steepes of stern Shasta to the sunken sands of the Salton Sea.

California is God's department store and the things He put in the show windows are wonderful to behold. Within there is a full line of the Almighty's creations, from star dust to snails. All the marvelous plumage and adornment of nature is made manifest. Vulcan and Neptune were harnessed as a work team to deliver the commerce of their kingdoms to the Californians. The granite bosoms of the hills are filled with rare minerals and precious stones, and the deeps likewise give up their treasures. Here are all things that are good, and just that tang of vice and misery that is essential to seasoning, or to serve as contrast. Tickle the breast of Mother Earth with an iron tooth and a thread of water and she gratefully yields her vast abundance.

Beyond the stores of California there is little to be desired. She satisfies all the senses and furnishes an arena for all ambitions. In the matter of climate she has about all save the tornado, the thunderbolt, the blizzard, the whirlwind and mantle of ice. Those who would have these tempestuous forms should seek elsewhere. Practically everything that grows can be raised in California and some of nature's trophies attain perfection only within her borders.

Here opportunity not only knocks, but beckons. She not only beckons, but she speaks. She not only speaks, but she commands. Commerce and industry are bursting beyond the confines of the sea.

California invites and promises; she welcomes and fulfills.

Here every day is Thanksgiving.

These lines are written in the great outdoors on the threshold of December as an evidence of good faith.

—Los Angeles Times.

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Educated Women *By Florence Richmond*

Author of the *Golden Lark* and *Other Poems*

I AM not going to advocate the claims of women's colleges, on the one hand, or cooking schools on the other. I hold that education to be the best which not only fits a woman for the station she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. The nature of woman's employment in life, whether by the winter hearth or in the summer walk, should qualify her to bless and be blessed in her progress of watching the seed which she has sown.

Ingratitude is a harsh word; it is a heavy accusation. There are few, even among the most humble minded, who could be induced to plead guilty to it; and yet what is the definition of ingratitude? Is it not a want of a true sense of the benefits that a pupil receives from a conscientious teacher, who is not contented with imparting showy accomplishments, nor even solid information to her, but who carefully guards her young mind from evil and instills into it the great truths of religion. Gratitude should be shown through life to such a teacher; and the expression of it ought to be considered as an enjoyment and a privilege. Warm sympathies, strong affections, I believe are the very foundation of an

educated woman. Let her home be gladdened, let her sinking heart be cheered, by the renewal of this long deserved praise. Let her delight to welcome to her domestic fireside some saddened heart, with mutual comfort and advantage to each. Let her husband delight to honor her.

When these things are done, then, and not till then shall men be proud to recognize "Educated Women."

THE NAME OF FRANCE

By Henry Van Dyke

Read at the conclusion of his Lafayette Day address in the Aldermanic chamber of the New York City Hall, September 6, 1917.

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the ancient darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light,—
I give you FRANCE!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to match, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song,—
I give you FRANCE!

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer,—
I give you FRANCE!

NUTTY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Never throw away an old diamond ring. The children can amuse themselves with it on a rainy day by scratching designs on the window panes and mirrors.

A coat of shellac on top of a pumpkin pie will prevent it from molding.

Luther Burbank is said to have produced a cranberry plant, the berries of which contain from one to two ounces of granulated sugar.

A good substitute for rye flour can be made of wheat flour and a small amount of brown dye.

A dish cloth made of rubber is much better than one made of cloth. Moths will not touch it.—Chico Enterprise.

KWAS

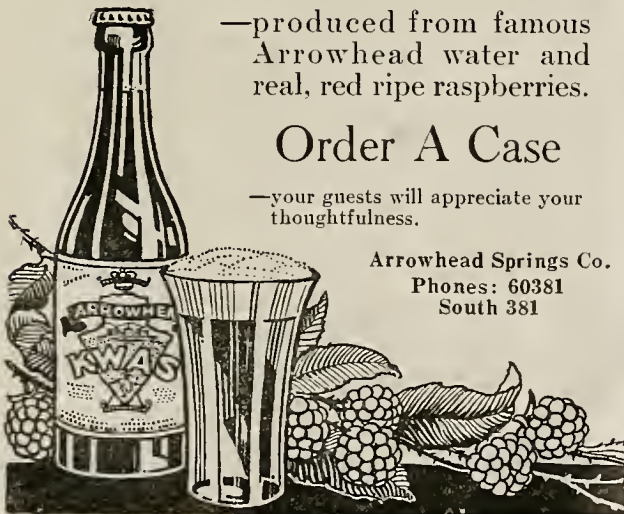
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WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

"It is not a question of territorial readjustment or indemnities, but preeminently a question of the destruction of a false ideal which would intimidate and enslave Europe." Thus spoke England's great premier.

We are fighting for the ultimate peace of all mankind, for an ideal of a world peopled by free democracies and united in an honorable peace against an ideal where force and brutality reign supreme.

Oh, it is glorious to see our great free America after having laid its foundations strong and deep in the hearts of its citizens, striking for the freedom of the world! The hope of freedom for all the oppressed of earth is sheltered among the things this nation loves, and we have the power and the spirit to fight for our ideals. We do not fight for profit nor for the acquisition of territory, but to maintain what we have won by the blood of the martyrs. As we write the proudest product of the human race falls in ghastly heaps upon sweet mother earth. She rests beneath their putrifying bodies, and drinks up their blood, spilled in the name of Freedom for all mankind. America, dauntless and determined, says in the name of human liberty to the German Kaiser, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.

"You have ruthlessly violated the most sacred canons of international law. You have relentlessly, fiendishly killed mothers carrying unborn babes, the old and the defenseless, you have crushed beneath your iron heel and you have shot to death the young men, the flower of manhood, who had no quarrel

with you and who deserved to live in this beautiful world; you have confiscated property, burned what you could not steal, and wrought destruction and ruin wherever you could not dominate. These hellish things, and more, you, Germany, have done, and without any reasonable cause or offense.

"The government of the United States suffered your cruelties to go unpunished; the great American President waited long and watched for your return to sanity; by all the arts of diplomacy and the wisdom of statesmen President Wilson sought for a continuation of the friendship and good will which we thought you meant toward America, but which we now know never existed in the heart of the Emperor of Germany."

We certainly cannot be misunderstood as to our purpose in this great war. Germany,—neither its subjects nor its Kaiser,—can pretend ignorance as to the position, the purpose and the determination of America to exterminate from the earth the forces of destruction and death.

And America, divinely appointed, demands for all nations, the small as well as the large, the weak as well as the strong, the same glorious freedom which has made this Republic the home of the oppressed of all the earth.

The New American Woman speaks peace! peace! Halt! Germany, halt! Come out of your mad dream of world dominion; give over your insane delusion of superiority over the rest of mankind. Unless you are stark mad you cannot but see that the hour has struck when you should quit, lay down your arms, gather your children under your wings and reassure them of safety, re-establish your great centers of learning, seek friendly intercourse with all the people of God's world, begin a new history and live a new life in the name of the Prince of Peace, in whom you claim to believe. Make the anniversary of His birth the day of your nation's delivery.

"America, the Big Sister of all nations, commands you to halt, lay down your arms. Peace, now and forever, for all mankind!"

And that's what we are fighting for.

THE FEDERAL SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT

The early adoption of the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," if for no other purpose than to quiet the clamor, and extinguish the clamorers who have little else to do but spend the money provided by others in hiking back and forth to Washington and incidentally cornering the reluctant Congressmen, threatening them with political extinction unless they promise to vote for the suffrage bill.

Whether or not the passage of the Federal Amendment will facilitate the exercise of universal suffrage does not appear, nevertheless it may as well go through now as at any time. It will clear the atmosphere in Washington, the annual crusaders will disperse to their homes and take up other matters which lie nearer at hand, and which are most vital to the whole world at this particular time.

Suffrage for women is at hand in any event. A few months or even years count for little in the life of a nation. Whether we secure Congressional ac-

tion during the present session submitting the question to the States, or win it State by State as we have been doing, makes but little if any difference.

In the judgment of the writer no time will be saved through a Federal Amendment, nor will the labor of suffragists be lessened, for the Constitution requires a majority vote of the legislatures of three-fourths of the States of the Union. Thus it will become necessary to wage long drawn out suffrage campaigns and to secure the majority vote of those three-fourths of the legislatures before the Amendment can become a part of the national organic law.

This referendum from Congress to the people as a whole will most probably require several years. To win suffrage State by State would not require a longer time and the fine educational value of State campaigns must be admitted. Women learn by discussion of a question just as men do. The arguments incident to suffrage campaigns, the debates from the rostrum, discussion between neighbors, the exploitation of suffrage for women in the newspapers and magazines, all afford a fine schooling for civic duty.

As we go to press we learn that the Congressional Committee on Suffrage has reported that unless the States shall ratify the proposed Amendment in seven years from the passage of the suffrage bill the same shall be void. But this is no time for mere words; action, quick, decisive action, disinterested leadership based upon a correct understanding, is what we want.

UNAUTHORIZED COLLECTORS

Giving is the heart's best attribute. The spirit of giving involves the sense of losing.

But the purpose of giving must not be lost sight of nor made the opportunity for dishonest collectors to reap gain for themselves. Many thousands of people respond quicker to the mere request to give if it is barely mentioned that the gift of clothing or food or the amount of money sought is for the Red Cross or to relieve the war-stricken people whose babes are starving at the breasts of their un-nourished mothers and who are dying by thousands for the want of bread to keep soul and body together.

As days follow the demands for contributions grow enormously, and the time has come when the methods of soliciting should be better regulated and the character of the solicitor should be better known. Neither the garb of public charity nor the mere speech of a smart-tongued solicitor should alone and uncredentialed qualify the party to receive money or other products for the victims of the war. Solicitors without credentials or a permit from the State Council for Defense or from other organized authority acting under its direction, should receive no consideration whatever.

Let some patriotic body take the matter of war contributions in hand at once. Whatever is required of the American people in this war for humanity will be forthcoming, but let not one grafter profit by the patriotic contributions of those who trust them.

National and State and County regulation of agents and collectors of war funds is necessary. The systematic gathering of dimes from the chil-

THE LOT OF CHRIST

By Ina Coolbirth

His was the lowliest lot of all
That fell to mortal birth:
A babe within a manger laid,
Nor gold nor treasure worth,
With feet to tread the path of pain,
But not the ways of mirth,
A Cross to bear, the thorns to wear—
THE KING OF ALL THE EARTH!

dren, and larger sums from men and women everywhere waiting the mere opportunity to give to the Red Cross, or to contribute funds for our allies should be inaugurated at once to the end that profiteers and get-rich-quick charlatans shall not fleece the public in the name of a righteous cause nor masquerade in the vestments of heaven to serve the devil.

QUEEN OF THE AIR

A nineteen-year-old girl has astonished the world by her achievements in the sky! From San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of 610 miles, at the rate of 62 miles an hour, reaching an altitude of 8000 feet, over the Tehachepi mountains flew this little American girl to the amazement and awe of the whole country.

Words are impotent to express the human interest this girl's adventure has aroused. "Any girl can do what I have done if she will try hard enough," was her naive reply to Rear Admiral Pond, United States navy, president of the Pacific Aero Club, as he grasped her hand in congratulation almost before her machine had come to a standstill.

"Yes, I am tired," she replied to the eager questions of the Admiral and the throng of enthusiastic army officers and students, "but, oh, I am so very, very happy that I have accomplished a feat which elevates the world's opinion regarding my sex!"

Dear little girl-bird, you are made of the right stuff. We are proud of you, so young and yet, so thoughtful as to regard your sex first, as the beneficiary of your wonderful achievement!

BOON TO RED CROSS WORKERS

Women in Red Cross groups who have blistered their hands making clippings from cloths with which to fill fracture pillows for our army hospitals will welcome a new machine, described and pictured in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine, that clips about eight times as fast as a person can with a pair of shears. It is provided with four knives, mounted like the spokes of a wheel, which are turned on an axis by means of a handle. As they revolve they pass a stationary blade across which torn strips of the proper width are fed by means of two rollers.

STERILIZE DRINKING GLASSES

Drinking cups and glasses used in restaurants, at soda fountains and other places must be washed five minutes in boiling water containing a 5 per cent solution of lye, according to regulations promulgated by the California State Board of Health for the enforcement of the law governing the sterilization of drinking utensils.



A FOSTER MOTHER

To the boys in camp, wherever you are, please note that Company A, of the New National Guards of California, has been adopted by the Los Angeles Million Club. The occasion was made the opportunity of presenting to the boys of Company A a large silk flag with gold fringe and an eagle tipped staff.

A brief presentation speech by the editor of the New American Woman was followed by an encouraging address by Judge Paul McCormick. Captain Irwin responded for the boys. Colonel Light administered the oath of service to the fine fellows composing the new company, after which they marched like experienced soldiers back to their headquarters with Serg't George H. Perkins, who as a member of the Seventh regiment spent two and a half years below the border, carrying the beautiful flag, the loving tribute of their foster mother.

A CONFESSION AND A PROMISE

We are late reaching you this month. We are sorry for our many shortcomings and we ask your kind pardon. We promise you more and better attention for 1918, than we have been heretofore able to furnish. The reason that we are able to promise improvement is due to the fact that we have secured the cooperation of Mrs. Claudia Hazen White, as general business manager of the New American Woman. Added to a very charming personality, a gifted mind, stored with thoughts worth while, and familiarity with the business of publishing, Mrs. White will meet every requirement of the advertising public. Let this mention of the editor's personal life-long friend be her credentials and your guarantee of her splendid worth.

A PROMISE

We will eat
The stately corn
Ripened in the
Golden morn.
Wheat shall go
Across the sea,
Where men fight
For you and me,
For this country of the free
Must sustain the liberty
Of a world.

We would spurn
To have it said,
"The gluttons feasted
On fine bread."
Gladly we
Obey the ban
To regulate
The food of man,
For this country of the free
Sponsors now the liberty
Of a world.

—GRACE L. BLOUNT.

FROM THE BOYS IN CAMP

From Serg't P. F. Collins, of Battery A, Field Artillery, came the following cheering news which we pass along, that our readers may enjoy at first hand the generous, the real nobility of this fine young lad from Los Angeles—a representative Sammy!

He writes:

Linda Vista, Dec. 8, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

Thanks very much for your kind letter. You will be surprised to hear that there are four members of the Wayside Press here, all of whom send their kind regards to the Editor of the famous New American Woman magazine.

Thanksgiving was sure some day with us! Many of the soldiers spent the day in Los Angeles with parents and friends.

On behalf of the boys here I want to thank the citizens of Los Angeles for the many friendly courtesies they extended to us on November 28th.

We expect to leave here shortly for the East, thence to Europe. The Kaiser will hear from this crack battery! All are in dead earnest, training from 5:45 a. m. to 4:50 p. m. every day except Saturday and Sunday.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus are doing great work here. The soldiers are more than pleased with the splendid reading rooms and other accommodations they have provided for us.

The food is excellent and plentiful, but there is no waste.

The boys here would all be mighty glad to see you down here before they leave for the front.

With best wishes, sincerely your friend,

P. F. COLLINS.

Serg't. Battery A, 143d Field Artillery.

SOLDIERS—ALL

By S. Lee Frazier

(Los Angeles Herald)

Every good citizen is a soldier for Uncle Sam, somewhere.

Every citizen should be a soldier shouldering some part of the burden of war.

Shouldering a gun is but one of the many essentials necessary to win. We must shoulder the Liberty Bonds and the Red Cross and the hoe.

We must shoulder every duty and assume every responsibility the government imposes, and moved to everything prompted by patriotic sentiment, and do it all cheerfully, without grumbling.

Resolve to do your bit in all the ways you can think of. Buy bonds at every call, subscribe to the Red Cross regularly, give to every form of service requiring money, obey all the regulations as to food, respond in some measure, at least, to every undertaking that will help the fighting lads to win the war.

Stand by the flag at home, while the boys are following the flag abroad.

Fight the home battles while our boys are fighting the battles over yonder, in the trenches, risking their lives, making the great sacrifice, for you and me and the best government on the face of the earth.

It is up to us to do our part. Patriotism is the manliest of virtues, the noblest of sentiments.

A nation is as strong as its people are loyal. Uncle Sam has done much for us; let us compensate him by responding eagerly to his call for undivided allegiance in this, his hour of need.

Divided, we fall; united, we can not fail.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from November Number)

"THE NEXT thing to living our lives over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible put it down in writing," said Ben Franklin, but to one whose entire life has witnessed no day of rest, no quiet place in all the weary climb up rugged steeps, on over desert sands, through storm and hurricane, "putting it down in writing" is anything but a pleasant task.

Again, as the shadows begin to fall eastward and the future rises spectre-like before our always hopeful, eternally optimistic gaze, I care but very little for the past, have, in fact, no wish to live it over again. Indeed, but for the hope I still entertain that the story of my earnest, purposeful life may possibly be helpful to others who attempt fate in new and untried fields, I would close with this chapter.

However, no doleful thought over lost opportunity, no sad remembrance of events I could not avoid, nor reflections upon the ungrateful and unappreciative shall deter me in the present purpose I have in hand to write, not in detail, of all the weary road, nor yet of the really splendid triumphs won, but of just a few of the leading incidents in my professional career, as my memory serves me, after the world about me is asleep.

Professional engagements in my law office in the Merchants Trust Building, 207 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California, begin in just eight hours from now. My tired mind is stung and my stubborn will rebuked as I cling to the pencil determined to finish this chapter before I stop, or, well—whatever else I do I will not stop, nor even rest until I have at least tried to justify myself for a lifetime of self-sacrifice in a profession wholly at variance with my nature, and which has been eternally at war with my temperament.

The law profession is hard, unpoetic; it calls for the serious mind, the analytical, the synthetical; it is grim-visaged and relentless. It demands increased self-denial as experience accumulates, and as reputation grows the greater are the expectations of the public, to meet which, renewed energy, greater preparation for the trial of causes, and the more pro-

longed and arduous the efforts become, if we are to continue to win, and hold our place at the bar.

Not a few people have been led to think that lawyers make money by their wits; that they live without work and have thus come to regard them as the common plunderers of the rest of mankind. Indeed, lawyers have oftener been the subject of animadversion and ridicule than any other class or profession.

Few people appreciate the great labor of lawyers, because it is not seen save in results, and those are frequently unknown. We drop into court and watch the able advocate as he dissects an abstruse question of law; we listen to the clear exposition, the rounded periods, the faultless similes, the graceful allusions, and wonder at the ease with which they fall from the speaker's lips, but we do not know of the weeks and months of toil that made those sentences perfect.

It is a popular error to suppose a lawyer's labor is in court and there only. Clients imagine they pay for talk and often refuse to pay for legal services when counsel fails to make a speech! And lawyers, to avoid trouble in collecting their fees, if their clients are present, will frequently wax eloquent long after they know the judge will decide in their favor and that the oratory is useless. It is pretty tiresome to the judge, but in the end, it is highly satisfactory to both lawyer and client.

So, too, from the same erroneous idea, clients are willing to pay large fees, and frequently heavy costs for conducting a law-suit; but are wholly unwilling to pay for good sound advice that would render a law-suit unnecessary. And the lawyer, well knowing the peculiarity of the litigating public, pushes into court matters that might readily be adjusted outside of it. "There is too much litigation in this country," said that wise young jurist Lewis R. Works, as we sat chatting, after luncheon at the "Pig-n-Whistle"; our courts are crowded and our calendars are full. "Possibly the lawyer is not so much to blame for this condition," he added, "and yet, I can but have the supremest contempt for a lawyer who will advise a law-suit when that extremity might be avoided."

And I believe today that if lawyers would give honest advice and assist in adjusting disputed matters between contending parties instead of plunging them into law-suits, and if clients would pay for such services twenty per cent of what they would for carrying the case through the courts, litigation would largely diminish and the friction incident to law-suits would be avoided; time, labor and money would be saved; the hot blood of litigating parties cooled; angry feelings placated; courts necessary to attend to the business would be fewer and lawyers would be harbingers of peace instead of breeders of dissension.

The time will come when there will be a greater and more sincere effort for adjustment of differences and when it will be the lawyer's business to keep his client out of, instead of getting him into a law-suit.

This will not be immediately accomplished for the laity are not imbued with a sense of the desirability of it, and as a rule will not pay for that kind of service; and there are too many lawyers, each interested in some degree in increasing the aggregate

of litigation, to hope that as a body they will push this much-needed reform.

Nevertheless, 'tis the modern idea of taking care of the interests of the community, quieting dissensions among business men and neighbors and re-establishing kindness and good faith instead of inciting suspicion and advising court proceedings upon the slightest provocation. In other words, the modern lawyer should have a conscience; he or she should have permanent and peculiar qualities of mind and heart. Nature must have been lavish of her gifts in order to fully equip a man or woman to become a truly great and successful lawyer. I cannot conceive of a modern lawyer as misshapen, unshaven and ungroomed. He or she must be clean and well dressed. Whether he is tall like Samuel Shortridge or short like Delmas or massive like Judge Grant Jackson or dainty like Elizabeth Kenney, or smart and trig like Georgia Bullock, or dignified like Orfa Jean Shontz, they must be symmetrical in form, regular of feature and representative of the class to which they belong. Added to these personal qualifications the lawyer must have breadth of mind and depth of insight, else he will fail to grasp the broad fundamental principles upon which the common and statute law is based, and fail utterly to obtain justice for their clients.

The lawyer must be accurate and ready in speech and when occasion demands he must be able to rise to the plane of eloquence. To these natural qualifications must be added a mastery of the intricacies of long drawn out decisions, an accurate knowledge of the best literature, a general understanding of history, and of the arts and sciences, that he may be able to follow the law into whatever realm it may lead him. Add to these a keen sense of honor, a quick perception of what is just, a broad sympathy in his client's cause, a patriotic devotion to his country, and a courage that never falters and is never routed, and you have my conception of the general qualities that should constitute the modern lawyer.

How, says the old-style critic, may a woman hope to meet these requirements? Indeed, we confess that few, if any, have yet attained them in any appreciable degree, but the same may be said of men who have had thousands of years the start of women in all departments of knowledge.

"The Fool Woman Lawyer"

My readers must not suppose that I have forgotten to close the story of the shipwreck, nor think that I will forego relating a few pleasing incidents that occurred aboard the steamship *Paris* en route from Southampton to New York. The Admiralty lawyers (so-called) having lost their baggage aboard the sunken *Seaford*, and lost their cases and those of their clients, were apparently less confident of themselves and treated the "fool woman lawyer" with a great deal more respectful consideration than when standing on the deck of the freighter *Lyon*, all dissheveled and bedraggled, we argued the question as to the probability of securing damages from the South Coast Steamship Company for the loss of our baggage, and the difference between an act of God, and plain unadulterated negligence, much to the amusement of the passengers, most of whom were women, who took sides against the "woman lawyer," of course.

Nevertheless, we were happily assured of a good time on our return trip when the tall form of New York's distinguished United States Senator Chauncey Depew marched to the right hand seat of the Captain's table with his graceful wife preceding closely. And our own beloved Tom Fitch with his precious wife Mariza, (Tom's pet name for her), were seated on the left.

After dinner all gathered by invitation in the saloon where an impromptu program consisting of speeches, songs and readings was carried out. Of course, Senator Depew held the center of the stage, much to the delight of all the splendid people gathered there, but for once he could not avoid sharing honors. Mrs. Claudia Hazen White by special request gave several readings, among them Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene.

After Mrs. White's rendition of the lines of this greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies, and the gifted woman had taken her seat, and again risen in acknowledgment of the persistent rounds of applause, Senator Depew crossed to her side and paid her the most gracious compliment, "Mrs. White," said Senator Depew, "I have heard many great readers, and witnessed the performance of the most famous tragedians but your conception of the character of Lady Macbeth is the most original and your rendition the most effective of any other whom I have heard speak the lines."

Everybody was happy. We were nearing the great Liberty statue, "a mighty woman with a torch," the "mother of exiles," that stands guard at America's sea-washed sunset gates. All joined in singing our National Anthem, Virginia's fresh young voice leading clear above the mingled noise of wave and song. The sky line of greater New York rose higher and higher as retrospectively we contemplated the low and unpretentious structures of Paris and London, wherein nevertheless were stored the wealth of the Occident and the Orient.

Of course the revenue officers had taken our sworn, presumably honest statements as to the contents of our trunks. As we neared the landing we observed a certain suspicious shyness in several women, whose beautiful gowns, merry ways and pretty manners had challenged not a few of the men passengers, who hung near them, or walked miles and miles with them over the polished upper deck. Suddenly all was commotion! "That is ridiculous, Sir. I gave you a truthful statement of what my trunks contained. How dare you insult a lady? My husband will settle with you, Sir; he will teach you—but the "lady" was not permitted to say further just what her husband would teach Uncle Sam's uniformed officer, for she was quickly led aside and handed to the stewardess who closed the door of the stateroom. We knew something awful had occurred by the click of the lock which sounded portentously. "All ashore," cried the ship's officer, and we promptly forgot the weeping woman whose husband waited for her at the foot of the gangplank.

(Continued in January Number.)

The New American Woman represents all women, not club women only!

Club women everywhere read The New American Woman, and recognize it as Authority.

"Wild Burke" of the "Devil's Own"

By Don Marlin

ORDINARILY, the name of Burke O'Rielly, is not very inspiring. Historians and singers of great war deeds will tell you that it is entirely unfamiliar to them. But, and here is where the rub comes in, if you put Private in front of it, and add the regiment after it, the "Devil's Own," it becomes a horse of a vastly different color.

So, if you have a minute to spare and are wishful of hearing a tale of cool courage, daring bravery, combined with good Irish horse-sense, ask any of the boys to tell you how "Wild Burke" of the "Devil's Own," took "Deadshot Dick," an enemy sniper, alive. The same being so trade-marked by our boys for his unerring aim, and it will gladden the hearts of "thim as saw him do ut" to hold forth on the subject. In fact here's the way I heard it only this morning from one who was his side-kick.

It was in mid-winter, when there was some hard fighten' goin' on around Conchy. The Devil's Own were moved up to a front line trench to relieve the Sussex Pioneers, who had suffered heavy casualties. The Devil's Own was just what their name implied them to be, being largely recruited out of Ireland. In their ranks answering to the call of private was one "Wild Burke" who had been mentioned in dispatches on several occasions for conspicuous bravery. To him also belonged the regimental mascot, a big, brown, collie, called "Hades." Burke loved that dog with all the fierce nature of a big man who is lonesome.

The first few days the Devil's Own spent in consolidating their new position under the protection of the artillery. Scouting parties were busy bringing in valuable information. It seemed that "No Man's Land" at that particular section was infested by a horde of enemy snipers, whose rifle range took in a remarkable distance.

Several days elapsed before a minor engagement took place, in which Burke's regiment lost quite a few men. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, so to speak, the ambulance men attempted to take to the field and attend to the wounded. But the snipers picked them off as fast as they appeared. Many a man passed out that day, who could have been saved, but for the want of proper medical attention.

This naturally incensed the Devil's Own, who had given the enemy's Red Cross men a free hand. Amongst those who had been wounded was a young officer, the idol of his men. His hurt was not serious, being in the leg. Nevertheless, he was incapable of getting back to the safety of his men.

Man after man tried to reach him only to be potted by a sniper. The most active amongst these was one whose shooting was almost uncanny in its accuracy. No matter what dodge was attempted he always got his man. Furthermore, he was using a gun of a new type whose range was almost double that of any which the war had as yet developed. In tribute to his marksmanship our boys had dubbed him "Deadshot Dick."

Wild Burke had witnessed the valiant efforts of his comrades to reach their officer, and the success with which Deadshot Dick bored them. Fifty yards was all that separated the wounded soldier from his men. Not a very great distance, eh? When you think of it as across the street and back. But "over there" each millimeter is beset with a thousand deaths!

Burke attempted to crawl "over the top," but was promptly rewarded by having a bullet tear away a portion of the lobe of his ear. Calling his dog, Hades, he strapped a canteen around his neck and a first-aid kit to his back. Burke had trained the dog to this kind of work.

"Go to him, Hades. Go get him, boy!" he said, pointing to the officer. The intelligent Hades bobbed his tail and gave a short, sharp bark as if to say, "I understand," and trotted out across the field.

"Think he'll make it, private?" Burke heard someone ask. Turning he saw his captain intently following the dog's progress.

"I hope so, sir," Burke answered, saluting. "Because if any harm comes to that dog I'll spend the remainder of my days in getting Deadshot Dick. He's the only one that can hit him." Barely were the words spoken when Hades, who was but five yards from the man to whose aid he was going, gave a moaning sort of a yelp—turning half way around before he fell, stone dead.

Wild Burke was up in an instant with a cry of rage that could be heard above the exploding shells and started out after the dog only to be dragged back by his captain.

"It's no use, Burke," he counselled, "they'll only get you, too. We'll have to devise some other means of getting at the swine."

"I'll get him," Wild Burke said, after awhile, "I'll get him, or may I never live to see another Blarney-stone!"

When darkness came the Red Cross men found their officer—dead—from exposure. During that whole night, Burke sat brooding revenge, smoking countless pipefuls of tobacco. When morning came he had formulated a plan, which, if it succeeded boded ill,—very ill, for him whom our boys had dubbed Deadshot Dick.

Burke confided his plan to the captain, who saw that he received two days furlough to put it into execution. Borrowing a motorcycle Burke rode a hundred miles to where his friend Michael O'ourke of the Flying Squadron was stationed. To him he also confided his plan and succeeded in enlisting his services. Later, when Mike took the air he carried an infantryman as passenger. Burke instructed him as to direction and soon Mike began circling over the spot from where the Hun last operated. For awhile Burke could not locate his man.

"Fly low, Mike," he ordered, "maybe he'll try to pot us." Mike obeyed, dipping gracefully. "Want to bomb him?" Mike asked.

"No! I want him alive," Burke ground out fiercely.

The flying machine was by this time attracting the enemy's fire. It was the exploding of a shell that was meant for them, that finally gave Burke the location of the sniper he was looking for. The shell in question tore away a part of a cunningly concealed dug-out not more than thirty yards from the Devil's Own trenches, when it hit the earth.

"There he is, Mike," Burke said pointing downward. "Can you give me his exact location from our trench, when we land?"

"Sure!" said Mike, casting his eye over the instruments before him.

The biplane turned its nose skyward and was soon lost to view. When they landed, Mike gave Burke a drawing of how to reach Deadshot without running foul of anything. The motorcycle fairly burned up the road on its return trip, which Burke made before nightfall.

Back in his own trench he paid a visit to the sergeant of the hospital corps.

"Say, Sergeant, I want my head and left eye bandaged up," he said.

"Playing possum?" the sergeant laughed, as he proceeded to do up Burke's head.

The sergeant, who had spent several years in America, looked carefully at Burke.

Next he rooted up from somewhere several coils of rope which he knotted carefully together. Then he changed his uniform for some odd mud-bespattered garments which he picked up at the field hospital. Tossing his hair and soiling the bandages that enveloped his head, at the same time smearing his face with grime, he completed his toilet for the Hun. It was still too light to embark on his venture so he went around to see Father Meighan, the regimental chaplain.

"Father," said Burke, to the astonished son of the church, "'tis on a dangerous mission that I'm going from which I may never come back. I've been thinkin' that you might read the burial service over me now."

The priest, who had seen strange things happen since the commencement of the war, asked for no explanation. Taking his Bible, as Burke dropped to his knees, the good man went through the rites of making a living dead man at peace with his Creator. Tears streamed down his kindly old face that was furrowed with care. As he made a final sign of the cross over the bowed head, concluding the ceremony, Burke rose slowly to his feet, kissing his confessor's hand.

By this time it was nearly dark. The Devil's Own artillery was pounding the enemy's position. This suited Burke very well. Ascertaining in what direction the dug-out lay he began to crawl toward it an inch at a time. Over his shoulder he had thrown his coil of rope and under his arm he carried a bottle. The ground was frozen hard and the thermometer had begun to fall. For over an hour Burke continued his perilous journey, having many narrow escapes.

At last he came to his goal; here he left his rope and then worked his way round to the entrance of the dug-out. Gathering himself together he suddenly stood bolt upright in full view of the Hun sniper, who could hardly credit his eyes. In the dim

light Burke was an awful spectacle. His torn clothes, his bandaged head and hugging a bottle—his tousled hair and begrimed face lent the finishing touch to the effect. The sniper, meanwhile, had recovered his wits and drew his revolver. Burke continued to laugh in his maniacal way and raising the bottle to his lips threw back his head thereby exposing his chest to the Hun as a dead target. It was a desperate chance, but it was the only way. Burke held his breath while he knew the sniper was debating with himself whether or not he should shoot.

Lowering the bottle he started another high, piercing scream of a laugh which was cut short by the explosion of a shell near at hand, the impact of which threw him forward on his face. Sitting up he began to whimper and babble foolishly to himself. The eyes of Deadshot Dick were still riveted on him. Again he lifted the bottle to his lips and after a moment lowered it. Burke's situation was becoming desperate. He was seated on an open battlefield where his life was a matter of seconds. And then succor came from a most unexpected source. A huge trench rat appeared from somewhere and began to nose at the bottle. Burke immediately took advantage of this turn of affairs. He shoved the rat away, which persisted in coming back.

Burke started to crawl away from it in the direction of the entrance to the dug-out. The rat followed. Apparently unaware of the sniper's presence he crawled through the entrance into the shelter within, where the rat did not follow him. It was pitch dark now.

The German produced a sort of combination heater and electric light that was shaded on all sides so that it could not be seen from afar. This he suspended from a wire. Then he turned his attention to Burke, who was talking to himself. He searched him for any weapons, at the same time peering earnestly into his face. Burke never blinked an eye; on the contrary he burst into snatches of song and recited odd bits of verse.

"Imbecile," the Hun exclaimed in disgust, as he turned away. Burke could have kissed him for that utterance. Outside it was snowing heavily. Every second it was becoming colder. The muffled roar of cannons penetrated the dug-out. An artillery duel was in progress somewhere along the front. Burke commenced to shiver and groan with the cold. The sniper, he noticed, was also suffering severely. Now Burke played his trump card. Curling himself up into a ball he essayed sleep, allowing the bottle to slip from his grasp so that it fell directly in front of the Boche's gaze.

The batteries in the heater were evidently becoming affected by the cold. The light became very very dim and the heat it radiated practically amounted to nil. Deadshot Dick picked up the bottle, looking at the huddled form of Burke, made as if to shatter it against the wall—then changed his mind. Burke's heart had nearly stopped beating. Half an hour dragged by; the electric heater had gone entirely out. Burke was now guided only by his hearing. After an interminable silence he heard a slight gurgle. Once by the glare of a sky-rocket Burke saw his enemy in the act of taking a drink, and judging from the angle at which

the bottle was tilted the German must have helped himself liberally from it.

Another hour must have slipped by and Burke was nearly frozen stiff from lying on the bare ground, when he was rewarded with the sound of regular breathing. Cautiously he raised his head and looked about. In a corner he was able to discern the sleeping figure of the German. Carefully he groped for the bottle which he found, empty. Next he possessed himself of the revolver that lay nearby. It was with some difficulty that he induced the circulation back into his benumbed limbs. Bending over the now harmless crack shot he assured himself by tapping the German twice over the temple with his revolver that he really was powerless.

Then he darted out to where he left the rope and returning hog-tied his foe with one end of it, and with the gun that the sniper had used so effectively earlier in the day, Burke struck out on his laborious journey home, (if a hole in the ground under a strewn field can be called a home), playing out the rope and dragging the gun after him, as he pushed his way through snow a foot deep.

Dawn was just beginning to break when Burke completed his return. The eager friends that grasped him became joyous when he told them what he had at the other end of the rope.

The Hun regained his consciousness just as Burke finished his sledding trip from the dug-out to the Devil's Own trench. The gun was the Boche's own invention. On examination, the inside of the barrel was found to be lined with some highly polished metal. It is in the hands of the government at present.

What became of Deadshot Dick no one seems to know. Of course there is a rumor—but rumors never amount to anything, anyway. And back in Ireland a little mother is proudly exhibiting to her envious neighbors the picture of her son in his new uniform, the "Liftinint" Burke O'Reilly, of the "Divil's Own."

GREATER LOS ANGELES

One thousand new steel coal cars with collapsible floors for quick dumping, are being delivered to the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad at a cost of \$2,000 each. This expenditure of two million dollars is part of a general plan to expedite transportation of fuel and help relieve the coal shortage occurring frequently in various localities.

Upholstery work as well as coach, engine and tank car repair work, will be done in Los Angeles hereafter by the Salt Lake Route which is spending \$100,000 on additions to its present shops. A pattern shop and new locomotive pits are also being installed in an effort to speed up renewals of all kinds for government work and general service.

DAILY PRAYER

Oh, God, enlighten my mind with truth;
Inflame my heart with love;
Inspire my will with courage;
Enrich my life with service;
Pardon what I have been;
Sanctify what I am;
Order what I shall be;
And thine shall be the glory and
Mine the eternal salvation, Amen.

THE DEVIL OFFERS HIS THRONE TO THE KAISER

By Louis Syberkrop
(Los Angeles Times)

From Satan, The Infernal Regions,
October 28, 1917.

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and envoy extraordinary of Almighty God:

My Dear Wilhelm: I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you, much closer than you could ever know.

In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero; he was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient supercriminal was needed, and, as I know the Hohenzollern blood, I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of hell. I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism, that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a mad man with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity; I placed in your soul a deep hatred for all things English; for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos, and the hated Cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil, and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe, and I HATE HER. I plantel in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother, because SHE was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father, just as it will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

Three Evil Spirits

To assist you and further hasten my work I sent you three evil spirits, Nietzsche, Treitschke and later Bernhardt, whose teachings inflamed the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect—you cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles, and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious Archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way. It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the Duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when it saw how cleverly you saddled the crime on Serbia. I saw you set sail for the fjords of Norway, and I knew you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done, so much like your noble grandfather, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick from Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a way and get by.

"Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy, it was the beginning, the foundation of a perfect hell on earth, the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions. You made war on friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea warfare is a master stroke, from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breasts as they both go into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

"I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere;

it's all your work, superfiend that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down into Galicia; where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectation. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring, and I began to doubt if my own inferno was really up to date.

Hailed As Wonder

"You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have strayed away from all legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine, and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

"I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshipper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army, commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a nude being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder with one cut of the saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation. I confess my Satanic soul grew sick and there and then I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor. The great key of hell will be

turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interest of hell—in the future. I am at your majesty's service. Affectionately and sincerely,
"LUCIFER H. SATAN."

(The Kaiser's reply will appear in the January number.)

FIFTY YEARS NOT ENOUGH FOR WOMAN GUILTY OF SEDITIOUS TIRADE

Bismarck, N. D., Dec. 8.—Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, a Socialist lecturer and author, was found guilty of interfering with and attempting to obstruct the recruiting service of the United States Army in United States District Court here today. The charges grew out of a lecture delivered at Bowman on July 17, 1917. It was charged that Mrs. O'Hare said, American mothers who gave their boys to the army were "no better than brood sows."

Judge Wade reserved sentence for one week.

Heretofore a large majority of persons who visited the public library asked, "What shall I read?" Now they go straight to the magazine department and ask for the files of the New American Woman.

"And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done."

Fred E. Pierce
Frank I. Wheat

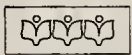
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Los Angeles

California

Your Little One and the Ubiquitous Motion Pictures

Felix J. Koch

SOMEHOW or other, the question has become almost as much a staple in conversation feminine as the old one, anent how mi-lady liked her cook, used to be:

"Do you let the children go to the movies often?"

Then, close upon that, there is always the corollary, depending, of course, upon reply to the first as to its inflections:

"They ARE a great educational force, without doubt." Time was when parents who really cared for their brood would not have even faintly considered letting them attend a theater alone, and to dispatch them off to a playhouse of whose program, for the week, they had not a notion, would have been a wholly preposterous idea.

And today—

Well, today in any American city, it has become quite the vogue, when friends with little ones are visiting and time starts to drag for these young folk, to slip them a coin or so, and then show them the way to the nearest motion-picture theater. For the children it is infinitely pleasanter to spend time thus than twiddling their thumbs; trying to take part in the conversation of elders they've no interest in. As for the elders, dear and sweet as are the children and fond as one may be of them, there are times when the little ones can be spared;—the more if one has knowledge of their being safe and warm and out of harm at the movie-show.

What, then, the effect of all this,—the starting of the motion-picture habit; than which, today, there is none stronger among the Anglo-Saxons?

Out on Walnut Hills, in the suburbs of Cincinnati, on the high road to where Congressman Longworth, who married a President's daughter, has his home, a stately church makes a point of regulation motion-picture entertainments. In the heart of the big city one of the great Jewish settlements has its regular night for the entertainments, in which movies play no little part. At the big city high-schools,—at the University, motion-pictures are being shown, and the sitting through such performance has come to be considered quite as legitimate a pastime as would be the hearkening to lecture, or debate.

Time was when, of course, this might not be. Remember how, at the beginnings, the first motion-pictures were largely educational,—travelogues? Suddenly it was discovered that, since mankind has always paid more to be amused than to be instructed, motion-pictures that served as diversion would pay better still. Wherefore producers began to stage dramas of all manners and descriptions and what sorts of plays were sometimes shown may be judged from the fact that, ere long, State and National boards of censorship came in.

Out of these has come another swing of the pendulum, backward,—movie-houses showing plays dealing with the sex-problem.

At the very heart of a big city, at some point readily accessible to adults, such plays will profit; but out in the suburbs, where folk who go to the "movies" with their families,—where young men take their sweethearts,—where groups of girls go alone,—and where, above all, there come armies of children, sex-problem plays are not allowed.

Parents know that when Johnny and Mary and William and Martha beg for nickels to stroll off to the nearest playhouse, there will be nothing come of it that can do the children harm. They know that nickels so spent mean fewer pennies for the cheap candies of the round-the-corner sweet shop, or squandering nickels on some insipid soda. They know that the mischievous little lads will be safe in the airdome, or inside the theater, and out of the way of the flying motors on the streets.

And the children—obviously, first and foremost, to the child there is the lure here of amusemnet, pure and simple.

Were the little folk to be told the evening's program embraces just such and such educational films, chances are they would taboo it. But, though they themselves might not recognize the fact, away down in child nature, from very earliest age, there exists a deep thirst for knowledge, the wanting to know,—that has made the supremacy of the human over all other species.

Magazines for boys and journals for girls know this and so, in every issue you will find purely educational sections. What to do, how to make, oddities of near and far, and similar departments, even, are run regularly, costing more than fiction does, being accompanied by half-tones, cuts and so on, publishers would not insert, did they not know that they were read. And, while your little chap may turn to the section of the long serial first of all, when his magazine comes, or to the comic page, ask him, by and by, what he's been reading and he'll tell you of the educational, the practical, he has read.

So now, with the motion pictures. To say, in one glittering generality, that you don't approve of them for children is to say, you don't approve of books. Where's there the man, today, would make such charge as that?

What the boy and the girl may see at the movies; what he or she may learn,—and by what threads the vocation, or avocation of an entire lifetime may be guided, it is interesting to consider here.

We happen to know a traveling correspondent for the newspapers and the magazines, a dweller in the Middle West, who has girdled the world, been to coronations of kings and installations of presidents and holds open sesame where-so-ever. Back in the second reader of a district school, he relates, the teacher once showed his class some pictures from a magazine, of a Hudson Bay trading-post. She dwelt on the lonely, withal fascinating, life of

the distant wild and the lure of going forth to see. Unconsciously, she kindled in the boy the desire; he fostered it, studied means to the end and today he tours the globe.

Within just the six-month of which we write, we have seen on the movie-screen, pictures of Antarctic, Tropic, Sub-Tropic. Things of that sort just alone will start the wanderlust in the soul, and who can say what explorer of tomorrow may not rise through the inspiration and the incentive born of a nickel, spent in youth, at the movie-show?

TO A BABE ASLEEP ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST

Peacefully on her breast you lay,
Rising and falling with its tide,
Like a ship at anchor in the bay,
But not forever can you thus ride,
The storms which blow through every life;
Only too soon must you awake,
And learn to know of its storm and strife,
And the shores of sin where the billows break.
But if the Bible your compass be,
And Christ the captain of your bark,
Then may you sail Life's stormy sea

Though clouds may lower and skies be dark;
And reefs and breakers safely past,
In the harbor of Heaven your anchor cast.

JAMES T. EAGNY

801 So. Union Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. II.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1918

NO. 12

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

The Federal Amendment Woman's Suffrage soon an Accomplished Fact

By James J. Phelan, U. S Senator from California

Suffragists throughout the United States will read with great satisfaction the following letter from California's able and forcible Senator:

To the Editor of the New American Woman:

I THINK that woman suffrage will in a few years be an accomplished fact throughout the United States. California early conferred suffrage upon her women citizens, and other States have done likewise.

I believed heretofore that the individual States should be left to determine the qualifications of voters, and one State has followed another in conferring the privilege. But there are, on the other hand, several States whose constitutions are so rigid that it is practically impossible to get an expression of a majority of the people on this subject. The Southern States have had much trouble with negro suffrage, and feared the danger of enrolling negro women as only an aggravation of their domestic difficulties, and this was the principal reason why I preferred state action. But, in weighing the advantages of Federal action, it seems that there are a greater number of reasons for creating a homogeneous electorate than of remitting the question to the States, which would result in State inequalities. If the women of California and New York, the representative States of the West and the East, are capable of exercising the suffrage, then the women of every other State presumably are.

It requires three-fourths of the States, however, to ratify the proposed Federal Amendment, and, therefore, thirteen States can prevent it, and every State will have an opportunity, through the Legislature, of saying "yea" or "nay." So the rights of the States are reasonably well protected.

The reason why I support woman suffrage is not only because the women will bring sense as well as sympathy, justice as well as humanity to the popu-

lar verdict, but because of the beneficial effect it will have upon women themselves and their status and condition in life. Possessing suffrage, perhaps even the southern negroes, both men and women, will be benefited in their unequal struggle—whether they actually exercise the elective franchise or not. They are at all times a potential factor and will, therefore, be "cultivated" rather than neglected.

When the President, however, encouraged the adoption of the Federal Amendment, he doubtless realized that if, under the Constitution, three-fourths of the States come to a common conclusion, it was safe to assume that it is the demand of the nation

in providing for its own welfare as a whole. In the case of human slavery, while it was believed at the time that the emancipation would be of material injury to one section, it has proved otherwise, and has served as well the greater and more compelling cause of freedom and humanity, which dictated the immortal declarations of Jefferson and Lincoln.

It is also true that the war has established the position of women in the industrial world. Men now realize the economic equality of women. When men necessarily were called from their work, the women took it up, and in every field they shall henceforth be regarded as co-workers and comrades.

Their interest in the public welfare certainly is as great, if not greater than men's, and the possession of the franchise educates and empowers at the same time. The personal influence of women, so important in the scheme of life, can not be destroyed by law, because no human ordinance can repeal Nature's decree which is of higher authority than any man-made Constitution. For these reasons, I will support the Susan B. Anthony amendment now before the Senate, and I am confident it will speedily prevail.

JAMES D. PHELAN.



SENATOR PHELAN OF CALIFORNIA

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from December number)

THE husband of the lying little siren held aboard by the stewardess incommunicado wistfully glanced up the gangplank. Something was wrong in the air; it showed up in the faces of the passengers and in the subdued manner of greeting their waiting friends.

Possibly the man knew when his wife failed to come ashore. Adventurous wives are not always reticent in telling their husbands of their escapades. Having supplied her with unlimited money this millionaire spouse might have regarded it as a mere bit of financial strategy to cheat the custom officers and escape paying the duty upon foreign-purchased finery. Wondrous millinery, "birds of Paradise," and rare vari-colored plumes, dozens of exquisite Parisian gowns, gloves by the hundreds, marvelously beautiful lingerie, and jewels that would stare Brock and Company out of countenance—these and a thousand other things which may not pass American ports without payment of duty, filled the dozen big trunks held up for failure of the owner to truthfully declare their contents.

In this day and generation a husband who encourages his wife to indulge in ridiculous display at home or abroad is a fool. The masses know, and judging from the recent expressed opinion of the steel magnate, Mr. Schwab, at a banquet in New York attended by millionaires only, the autocrats also know that the time has come at last when the producer of every commodity, in whatever form of expression, whether it be found in comfortable housing, in the beauty of dress, the delights of music, the advantages of travel and opportunity for the broadest culture, will be shared equally at least by the real producers of values, the real creators of wealth.

The husband of the subject of my comment, had, no doubt, encouraged his young wife to trot the world over and buy to her silly heart's content, while he remained behind with others of his class, to coin still more out of the sweat and sacrifice of ill-paid employees that a worthless loafer might dazzle to madness the smart set of New York, while working women were expected of course to look on with admiration and awe.

But the click of the lock of the door through which the stewardess sternly half-pushed the voyage charmer still sounded in my ears. Tom Fitch and his adored Mariza with her mite of a dog tucked in the sleeve of her long sealskin coat, preceded me

down the gangplank. At the landing my detective sense observed the half-closed right eye of an anxious looking man, with the brow of the left eye skewed upward as he watched each woman descend from the ship. I noticed the careless twirl of the cane he held and the cynical smile that broke over his clean-shaven face. But she, the wife of his bosom, was not "among those present" when the gangplank lifted and the crowd began to disappear. Quickly the man approached the captain of the ship and after a bare moment of whispered conversation he leaped into a nearby car attended by liveried footmen and away he flew, presumably to the Custom House office, where he doubtless arranged the release of the imprisoned woman.

The following morning the great dailies of New York city fairly blazed in red ink, "Read the great scandal. Millionaire's wife imprisoned for smuggling Parisian gowns," etc. But the woman's husband settled with the Custom House officials, and the incident was soon forgotten as was the fact of the outraged law.

From New York I returned with Virginia to Boston, where she resumed her musical studies at the famous New England Conservatory of Music. Four months of sight-seeing mixed with anxiety and discomfort comprised my "holiday in Europe," and I returned to my home in San Francisco to undertake the unfinished task of convincing all California and incidentally the world at large of the wisdom and justice of opening the doors to women for service in every public and private institution, and of granting to them full political rights and privileges upon equal terms with men.

After a few days spent with my glorious mother and family and in receiving the congratulations of my hosts of neighbors and friends I re-opened my law office and forthwith found myself in the midst of the trial of a case before a jury in the Superior Court, Judge Robert Farrel presiding.

Since my admission to the bar, and long preceding that important event, I had recommended a public defender to represent the poor who had the misfortune to be charged with crime. The judges of the criminal departments, while they laughed at the idea of a public defender as chimerical, frequently appointed me to defend those who were unable to employ counsel. I suppose this was intended as a sort of try-out of my own doctrine. I contended that the State should defend the accused at the same time it prosecuted him, and that a public defender should be elected at the same time and in the same manner and paid out of the same fund as the public prosecutor or the District Attorney was elected and paid.

Upon my first appearance in court after my return Judge Farrel called me to the bar and pointing to a sad figure in the dock, said, "Mrs. Foltz, I assign you to defend that man. His counsel has failed to appear, the jury is here and there is no time to lose."

In vain I urged to be excused, sought for time, moved for a continuance, but Judge Farrel, though a genial fellow and a good lawyer, denied each motion, and in utter dismay I took up the task before me. At once I believed in the defendant. This state of mind is a habit with me. I believe in my

(Continued on page 10)



How the Rag Saved the Day An Unintentional Mediator

By Ethel M. Johnson

NANCY HASKALL stood at a back window and shading her eyes with one hand, looked across the strip of green field and the narrow river that separated her place from the Corner. Her gaze was fixed on a building, in the last stages of construction, around which a number of people were assembled.

"I guess they're goin' to hold meetin' in the new church today," she remarked after surveying the distant figures several moments with attentive curiosity. She glanced around at the clock, then hurried to the front door, and drawing aside the curtain from one of the sidelights, peered cautiously across the road at the large white house opposite. For some time she waited there, her eyebrows puckered into a frown and her gloved fingers impatiently twirling her bonnet strings.

At last the door over the way opened and a thin, withered-up old gentleman with a cane in his hand came down the path. He turned up the road leading away from the Corner without once glancing across to his neighbor's. Miss Haskell stood watching him till he was out of sight; then returning to the sitting-room, she centered her attention upon the clock. When five minutes had passed, she went out and started off in the same direction the old man had taken.

It was nearly a year now since the heated dispute which had caused a division among the members of the church at the Corner. The trouble originated when the old church was destroyed by lightning. Pelvin Jordan, one of the deacons, had donated the use of an unoccupied store until the church should be rebuilt. His sister-in-law, Nancy Haskell, had then offered to have her parlor organ set up in the temporary meeting-house.

The place the organ should occupy became at once an occasion for dissension. Miss Haskell wanted it at the foot of the pulpit on the left side. Deacon Jordan wanted it on the north end of the building-opposite the pulpit. The discussion waxed warm; and Miss Haskell being a woman of determination, went in person on the Saturday before the first meeting in the improvised church to see that the organ was set up in the place she had selected. But her satisfaction on entering the meeting-house the following morning was speedily changed to indignation when she saw the organ looming up defiantly on the north end. The choir shared her anger and expressed their sympathy by refusing to furnish music for the morning service. In the evening, however, they sang out loud and triumphantly; for the organ was back by the pulpit.

This was the beginning of a stirring contest between the "Pulpit faction" and the "North end faction" in the course of which the organ made frequent excursions from one side of the building to the other. The pastor did his best to pacify the two parties, firmly refusing to take sides with either. In which stand he was supported by the large majority of the congregation. But instead of bringing about the desired reconciliation, this neutral atti-

tude caused the leaders of both factions to regard the rest of the church with almost greater bitterness than they did each other.

Matters came to a crisis at a church meeting when Miss Haskell rose to announce that the organ was her property, and if the church people didn't care enough about using it to let it be where she put it, she would take it back again. Deacon Jordan immediately hopped up and in a tone of shrill indignation proclaimed that the store was his property, and if the church people didn't care enough about it to see that things were kept in their proper places, they needn't have it any longer; that was all.

The next day Miss Haskell had the organ hauled home and Deacon Jordan locked the store door and boarded up the windows. These drastic measures reacted something in the manner of boomerangs upon their authors. For the supporters of both the Deacon and of Miss Haskell renounced their allegiance, returned to the fold, and threw open their houses in turn with the rest of the congregation for the regular meetings. They two alone remained outside.

But the anger they both felt against the church did not in the least soften their hard feelings toward each other. And it was by the purest accident that they separately decided on the same Sunday to pro-

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claim independence from the church at the Corner by attending services at the village three miles distant. As they happened to start at nearly the same time, they were under the awkward necessity of walking along together, but on the extreme opposite sides of the road.

It was after that that Miss Haskell had adopted the five minute interval. But this one trying ordeal had been of some advantage; for it enabled her, on seeing the deacon go up to the Congregational chapel to turn her own steps promptly to the Universalist precincts.

All these events were sore grievances to Miss Haskell; and her indignation against her own church increased with the extent of her self-inflicted punishment. The three-mile walk did not agree with her rheumatism. The late hour for services did not agree with her established custom. Least of all, did the Universalist doctrines agree with her own rigid tenets.

Her reflections were particularly bitter this morning; and she was so occupied with them that she did not hear the wagon rattling briskly over the road behind her till it stopped short close by her, and a familiar voice called out:

"Why, how-dye-do, Miss Haskell! How be you? Won't you get in?"

It was a former neighbor, a Mr. Hudson, who now lived in an adjoining town.

"Ain't you goin' the wrong way to church?" he inquired after carefully tucking in the robe.

"I don't go to the Corner now," Miss Haskell replied somewhat shortly.

Mr. Hudson looked his astonishment, and was about to ask the reason when it happened to dawn upon him that he might be getting into an awkward situation; so he changed the question into a whistle, but broke off suddenly to exclaim:

"Well, if there ain't Uncle Pelvin! Guess everybody's leavin' the Corner."

"Whoa, back up there!" he called, bringing the horse to a stand by the old man. "Want a lift, Uncle Pel? It's full's easy riding as walking."

Miss Haskell turned her head aside in silent indignation.

Partly on account of this and of his own near-sightedness, and partly because Mr. Hudson cut off his view, Deacon Jordan did not recognize the other passenger till he was in the wagon and the horse had again started. A dull red burned in his cheeks as he realized his blunder, and he stammered hastily:

"I guess if you'd just as lief, I'll get out again. You've got load enough for the hoss without my crowdin' in; an' my legs won't stiffen up so much walkin'."

"There, don't you think of it," returned Mr. Hudson, laying a restraining hand on his arm. "We ain't crowded a bit, are we, Miss Haskell? And far as load for the buckskin, why bless you, he don't know there's anything in the wagon."

Mr. Hudson was such an indefatigable talker, he never noticed the constraint on his companions. He had launched out on a favorite topic, his horse, and was oblivious to all else.

"He ain't much to look at, I know," he continued, jerking his steed back into the middle of the road, for the buckskin had a decided preference for the

wheel track; "but," with an air of pride, "when he's a mind to, he can tear like all possessed."

The proviso was essential. The buckskin, a big, gawky piece of horseflesh, was certainly not always "a mind to." His fits of "tearing" were generally of his own selection. He was above all, an animal of caprice. His wicked little eyes were always on the lookout for mischief. He could, when he chose, discover unheard-of terrors in the most familiar objects. For days at a time he would be a steady, respectable horse; then of a sudden he would develop into a skittish, unmanageable, irresponsible brute. It was nearly a week now that he had been on his good behavior.

Half way to the village, Mr. Hudson drove up to a house, and explaining that his errand there would take but a few minutes, handed the reins to the deacon. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than the buckskin divined a change, and determined to make the most of it. He started suddenly, and before the deacon knew what was happening, turned the wagon with such unexpected swiftness as almost to upset it. The deacon gave a sharp jerk on the reins. At once the buckskin reversed tactics, sat back in the breeching and began to back viciously. The deacon resorted to the whip. With the first cut the buckskin bolted out of the yard on the gallop, heading straight back for home.

Mr. Hudson, who, hearing the noise, had suspected trouble, rushed out of the house and down the road after them, shouting vociferously. The deacon yelled "Whoa!" and sawed on the reins. The buckskin did not like the sawing. He was an expert in the art of driving himself, and suddenly whisking his tail over the reins, he settled into a run.

It had all happened so quickly that Miss Haskell could hardly realize it. Under any other circumstances she would have felt frightened. But now anger, astonishment, indignation, and all the mixed sensations in her breast blended in one overwhelming emotion—she was scandalized. She held tightly to a side of the seat, and kept repeating to herself in a nervous whisper: "Oh, Lord! I hope nobody won't see me! Oh, Lord! I hope nobody won't see me!" Neither she nor the deacon spoke aloud. Past his house, past her house they shot like a streak, the wagon bumping impartially over rocks and through ruts.

They had nearly reached the turn where a branch road led across the river and over to the Corner, when a warning toot sounded just ahead. It was the one thing for which the buckskin never had to feign alarm. He would face fire rather than meet such a demon. As the big touring car came in sight, he plunged violently over a short bank into the field on the left, with the wagon crashing after him. Fortunately it was a stout, well-made one, built for hard banging over rough roads. It resisted the shock, and keeping sturdily right side up, jolted dizzily behind the buckskin as he tore madly across the field.

Even now Miss Haskell was too dazed to feel much fear. But suddenly it swept over her with a sickening force. Just ahead was the river with its terrible deep hole. Close above and below the water was quite shallow; but here in this one spot of perhaps five feet across it was of unknown depth, still, black, and horrible. It was a treacherous hole; and more than once cattle had been lost there. It was

towards this pool that the maddened beast was rushing.

The deacon saw the danger at the same moment as Miss Haskell, and the blood dropped from his face, leaving it a sickly yellow.

"Nancy!" "Pelvin!" The words came like one gasp. It was the first speech they had exchanged for a year.

The horse was now close to the bank. Miss Haskell closed her eyes to shut out the sight and tried to move her lips in prayer; but a tense, convulsive rigor at her heart wrenched breath and motion from her. For one awful moment there was a sickening sense of falling, then a gurgling splash and the sensation of cold water lapping round. A sudden jerk that almost upset the wagon brought her back to consciousness again. She opened her eyes. The buckskin was just scrambling up over the opposite bank, having taken them safely through the river not two feet above the fatal spot.

Miss Haskell drew a long, shuddering sigh of relief. The deacon's hands were shaking like palsy. The plunge in the cold water had dampened the buckskin's eager spirit. He surrendered himself docilely to guidance. He was ready to be a sedate, well-behaved animal for some time to come.

"Nancy," said the deacon in a husky tone, as he reined the horse into the road, "I've been thinking pretty hard the last few moments, an' I guess I was wrong about that organ—"

"No, you wasn't," Miss Haskell interrupted. "I've been doin' some hard thinking, too; an' I see just how unChristianlike I've been behavin'. I'm sorry for what's past, an' if you're willin' to drive on to the meeting-house, I want to tell the elder and the rest of them that I've repented and would like to be took back."

Over 800,000 women are now employed in the United States in all occupations except that of railroad engineers and telegraph linemen.

A thousand dollars in gold weighs about four pounds.

In 1848 less than \$30,000,000 was the entire coinage of the United States as against \$412,300,000 in 1917.

THE SERVICE FLAG

The Stars and Stripes is a beautiful flag,
And to it my love I bring,
None floats in the skies, I more highly prize,
But it's not of that flag I sing.

The flag I mean is a crimson square
Encircling a field of white,
On which gleam glittering glorious stars,
For the valorous sons who fight.

Each star in "Old Glory" stands for a State,
In this each stands for a son,
Whose life he may give that his country live
And the conflict for freedom be won.

'Tis the Service Flag of which I sing.
Then pass not heedlessly by,
The Flag with the stars which stand for the
sons,
Who for us tomorrow may die.

—James T. Eagny.

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"US TO CALIFORNIA"

The evidence is all in, the arguments closed. A Kansas newspaper prints the following: "There is nothing in Florida except oranges and sick Yankees. In the south half of the State you have to blast a hole in the rock to plant an orange tree. Rattlesnakes are so thick that when inhabitants of towns go out at night they have to have torchlights on the end of their canes or carry flashlights to frighten snakes off the sidewalks. The snakes are big rattlers, six to ten feet long, and men, women and children have to wear leggings or boots. The territory is low, the saw grass is high, the mosquitoes gigantic in size, the air laden with noxious vapors, the atmosphere heavy and inert."

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ODE TO DEATH

By Herman Merivale

Miscall me not. Men have miscalled me much,
Have given hard names and harsher thoughts to me,
Reviled and evilly treated me,
Built me strange temples as an unknown God,
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
And to rude insult bowed my god-head down.
Miscall me not, for men have marred my form,
And in the earth-born grossness of their thoughts
Have coldly modelled me of their own clay,
Then fear to look on that themselves have made,
Miscall me not. Ye know not what I am,
But ye shall see me face to face and know.
I take all sorrows from the sorrowful
And teach the joyful what it is to joy.
I gather in my land-locked harbor's clasp
The shattered vessels of a vexed world;
And even the tiniest ripple upon life
Is to that calm sublime as tropic storm.
When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain,
I only, own the anodyne to still
Its eddies into visionless repose.
The face distorted with life's latest pang,
I smooth, in passing, with an angel's wing,
And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
The hidden glory of the eyes to give
A new and nobler beauty to the rest.

Belie me not. The plagues that walk the earth,
The wasting pain, the sudden agony,
Famine, and war and pestilence, and all
The terrors that have darkened round my name—
These are the works of life; they are not mine,
Vex when I tarry, vanish when I come,
Instantly melting into perfect peace
As at his word whose master-spirit I am,
The troubled waters slept on Gallilee.
Tender I am, not cruel. When I take the shape
Most hard to human eyes, and pluck
The little baby blossom yet unblown
'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
Unwept of sorrow and unscathed of wrong,
Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
'Tis I that give a soul to memory,
For round the follies of the bad I throw
The mantle of a kind forgetfulness,
But canonized in dear love's calendar
I sanctify the good for evermore.
Miscall me not. My generous fullness lends
Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends,
To the starved babe the mother's tender breast,
Wealth to the poor, and to the restless rest.

MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW ARE
CHOSEN

As goes California, so goes the country! At least, this appears to have been the case in the late Presidential campaign. But for the work of a California woman, Mrs. Root of Long Beach, Woodrow Wilson would not be president today, says C. W. Barron of the Boston News Bureau. Mr. Barron says: "Mrs. Root of Long Beach, California, with \$125 made a personal campaign that increased 600 normally Democratic votes in her district to 6600, thus carrying California and the United States for the re-election of President Wilson. Without this overturn at Long Beach Hughes would have carried California by over 1000 votes. Wilson is president today because of Mrs. Root and her activities at Long Beach, California."

THE LAND OF SUNSET LIGHT

By Addison Howard Gibson

There is beauty on the foothills,
 Starred with poppies golden-spun,
 Blended with the blue of lupines
 In the land where sets the sun.

There's a lure along the trailside,
 And in nooks where ferns cling deep,
 In rock-shadowed silent places
 Where shy quail their vigils keep.

There is rapture on the mountains,
 On their sunlit summits free,
 That o'erlook fair orange orchards
 In the valleys near the sea.

There is rest within the freshness
 Of footrodden hills and dales,
 In the balm of wildwood blossoms
 Down the canyon's sheltered vales.

Here the soul expands in freedom,
 Seeing with a freshened sight
 Visions of the New, unfolding
 In the Land of Sunset Light.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right and part with him when he goes wrong.—
Abraham Lincoln.

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LIBEL AMONG THE SMART SET

Los Angeles abounds in libel suits. The newspapers are not alone in seeking this remedy for wrongs fancied or otherwise. Club women, and those still less worldly-wise resort to it, and the modists and milliners reap the harvest—for what fair litigant would appear before court and jury in last season's output.

"The Greater the Truth, the Greater the Libel"

The authorship of this maxim is usually attributed to Lord Mansfield. Burns wrote in "The Reproof":

Dost not know that old Mansfield,
Who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, sir,
The more 'tis a libel?

Again, we meet the phrase in the poems of Moore, "A Case of Libel":

It was nuts for the Father of Lies,
As that wily fiend is named in the Bible,
To find it settled by laws so wise,
The greater the truth, the greater the libel.

At the present day the maxim applies both to civil and criminal proceedings. Formerly the action applied to civil cases only. It is used now as a damage proceeding for money only—called damages. The good name of the plaintiff cuts but a small figure. It is not unlike a breach of promise suit. It is not to punish the man who failed to come through on his promise to be a husband, but to obtain the money to gratify the greed of the plaintiff and her unwedded contingents. Nor is it unlike a seduction case. It was not the loss of womanly dignity, but the desire for the money that prompted the enterprising plaintiff to bring the suit.

In the course of time all such actions at law will be relegated to limbo and courts and juries will be spared the puerile disclosures such proceedings involve.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RY. EXHIBIT AT ORANGE SHOW

Striking Exhibit Underway to Represent Railway at Big Exposition

San Bernardino, Feb. ...—Pacific Electric Railway is building a striking exhibit for the Eighth National Orange Show, to be held here February 20 to 28.

In keeping with many other patriotic and war time features, including a court of Southern California's most beautiful girls who will represent the nation's allies, the Pacific Electric will have on a flat car a big naval gun mounted on a revolving turret. Every time the turret revolves the gun will "boom" and a flash will be seen. "Pacific Electric serves Uncle Sam as well as Southern California," will be shown on electric decoration.

Thousands of oranges will be used in the display. A miniature train winding in and out among oranges, will run about the base of the turret.

The Pacific Electric recognizes the Orange Show as one of the big attractions of Southern California and during the period of the exposition will handle many thousands of people direct to the exposition gates from all parts of the southland.

The Orange Show has already taken on such shape as to indicate that it will be equally as lavish in beauty and entertainment as in former years.

PLAY ACTOR

United States Senator James D. Phelan of San Francisco in a ringing patriotic speech made before 300 members of the University Club at a banquet given in honor of the statesman, championed the right of free press and free speech in America, but scored La Follette for his disloyal utterances.

"La Follette is not considered seriously in Congress," declared the Senator. "He is like a play actor trying to meet the plaudits of someone who is not present. Who, I do not know."

"The Kaiser!" cried a lusty voice from the banquet tables.

HOIST UP SAIL

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Time and tide stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

—Robert Southwell.

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from page 4)

client's cause. Silently I read the information over again after the clerk had mumbled through it in monotone, absurdly expecting the defendant to understand its contents.

The jury looked at me quizzically as I sat watching the District Attorney unfold his theory of the case. Long before the evidence for the State had concluded, and although I had not spoken a dozen words to the man whose defense had been thrust upon me, I was convinced that he was innocent of the charge of arson—that at least he had been more sinned against than sinning.

With this belief in my heart I began the defense without the least hesitation. By cross-examination I thrust the theory of the Deputy District Attorney through with the jagged shrapnel of my aroused tempestuous nature, and if I could then have submitted the case to the jury my poor client would have been acquitted at once. The defendant's side of the case proved a boomerang to the prosecution. But the prosecution had several innings yet, and under the law the District Attorney has the opening and the closing argument, an advantage over the defendant which I have never quite believed in.

Those who have not witnessed the trial of a jury case can hardly imagine the wide scope allowed, the many and often ridiculous efforts of the District Attorney to convict, whether the accused is innocent or guilty. This particular occasion furnished more than the usual number of such incidents, to detail which would require a great deal more space than I have at command.

Col. Stonehill was at his best. He had "no use for a woman at the bar," (unless she were a defendant) and he told the jury so then and there. I looked calmly on as he flayed "ambitious women who have no sense of the fitness of things, parade the streets, or enter the forum to show off"—"women who have no child (I had five), no husband, (I was a widow), no home," (I had the dearest, cleanest little home in San Francisco), and then closed his oration (?) by warning the jury not to listen to the arguments of a woman who, unable to reason out the evidence, must necessarily appeal to their hearts, their feelings. "But," he said, "remember, gentlemen of the jury, that you are sworn to try this cause upon the testimony and a true verdict render. She IS A WOMAN," bellowed this learned limb of the law; "she cannot be expected to reason; God Almighty decreed her limitations, but you can reason, and you must use your reasoning faculties against this young woman who will lead you by her sympathetic presentation of this case reeking with the vilest guilt, to violate your oaths and let a guilty man go free," etc. Then after thanking the jury for their intelligent consideration and great and long suffering patience he sat down wet with perspiration.

My time at last had come. The court room was crowded. I rose all trembling and ashamed. I felt as though my clothes had all slipped off of me and that I stood there nude before the Court and the jury. It seemed to me that the only criminal at the bar was myself—guilty of the crime of being

a woman. I still believed in my heart that my client was innocent and that it was up to me to prove it and send him back to his despairing family and the wretched hovel on the Barbary Coast which he called home. With this abiding faith in my client's cause I began my speech somewhat as follows:

If your Honor please and gentlemen of the jury: You well know that I am not before you by my own choice! that in obedience to a time-honored rule I am here by order of this Court trying as best I can to represent this despairing man. Is it not strange then that the District Attorney should make me an object of his displeasure and challenge my presence at this bar because only that I am a woman? The kind indulgence of the Court has permitted counsel to range over much matter that is neither of record nor part of the evidence in this case. I would rather the immaterial and irrelevant part of his speech had remained unspoken, for I take no pleasure in the wanton abuse of a jury's patience nor in burdening them with matter wholly foreign to the case. Besides, when the ingenuity of counsel has entangled the true with the false, the relevant with the irrelevant, it is sometimes a wearisome task both to opposing counsel and to the jury to separate the woof of fact from the warp of fiction with which it has been woven, and enable one to arrive at the true measure of justice in the matter. I regret it all the more because I shall in some degree be obliged to follow counsel through the labyrinth of his immaterialities. In referring to them I trust that to me the Court will not be less indul-



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gent in permitting me to speak, nor the jury in disposition to patiently listen.

Allow me to say, I have been pleased with much of the speech of the counsel on the other side. He has made of the testimony all there was in it. He has lost no effort in throwing upon it the strongest light in the State's behalf; he has marshalled it with all the skill and ingenuity of a subtle lawyer, a skilled debater and a practiced dialectician; he has spared no pains in the coloring of the testimony to produce the highest effect. When he had finished you saw the State's case in its most advantageous light and there was indeed nothing more to be said. And yet, I do not think the legitimate results of his reasoning are at all alarming to the defendant or to his inexperienced counsel. I have seen higher monuments of sophistry than his crumble before the magic touch of truth. I have seen verdicts rendered contrary to more finished logic than his. Indeed, I am very sure that verdicts are rendered more on evidence than on oratory; that it is oftener the good heart and the sound sense of the jury, the innate spirit of right and appreciation of justice that renders a verdict than the seeming logic of a prosecuting officer, who too often moved by a selfish ambition to win, overlooks the real issue, forgets the principle involved in every criminal case, that the accused is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty and that this presumption obtains at every stage of the case and remains with him until the verdict is rendered.

Counsel opened his argument with the astounding revelation that I am a woman. It was a wonderful

announcement—fit epigram for a god to have spoken. And yet, after this magnificent burst of blazing genius the sun does not appear to be darkened nor the moon paled by the contrast. "She is a woman." Counsel has sat here for many hours almost choked to suffocation with this mighty thought! No doubt the agony of this suppressed and unspoken wisdom has made life a burden to him. Possibly it was the tremendous weight of this idea that sometimes made his step unsteady, his cheek more flushed and his nose a deeper crimson. But it should gladden our hearts to know that having grown big with this ponderous conception he has at last effected its delivery. And what a birth! Poor little bantling idea! Verily the mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse. Let us christen it Goliath, nurse it tenderly, and, in the language of the attending physician let us hope "its good mother is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

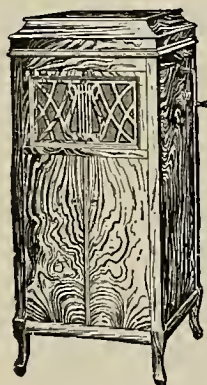
We could not be so cruel to this feeble child of a brilliant brain as to let it die unhonored and unsung. In the kindness of my heart I would herald its advent with drums and tin horns like a Democratic victory; I would let it grow and flourish "in immortal youth unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Counsel tells you that I am a woman. I wonder that the planets did not stand still in their courses and rivers cease to run to the sea at the announcement of this startling discovery. I am amazed that his Honor did not faint upon the bench and that you gentlemen of the jury have survived this awful shock to your nervous systems.

Let me kindly admonish the learned counsel that in a matter of great pith and moment like this he should break the news gently and not plunge such an original thought upon an unprepared jury. A few more such thoughtless revelations and your nervous forces will be destroyed and your reason dethroned. Counsel should beware how he heedlessly enlightens an unprepared jury on such a vital topic.

Again he tells you that I am a woman. By a natural antithesis I presume he would have you infer that he is not. I suppose he wants me to tell you that he is a man and he takes this hurried opportunity and adroit method of testifying to the fact. Though nobody yet has denied it, he seems to be in a fever of anxiety to emphasize that he is a man. I don't know why he should make such unseemly haste in announcing it. He should remember that a swift and willing witness to a point not controverted is a herald of suspicion. Useless denial has caught more criminals than has silence a long way.

He reminds me of one of my boys who went in swimming long before I had dreamed that swimming time had come. Guilt hurried the little rebel to my side to explain: "Mama, I didn't go in swimming; it was only Davy went in." The denial was a dead give-away. I examined the wet and stringy hair and the reversed shirt and found a verdict of guilty against Sammy. I suggest that these premature denials create a strong suspicion against counsel and I call attention of the officers to the



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(Continued on page 15)

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THINK UPON THIS

The Federal Amendment Victory

IN WINNING the greatest victory of all the ages the names of those who led the fight and opened the way for others should not be forgotten nor allowed to become obscured by the ambitious powerful leisure class who have succeeded through the liberality of benefactors such as Mrs. Frank Leslie, and later through the contributions of Mrs. Oliver P. Belmont and others equally generous.

It was pitiful to note how in the closing months of the suffrage fight the real leaders of the movement were ignored and pushed into the background, their very names eliminated from the news of the day, while certain vainglorious, would-be great ones absorbed all space and claimed for themselves honors which had been and are the just reward of others.

Where, for instance, was Harriet Stanton Blatch, the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the greatest stateswoman of this nation? Where was the Rev. Antoinette Brown-Blackwell, the leader of leaders in this cause now so auspiciously upon its last inning? Where was Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, who published the Woman's Tribune for twenty-five years, during which time, but for the assistance of a few of her devoted friends she would have starved to death? During Mrs. Colby's many years of effort to win Federal legislation, the now prominent ones were then tramping about the country lecturing and

levying heavy tribute upon women who could not afford to pay, but who nevertheless collected large sums and paid the lecturers and all other expenses incident to the suffrage campaign. But it is not on record that any one of these now very prominent ever contributed one dollar to Mrs. Colby, and the Tribune died for want of support.

While we would not detract from any woman who worked for the success of the Federal Amendment we will not concede all the honors to a few women who with money contributed by the generous public, and the millions left by will by the beloved and lamented Mrs. Leslie, or who otherwise supported by their male relatives were able to live in the leading hotels of Washington, surrounded by a host of paid suffragists who did their bidding. Honor to whom honor is due, but in rendering honor let us also "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

We shall need the help of all friends of suffrage in the forthcoming contest in the Senate. We must not overlook the fact that the Federal Amendment once finally submitted for adoption must be ratified by the legislatures of thirty-six States before it becomes a part of our organic law. To carry the amendment to success within the seven years time allotted by the bill it will be necessary for every friend of humanity to take a hand, to organize and go forward with strong-hearted thoroughness.

NOT CRITICISM BUT PATIENCE

The administration at Washington deserves and should receive the greatest consideration of all the people including their representatives. We believe in a war cabinet as provided for in Senator Chamberlain's bill, but there is much to be said in favor of the argument that President Wilson having shown great statesmanship thus far in handling the war, and there not appearing to have been any one who measured up even as an advisor, we can safely trust him to continue his program. Patience and loyalty to the government at this particular hour is the one thing most needed. Why "trade horses in the middle of a stream?"

By the way, when Senator Stone on the floor of the U. S. Senate attacked Colonel Roosevelt—where was Johnson of California? It was not a part of his thinking menage to rise like a bullet from a gun and defend his former running mate when reflections were being cast upon America's ex-President. But Senator Penrose was there! He though not at all times in sympathy with Colonel Roosevelt, challenged the Missouri Senator, and hurled back upon him anathemas for words false and malicious against one, who whatever faults he may have, can never be accused of disloyalty to the country he signally adorns and honors.

From the editor of the Literary Digest comes the following compliment:

The New American Woman,
207 South Broadway,
Los Angeles, California.

Many thanks for sending us your most interesting magazine. We are glad to have it.

Very truly,

WM. S. WOODS, Editor.

IS THE STATE A MERE TRICK AND POLITICS A CUNNING DEVICE FOR THE INEFFICIENT AND THE LOAFER?

Politics, once the science of government, today signifies cunning self-aggrandizement. Politicians prey upon the people, barter away the State's revenues and bolster their greedy ambitions to continue themselves in office. Such as these are mere embezzlers and burglars who should be driven forth without ceremony, branded with the red-hot scorn of an outraged confiding public.

But how shall we drive them forth, how may we rid ourselves of a lot of looters, plunderers and rascals who are already in, and who cannot be ousted until the lapse of their terms of office and not even then unless the people at the polls say the word?

Is honesty in government an iridescent dream, and is there no possible way to rid ourselves of men and women who care nothing for the people whom they were elected or appointed to represent, and who are in office only for what they can get out of it? True there is the recall, a withered, useless statute which in no event can cure the present ills of the body politic. Otherwise we might have dispatched several incompetent State and County officials. There was the Neylan-Stephens-Naftzger disclosure! It nauseated the whole State of California, and other and worse sickness is yet to come if reports are true. Open the show, Mr. Neylan! Let the side shows, the dozens of useless commissions, have a chance to show their sore spots. Tell all you know and give the ringleaders a chance to retire from the public crib. Help California, Mr. Neylan, to rid itself of the commonplace women holding high office and drive out their erstwhile obscure lords and masters with whom they co-operate so successfully while they ride over the State free of expense, stop at first class hotels and pass as State officers.

Gov. Stephens, the successor of the worst political blatherskite that ever disgraced a State, could hardly be expected to serve the people with any genuine degree of fairness. Johnson has deserted him and the Governor's friends are disintegrating.

As the primaries loom near and the names of candidates are already buzzing like bees in a hive, it is well that WE THE PEOPLE should choose for ourselves those whom WE THE PEOPLE WANT and whom WE WILL SUPPORT.

Gov. Stephens should be able to see the stone wall reared against him for nomination, and retire—if not gracefully, at least inconspicuously, to the rear. And there is Naftzger, the millionaire, the filcher of \$500 per month from the State Council of Defense, rendering no service whatever worth while therefor, while thousands of honest patriotic men and women are economizing, eating less than their bodies require, as with tear-dimmed eyes they watch their sons march away to defend liberty upon foreign soil.

Drive Naftzger out of office, brand him as he deserves, a grafter and a slacker. As for Mr. Neylan—well, there is in law as in morals, always some consideration, commiseration or advantage given to the witness who turns State's evidence. In this particular instance more consideration than usual is due because of the fact that Johnson's plunderbund, whose grasping, greedy claws have never before

been loosened, have been pried wide open by Mr. Neylan, and no amount of soldering will ever quite clinch them together.

Sympathy, however, we confess is with Gov. Stephens. Cheap indeed it is, but poor fellow, his misfortune is made thrice hard to endure, for to his utter want of qualifications of the kind necessary to serve efficiently as the Governor of California, is added the odious residue of the preceding administration.

And now Johnson refuses to eat out of the Governor's hand—nay, nay, he refused to eat at the same banquet recently tendered by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. By the way, why did the Chamber of Commerce tender a banquet to Johnson? And what's the matter with Johnson that he refused to sit at the same table with the Governor? "Upon what meat hath this, our Caesar fed that he hath grown so great?" Was it that Stephens became a lemon to Johnson's taste when he refused to take orders from his creator? Well, so be it. Poor Governor! He had an awful time getting Johnson out of the Executive chair and the whole country was laughing while the former Congressman-Lieutenant-Governor waited at the door of the State Capitol for the political plum for which he had sacrificed his political life.

NOT A MISNOMER

The Los Angeles Million Club is not a million dollar club. Nor yet has it a million members (though this may yet be), but it is a club devoted to the finest expression of the greatest things possible to be achieved. Just now the members of the Million Club are devoting themselves principally to the work of the Red Cross. The Auxiliary meets every Tuesday and Wednesday each week in rooms provided free by Mr. Walter P. Story on the third floor of the Story Building. All women, and men too, will be welcome to come and contribute their labor as knitters or sewers or aid the cause in any other way. We quote the following from the by-laws of the Million Club, which clearly sets forth the scope of the club's purposes:

SLOGAN

"A Million Population for Los Angeles in 1920."

PURPOSES

Its purposes are to support Home Industries and Home Manufactories; to acquire accurate knowledge of social and economic conditions; to aid in the assimilation of a rapidly increasing population; to co-operate with commissioners and with all civil authority in the maintenance of law and order; to emphasize loyalty to the government of the United States and reverence for its flag.

The membership is composed of all classes, and all are welcome.

How It Struck the Boy

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner. The guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before.

The host's son was at the table and one of the New York clergymen said to him:

"My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon?"

"I guess it was very good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."—Chicago Herald.

EQUAL JUSTICE EQUAL RIGHTS

Women Not Immune from Punishment for Crime

SEVERAL very interesting murder cases with women as defendants at the bar engross the public mind, and women pleasure-seekers, with maudlin curiosity through the court rooms to hear the salacious evidence that has long since lost its savor through the enterprise of the daily newspapers.

The alleged murderess is posed and pictured, interviewed and minutely described in all her femininity—her avoirdupois before and her leanness after, her once brilliant eyes now dim and drooping, and so on ad nauseam.

Recently in New York a jury acquitted a woman who walked into her divorced husband's home and shot him dead. There was no defense offered at the trial worthy of any self-respecting lawyer; there was in fact none of the elements of self-defense nor of brain-storm, "dementia Americana," nor yet any one of the many modern faked-up reasons for killing a human being, which ordinarily claim the attention of juries.

The woman wanted her son—the courts had already awarded him to her. She evidently had no use for her ex-husband, else he would probably be living today. And yet, a jury sworn to render a verdict according to the testimony dismissed her and the public lionized her! Accordingly Mrs. de Saulles is now "resting somewhere in Southern California"!

Just now a very winsome woman is on trial in the Superior Court of Los Angeles county, charged with having murdered a State Senator with whom she had been unlawfully associated, and who, it is said, having lost interest in her, had returned to his wife.

The New American Woman is unalterably opposed to capital punishment, but neither the law nor the policy of the law is involved. The existence of the law raises a presumption of its necessity, and while it stands we must assume its propriety and enforce its provisions. If we do not like the law we should repeal it or modify it to meet our views; but while it stands it should be obeyed.

Crime Has No Sex

Should the death penalty be enforced as to men and women alike? Most certainly it should. Crime has no sex. It seizes, controls and impels men and women alike. If a man deserves death so does a woman. If crime is a disease it still attacks both sexes in the same way. If we must kill the man to cure the disease the woman's death is equally necessary. If the hangman's rope is essential to the public good to prevent a murderer reproducing himself in a criminal progeny its use is equally required to prevent an evil brood from a murderess. If punishment is retributive justice for the deed done there can be no distinction of sex. The victim is equally dead whether by a man's pistol or a woman's poison. If punishment is to deter others from crime it must certainly be administered with an equal hand.

There is nothing, either in the necessities of the law or the character of the deed to distinguish the crimes of men from those of women or to call for a different punishment. Nor is there anything in the

nature of men and women themselves to require it. They are possessed of the same moral perceptions, the same passions, the same volition and the same self-control. Whether these exist in the same degree is immaterial. They exist in a sufficient degree both in fact and in law, as a rule; and if they do not that is a good defense.

There is absolutely nothing either in law, necessity, policy or sex to call for a distinction in punishment for crime. To make an arbitrary distinction is neither wise nor just. Unequal punishment is not equal justice, and excusing from punishment is an invitation to crime.

The sentiment that sometimes prompts jurors to acquit a woman where they would convict a man upon the same testimony has no basis in law, is contrary to good policy and is at war with their oaths. Such sentiment has no place in the jury-box.

Men and Women Equal

Equality before the law is the spirit of our Constitution and laws. Class laws have no place in criminal jurisprudence. The quasi-criminal law that exempts a woman from arrest for fraud or alleged debt is wrong if the law which permits the arrest of a man for these causes is right. The idea is monstrous that a man in a civilized country can be thrown into prison to await for trial the slow process of the court for a debt he may not owe or a tort he may not have committed or a betrothal contract he never made.

But if this barbarism is right for man it is equally right for women. Unless laws bear equally on all classes and are enforced against all classes they become more mocked than feared, but when enforced with an equal hand justice is promoted, courts are respected and stability is secured.

The letter of the law regarding punishment for capital crimes makes no distinction in favor of women, nor does its spirit; there is no reason arising out of the nature of the crime or the person committing it to call for any distinction. Every consideration of good government, good morals and exact justice is against class legislation and in favor of an exact and equal distribution of the benefits and an impartial imposition of the penalties of the law.

Moreover, jurors sworn to try the cause and a true verdict render who acquit a woman not because she is innocent of the crime charged, but because she is a woman, are guilty of rank perjury.

WHO WOULDN'T

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm getting more eatless each day.
My home is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
They're all sent to the Y.M.C.A.
The bar-rooms are treatless,
The coffee is sweetless,
Each day I grow thinner and wiser.
My stockings are footless,
My trousers are seatless—
By hec! but I do hate the Kaiser!

—St. Louis Republic.

SEQUOIA REX

By Edwin Kingsley Hurlbut

Of the Scribblers Club
 Deep-rooted in the leaf-loamed soil—
 For countless ages undefiled
 By desecrating tread of man—
 I guard the mountain fastness wild.
 No monarch of an earthly realm
 Wears such a jeweled crown as I;
 By diadem the shining stars
 That gem the overarching sky.

My scepter is the crescent moon
 That shimmers o'er the western sea
 And treads the mystic mountain aisles
 To crown my sylvan sovereignty.
 The sunset flings a royal robe
 Of crimson, gold and amethyst,
 Enfolding all the woodland world
 With which I keep my age-long tryst.

Men marvel at my matchless mold,
 And bare their heads in silent awe.
 Beyond the scope of human ken,
 Transcending every time-known law,
 I hold the key to boundless life,
 Of which men only vaguely dream,
 And while they swiftly come and go,
 I watch and wait beside the stream.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A
WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from page 11)

male attire ordinances and to his extraordinary conduct and statements in this matter.

I am that formidable and terrifying object known as a woman—while he is only a poor, helpless, defenseless man, and he wants you to take pity on him and give him a verdict in this case. I sympathize with counsel in his unhappy condition. True, the world is open to him. He is the peer of all men—he can aspire to the highest offices, he can carry a torch over our streets during a political campaign and sell his vote for a dollar and a half on election day, and yet he isn't satisfied. Like Alexander, who wanted more worlds to conquer, he wants verdicts, and in order to awaken your sympathy for him he tells you that I am a woman and he is only a man.

I confess I do not clearly see the relevancy of the statement to this case. The logic is, I am a woman; therefore you should find this defendant guilty. The conclusion is rather sudden. We are hurried across the river of dispute without bridge or ferry or fording place. In the chain of his logic an important link seems wanting. There is a weakness somewhere, but mothers are always weak after such extraordinary births, and we presume we ought to be lenient. "Be to his faults a little blind, be to his virtues very kind."

But counsel insists that I am a woman. Gentlemen of the jury, of the atrocious crime I plead guilty. Into this world I have brought five healthy children. By my industry I have supported them

till some are even now stepping from youth and maidenhood into the broader estate of manhood and womanhood. And I repel the covert slur and innuendo that came with the words, "She is a woman"—words intended to depreciate me and my efforts before you in this cause, words none the less obnoxious because spoken under the cloak of a honeyed compliment. In the name of the mothers who nursed you, and of the wives and maidens who look love into your eyes I resent this hidden appeal to a supposed prejudice of this jury. I resent this ill-concealed slur and covert innuendo that the presence of woman in a law suit contaminates her and that her sex must militate against her client. And I resent for you gentlemen, whose mouths are closed, the implication that you are small enough and narrow enough to bring prejudice into the jury box, and the insulting inference that you could be induced to visit punishment upon this defendant in violation of your solemn oaths.

The speech of the District Attorney was neither complimentary to this body who are sworn to decide according to the law and the evidence, nor honorable to the profession he should strive to adorn. If he hoped to draw your attention from the real merits of the case let me say it was a course obnoxious to his official oath and foreign to his professional duty. But perhaps it was the woman lawyer that has troubled him. I think myself that the fact of being a lawyer has been a good deal more troublesome than the fact of being a woman. Counsel intimates with a curl on his lip that I am called the lady lawyer. I am sorry I cannot return the compliment, but I cannot. I never heard anybody call him any kind of a lawyer at all.

And now let us take it altogether. I am a woman and I am a lawyer—and what of it? It is not so new or wonderful a thing. I am practicing law in this city; I have offices in one of its largest buildings, and I go daily to and from those offices sober and in my right mind. I am certainly not unknown to the bench and bar of California. And gentlemen, I came into the practice of my profession under the laws of this State, regularly and honestly, and not by the certificate of another State that required no learning to secure, and I have come to stay. I am neither to be bullied out nor worn out. I ask no special privileges and expect no favors, but I think it only fair that those who have had better opportunities than I, who have had fewer obstacles to surmount and fewer difficulties to contend with should meet me on even ground, upon the merits of law and fact without this everlasting and incessant reference to sex—reference that in its very nature is uncalled for and which is as unprofessional as it is unmanly.

If your Honor please, I fear that I have trespassed too largely upon your time and patience. To you I owe an excuse and gladly give it. I believe I have as much friendship and kindly feeling from the bench and bar of this city as any attorney of it. But there is a class of counsel that makes it a point to harangue the Court and jury often in the cold-bloodedness and malice of a set speech upon my sex. Such counsel sets out with the remarkable statement that I am a woman. To this I am precluded from retorting that he is a man. I would not libel the human race. I have borne this many times with patience. This is the first

time I have taken occasion to rebuke the effrontery or to chastise the offender. It is the first mutterings of retaliation and I earnestly hope that I may not hereafter have to proceed further or say more. This controversy was not of my seeking. I would have avoided it as I have innumerable others; but the day of avoidance was past; the idea that it was an effective weapon against me and against other women who enter the profession of law must grow to the hurt of their business and to their clients' damage, or it must cease. I prefer that it cease—and it shall cease.

Counsel thought I was too timid to resent this miserable inference against women in courts of justice. I am descended from the heroic stock of Daniel Boone, and never shrunk from contest nor knew a fear. I inherit no drop of craven blood. If I have remained silent when others would have retorted it is because of my respect for the courts and halls of justice, which I grieve to see become the arena of personal encounter. But the patience which at first may have been a virtue would become criminal by longer exercise. This controversy was not of my seeking—a long series of abuses have forced it upon me.

When I so far forget the dignity of my profession, when I so trample upon its courtesy, when I so shut my eyes to the honor and respect due this bench as to introduce such irrelevant matter I hope that I may be barred the profession and banished the country.

We will now proceed to discuss the evidence in this case.

(Continued in February number)

POLITICAL TIPS

What's the matter with Heney?

Wool-wined—that's all.

As to Bordwell for Governor? Well, it's a clear case—the least said the better.

John S. Chambers, California's efficient State Controller, will be renominated and elected. But should Mr. Chambers respond to the call of his friends and become a candidate for Governor, even our Tommy could hardly hope to beat him.

"This is a Republican year." Yes, but the Republicans have all gone to war in defense of liberty.

"Hayes of San Jose" sounds rhythmical. Should Hayes become Governor of California we would have harmony at Sacramento and that's worth fighting for!

Governor Stephens sacrificed himself and his political usefulness for Hiram Johnson. Now Johnson ignores the Governor, and recently refused to eat at the same banquet with him. Perfidy, thy name is Johnson—which is not news.

Naftzger! He should change his name. It smells to heaven! Five hundred dollars a month from the treasury of the State Council of Defense for its millionaire Chairman when better people and far more efficient are contributing their money, and living on short rations while their sons are at the front in defense of human liberty!

Professor: What do the buffaloes on the new nickels stand for?

Voice from the Dead: Because they have not got room to sit down.—Harvard Lampoon.

MISSION BAKING POWDER A CALIFORNIA PRODUCT

Many manufactures have been developed in California in the last year or two and Mission Baking Powder is one of the food products which is enjoying considerable popularity at this time because it is helping to solve the food problems of this locality.

Southern Californians are advising all housewives to test California products first so that these goods may be used here and not only save freightage but release products manufactured in the East held for use in the war.

Mission Baking Powder is being exploited at the present time for three reasons: its quality, because it is a California product, and because it fills in its food values where other products are needed in the East.

Owing to the splendid contributions made by our Southern California people vast sums of our money are sent East to buy war supplies and as most of this money is used to purchase Eastern goods it has been found economical for our people to purchase Home Products to replace this drain on the East and to give our own market a chance to regain its balance.

Mission Baking Powder, known as the "Healthful and Perfect Baking Powder," responds to one sure test: use three times the amount of Mission in a given baking, and then use three times as much on another batch with other baking powder; the result is that the Mission product is sweet and wholesome, while alum baking powder gives a bitter taste and a yellow tinge of color.

Mission Baking Powder is made of phosphates which have distinct food values and therefore are food as well as a reagent. No matter how much one uses it will give no harmful results, while on the other hand the food addition is distinct.

Mission Baking Powder was developed in California by Neal P. Olsen, City Councilman and secretary of the Southern California Retail Grocers' Association.

Mr. Olsen is president and manager of the company which has recently been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000; Mrs. B. C. Olsen has active management of the business.

Mission Baking Powder is a home product. It has been endorsed by members of the women's clubs of the State of California.

THINGS YOU CAN DO FOR THE COUNTRY

The fighting man can die for it;
The saving man can buy for it;
The aviator can fly for it;
The thrifty cook can fry for it;
The thirsty can go dry for it;
The daring man can spy for it;
The egotist can I for it;
The farmer can grow rye for it;
The workingman can ply for it;
The very babies cry for it;
And all of us can try for it.

—McLanburgh Wilson in N. Y. Sun.

A lawyer was cross-examining a negro witness in one of the justice courts at Macon, Ga., the other day, and, was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was. "I'se a carpenter, sah." "What kind of a carpenter?" "They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah." "What is a jack-leg carpenter?" "He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah." "Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer. "Boss, I declare I dunno how ter 'splain any mo' 'cept to say him am jes' the same difference twixt you an' er fust-class lawyer."

Women went to war to fight thousands of years ago, and the Petrograd legion of death is not new. Early Greek art abounds in representations of women warriors. They were called Amazons and abounded in the Black and Caspian Sea regions. The newer Amazons may be lineal descendants of these ancient women warriors.

To start a garden is to grow in knowledge.

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed."

616 LESS NEWSPAPERS IS RECORD OF 1917

The American newspaper annual for 1918, chronicles the gains and losses in number of American newspapers for the year 1917, showing that 500 new publications started but 1200 suspended or consolidated, net decrease being 616, of which sixty-two were daily newspapers.

Conditions brought about by the war are working havoc in the newspaper field, with the suspension of daily newspapers in cities as large as Boston, Cleveland and Montreal. The shortage of print paper and its consequent increase in cost, and the increases in labor and materials are proving to be much more than the average newspaper can adjust itself to.

It is not to create sympathy for the publisher that we publish the foregoing information, but rather to show you how brave we are to stand by our purpose to publish the best magazine on the Western Coast. This would be an achievement worthy of the most ambitious, for there are several mighty fine Western publications.

Please send in your subscriptions. Take space in our columns—in short, prove that you appreciate the New American Woman in print, as you do in the flesh.

U. S. LISTS 206 MILLIONAIRES

Ten of Them Taxed on Incomes Exceeding \$5,000,-
000 and 196 on Lesser Sums

Two hundred and six men with millionaire incomes—ten of them with annual incomes of more than \$5,000,000 and 196 with incomes ranging from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000—are shown in the income tax figures of the internal revenue bureau for the fiscal year 1917.

We pause to inquire, what's the matter with the rest of us?

THE MOTHER HEART

The Mother Heart of all the lands
Is striving with its grief and deep despair;
But loving hearts and tender hands
Will do their part, the burden share.
Dauntless and brave our youths advance
Along the path that leads to victory;
Straight forward, true, nor backward glance,
Glad, if achieved be Liberty.
Where hearts are strong, there'll be no fear;
Where faith and love are great, there'll be no
tear;
The Mother Heart that beats for you
Will beat forever, strong and true.
Christ God, who lovest men, love most
Who goes from us to fight and banish foes;
That Thy great will on earth be done,
No crown be worn but by Thy Son.

—Annis J. Scott.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

When this cruel war is over
And the knitters cease to knit,
What will their fingers find to do,
What of their little kit?
Their fingers may with other tasks
Be usefully employed,
But what about their knitting bags?
They cannot be destroyed.
Some arrangement might be made
To make them into skirts,
Or, possibly, the heathen might
Be glad to have some shirts.
—C. N. F. in South Bend Tribune.

THE RIGHT OF APPEAL

John Doe was given twenty years
For plain, deliberate robbery;
But straightway he appealed the case,
Alleging fraud and jobbery.

His lawyer said: "May't please the court,
I come with cause importunate;
My client lies in jail, alas,
Dishonored and unfortunate.

"The judge refused to let us show
Defendant's inhumanity,
That as a boy a cat he slew,
Establishing insanity.

"In vain we also sought to prove
Defendant was not serious,
That when he held the gun on Roe
His air was not imperious.

"And though the gun, if loaded, might
Have made it look precarious,
Its empty chambers strip the case
Of all that looks nefarious.

"Wherefore we ask this learned, high court
The judgment ~~there~~ to set aside;
It is too weak, too rank, too wrong,
For such a court to let abide."

And then the great, high court retired,
And wrote with great verbosity,
Declaring that appellant was
The victim of ferocity.

"His guilt was plain," the court contessed,
"The punishment well merited,
But proof was offered that would show
His guilt was half inherited.

"Appellant also could have shown
The pistol that was poking Roe
Contained no shells, and how are we
To know he was not joking Roe?

"All this was proper evidence;
The court erred in excluding it;
Our duty prompts us to reverse
And we are not eluding it.

"'Tis better that the guilty go
Forever free from punishment
Than that an error should assist
In sending one to banishment."

So spoke the court in language plain,
Without a trace of snobbery,
And John Doe, out on bail again,
Pulled off another robbery.

—D. C. WOODS.

Waco, Texas.



How Much is a Boy Worth?

YOU HAVE PLANNED, SCHEMED AND DREAMED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THAT BOY OR GIRL—THE TIME HAS COME WHEN YOU SHOULD ACT.

Thousands of young men and women who dispense soda or vegetate at the ribbon counter, have in their make-up the material from which leaders of finance are developed, did they but realize the great power that is within them. These young people talk, eat and sleep, use their muscles and earn a pittance. They have not been properly advised and may never realize their loss. They have never had a CHANCE. They have been cheated of their BIRTHRIGHT.

Young people should be given a thorough business education before they are permitted to learn the joy of earning money. A great responsibility rests upon parents. What a splendid opportunity to do a service for society and mankind! A word from parents at the proper time will do more to influence a boy or girl than the combined efforts of all the preachers and teachers in Christendom. Napoleon hit the nail on the head when he said: *"The fate of a child is the work of his mother"*

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 WILL enable you to conduct any business in an intelligent manner.
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 WILL strengthen your mind and arouse your enthusiasm.
 WILL make you broader, bigger, better.
 WILL develop personality and win success in life.
 WILL give you courage to face the world and its problems.
 WILL, through environment and associations, develop the best that is in you.
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 WILL, at the very least, give a boy or girl a CHANCE.

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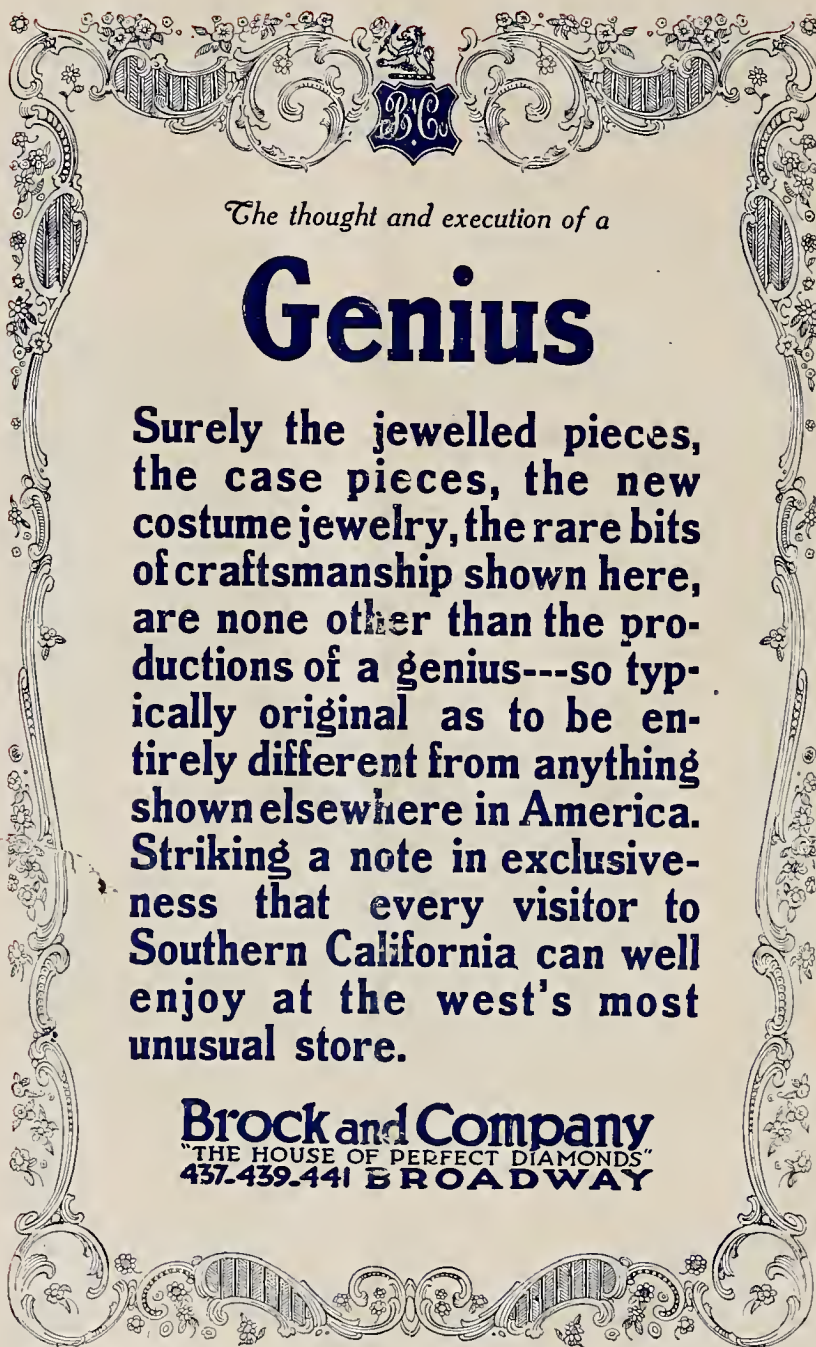
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